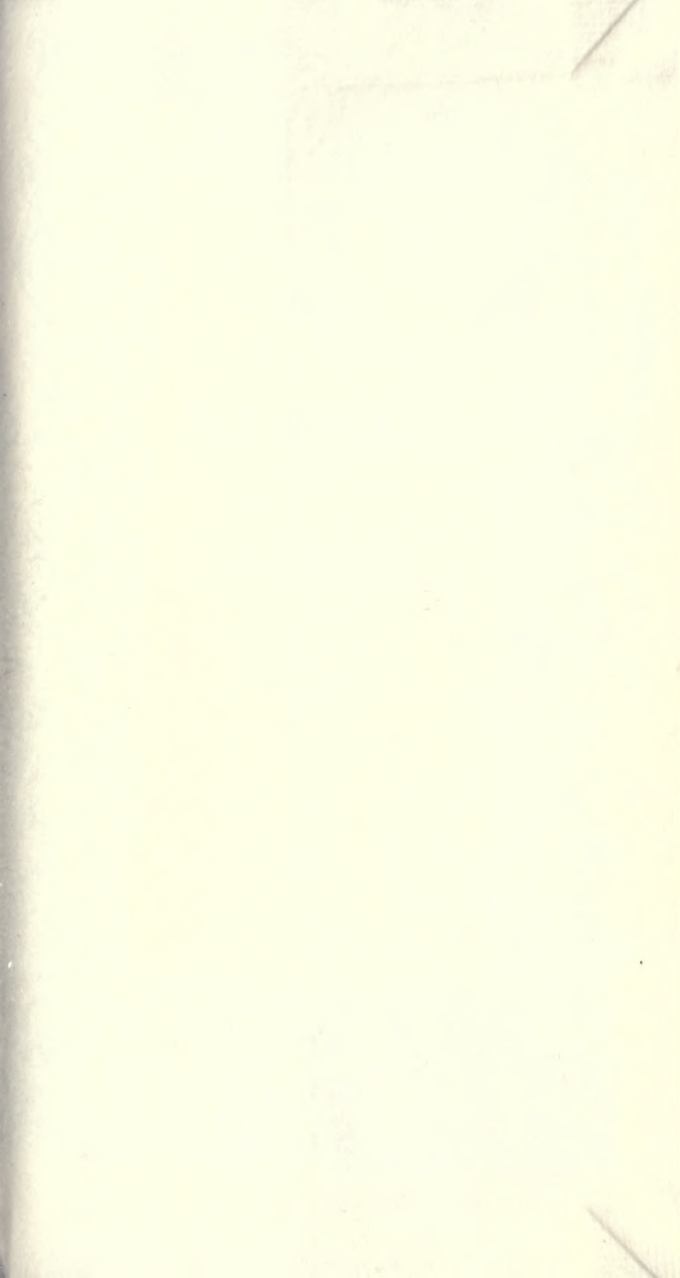




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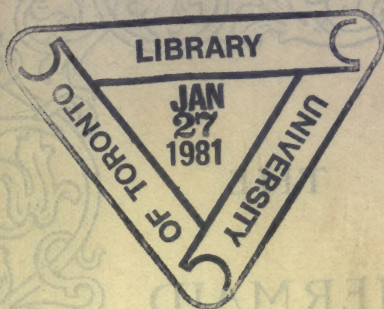




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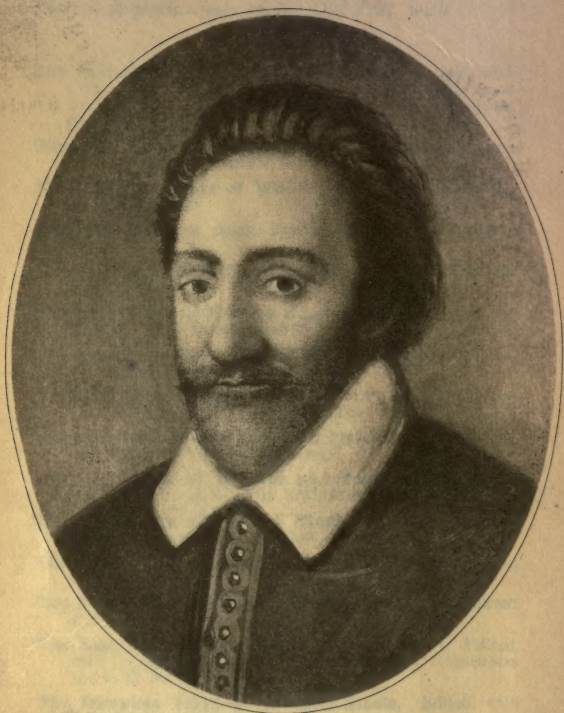
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"I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine."—*Beaumont.*

IN THREE VOLUMES

II

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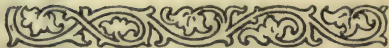
“What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.”

Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.



“Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?”

Keats.



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BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.







HIS comedy was produced, at the Hope Theatre (on the Bank-side), October 31, 1614, and acted, as Jonson tells us, by the Lady Elizabeth's servants. The Lady Elizabeth was the daughter of James I. ; she married the Elector Palatine, and saw many evil days both as a wife and mother : her descendants have been more fortunate, and are now on the throne of Great Britain.

The *Biographia Dramatica* speaks of an edition of this play in quarto, 1614. I know of no earlier one than the folio, 1631-1641, nor do I believe that it ever appeared in that form. In the title-page, it is said that it was dedicated in the year 1614 to King James ; but by this expression no more is meant than that it was addressed to him in an occasional prologue, written for the purpose ; though this probably led to the mistake just noticed. When this play was printed James was dead.

Bartholomew Fair was always a favourite with the people : this is easily accounted for from the ridicule with which it covers the Puritans. It was revived, as might naturally be expected, immediately after the Restoration, and was frequently honoured with a royal command by Charles, whom tradition represents as greatly delighted with the character of Cokes, which was, indeed, excellently played by Winterset and afterwards by Nokes, the most celebrated comic performer of those days. To this comedy Collin, the rustic

and D'Urfey gives a humorous account of his zeal and fury at the scenical disgrace of Rabbi Busy. D'Urfey pays an incidental compliment to this piece, by representing Collin as completely deceived at first, and believing that what he saw and heard of the Puritans was a scene of real life.

I am sorry to observe that the excellent folio of 1616 deserts us here. Why this drama was not admitted into it, cannot now be told, unless, as I believe was really the case, that much of that volume was carried through the press some time before it was given to the public. Be this as it may, the subsequent plays do not exhibit, to my eye, the same marks of Jonson's care as those already given: nor do I think that he concerned himself with the revision of the folio now before us, or, indeed, ever saw it, though many of the pieces contained in it are dated several years antecedent to his death.

To this comedy was prefixed the following apt motto :

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
Fabellam surdo.*—HOR. lib. ii. epist. 1.





To the King's Majesty.

Your Majesty is welcome to a Fair ;
Such place, such men, such language, and such ware
You must expect : with these, the zealous noise
Of your land's faction, scandalized at toys,
As babies, hobby-horses, puppet-plays,
And such-like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Yourself have known, and have been vext with long.
These for your sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private man,
Who of himself, or shall think well, or can,
The maker doth present : and hopes to-night
To give you for a fairing true delight.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN LITTLEWIT, a Proctor.

ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY, suitor to Dame Purecraft, a Banbury man.¹

WINWIFE, his rival, a Gentleman.

TOM QUARLOUS, companion to Winwife, a Gamester.

BARTHOLOMEW COKES, an Esquire of Harrow.

HUMPHREY WASPE, his man.

ADAM OVERDO, a Justice of Peace.

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, a Hobby-horse Seller (toyman

EZEKIEL EDGWORTH, a Cutpurse.

NIGHTINGALE, a Ballad-singer.

MOONCALF, Tapster to Ursula.

DAN JORDAN KNOCKEM, a horse-courser and a ranger of Turnbull.

VAL. CUTTING, a Roarer, or bully.

CAPTAIN WHIT, a Bawd.

TROUBLE-ALL, a Madman.

BRISTLE, {
HAGGISE, } Watchmen.

POCHER, a Beadle.

FILCHER, {
SHARKWELL, } Door-keepers to the puppet-show.

SOLOMON, Littlewit's man.

NORTHERN, a Clothier (a Northern man).

PUPPY, a Wrestler (a Western man).

WIN-THE-FIGHT LITTLEWIT.

DAME PURECRAFT, her Mother, and a Widow.

DAME OVERDO.

GRACE WELLBORN, Ward to Justice Overdo.

JOAN TRASH, a Gingerbread-woman.

URSULA, a Pig-woman.

ALICE, mistress o' the game.

Costardmonger, Mousetrap-man, Corncutter, Watch, Porters, Puppets, Passengers, Mob, Boys, &c.

I.e., a Puritan.



BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

THE INDUCTION.

The Stage.

Enter the Stage-keeper.



TAGE. Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming instantly. He that should begin the play, Master Littlewit, the proctor, has a stitch new fallen in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell twenty: he plays one o' the Arches that dwells about the hospital, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole play, will you have the truth on't?—I am looking, lest the poet hear me, or his man, Master Brome,¹ behind the arras—it is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain English. When 't comes to the Fair once, you were e'en as good go to Virginia, for anything there is of Smithfield. He has not hit the humours, he does not know them; he has not conversed with the Bartholomew birds, as they

¹ The author's amanuensis.

say ; he has ne'er a sword and buckler-man in his Fair ; nor a little Davy, to take toll o' the bawds there, as in my time ; nor a Kindheart, if anybody's teeth should chance to ache, in his play ; nor a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his arse for the Pope and the King of Spain. None of these fine sights ! Nor has he the canvas cut in the night, for a hobby-horse-man to creep into his she neighbour, and take his leap there. Nothing ! No : an some writer that I know had had but the penning o' this matter, he would have made you such a jig-a-jog in the booths, you should have thought an earthquake had been in the Fair ! But these master-poets, they will have their own absurd courses ; they will be informed of nothing. He has (sir reverence) kicked me three or four times about the tiring-house, I thank him, for but offering to put in with my experience. I'll be judged by you, gentlemen, now, but for one conceit of mine : would not a fine pump upon the stage have done well for a property now ? and a punk set under upon her head, with her stern upward, and have been soused by my witty young masters o' the Inns of Court ? What think you of this for a show, now ? he will not hear o' this ! I am an ass ! I ! and yet I kept the stage in Master Tarleton's time,¹ I thank my stars. Ho ! an that man had lived to have played in *Bartholomew Fair*, you should have seen him have come in, and have been cozened in the cloth-quarter, so finely ! and Adams, the rogue, have leaped and capered upon him, and have dealt his vermin about, as though they had cost him nothing ! and then a substantial watch to

¹ A celebrated comedian in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

have stolen in upon them, and taken them away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage-practice.

Enter the Bookholder ¹ *with a Scrivener.*

Book. How now ! what rare discourse are you fallen upon, ha ? have you found any familiars here, that you are so free ? what's the business ?

Stage. Nothing, but the understanding gentlemen o' the ground ² here asked my judgment.

Book. Your judgment, rascal ! for what ? sweeping the stage, or gathering up the broken apples for the bears within ? Away, rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these spectacles, when such a youth as you pretend to a judgment. [*Exit Stage-keeper.*] And yet he may, in the most of this matter, i' faith : for the author has writ it just to his meridian, and the scale of the grounded judgments here, his play-fellows in wit.—Gentlemen [*comes forward*], not for want of a prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a scrivener, and certain articles drawn out in haste between our author and you ; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of ; the play will follow presently—Read, scribe ; give me the counterpane.

“ *Scriv.* Articles of agreement, indented, between the spectators or hearers, at the Hope on the Bank-side in the county of Surrey, on the one party ; and the author of *Bartholomew Fair*, in the said place and county, on the other party : the one and thirtieth day of October, 1614, and in the twelfth year of the

¹ *I.e.*, the prompter.

² *I.e.*, the pit.

reign of our sovereign lord, JAMES, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith ; and of Scotland the seven and fortieth.

“ *Imprimis*. It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties aforesaid, and the said spectators and hearers, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded judgments and understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the places their money or friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two hours and a half, and somewhat more. In which time the author promiseth to present them by us, with a new sufficient play, called *Bartholomew Fair*, merry, and as full of noise as sport : made to delight all, and to offend none ; provided they have either the wit or the honesty to think well of themselves.

“ It is further agreed, that every person here have his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their own charge, the author having now departed with his right : it shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpen'worth, his twelve pen'worth, so to his eighteen-pence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place ; provided always his place get not about his wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for censures here, as they do for lots at the lottery ; marry, if he drop but sixpence at the door, and will censure a crown's-worth, it is thought there is no conscience or justice in that.

“ It is also agreed, that every man here exercise his own judgment, and not censure by contagion, or upon trust, from another's voice or face, that sits by him, be

he never so first in the commission of wit ; as also, that he be fixed and settled in his censure, that what he approves or not approves to-day, he will do the same to-morrow ; and if to-morrow, the next day, and so the next week, if need be ; and not to be brought about by any that sits on the bench with him, though they indite and arraign plays daily. He that will swear *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance it is a virtuous and staid ignorance ; and next to truth, a confirmed error does well ; such a one the author knows where to find him.

“It is further covenanted, concluded, and agreed, that how great soever the expectation be, no person here is to expect more than he knows, or better ware than a fair will afford : neither to look back to the sword and buckler age of Smithfield, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little Davy, to take toll o’ the bawds, the author doth promise a strutting horse-courser, with a leer drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish. And then for Kindheart, the tooth-drawer, a fine oily pig-woman, with her tapster, to bid you welcome, and a consort of roarers for music. A wise justice of peace meditant, instead of a juggler with an ape. A civil cutpurse searchant. A sweet singer of new ballads allurant : and as fresh an hypocrite as ever was broached, rampant. If there be never a servant monster in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques ? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his head with other

men's heels ; let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will amongst you ; yet if the puppets will please anybody they shall be intreated to come in.

“In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the aforesaid hearers and spectators, That they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any state-decypherer, or politic picklock of the scene, so solemnly ridiculous as to search out who was meant by the gingerbread-woman, who by the hobby-horse man, who by the costardmonger, nay, who by their wares. Or that will pretend to affirm on his own inspired ignorance, what Mirror of Magistrates¹ is meant by the justice, what great lady by the pig-woman, what concealed statesman by the seller of mouse-traps, and so of the rest. But that such person, or persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the author, as a forfeiture to the stage, and your laughter aforesaid. As also such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously play the fool by his place aforesaid, to challenge the author of scurrility, because the language somewhere savours of Smithfield, the booth, and the pigbroth, or of profaneness, because a madman cries, *God quit you, or bless you !* In witness whereof, as you have preposterously put to your seals already, which is your money, you will now add the other part of suffrage, your hands. The play shall presently begin. And though the Fair be not kept in the same region that some here perhaps would have it, yet think that therein the author hath observed a special decorum, the place being as dirty as Smithfield, and as stinking every whit.

¹ Alluding to the collection or series of poems so named, describing the fall of the *Unfortunate Great*.

"Howsoever, he prays you to believe his ware is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a baby or an hobby-horse here, would be glad to take up a commodity of them, at any laughter or loss, in another place."

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A room in LITTLEWIT'S.*



LITTLEWIT. A pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I have such luck to spin out these fine things still, and, like a silk-worm, out of myself. Here's Master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o' the Hill, in the county of Middlesex, esquire, takes forth his licence to marry Mistress Grace Wellborn, of the said place and county: and when does he take it forth? to-day! the four and twentieth of August! Bartholomew-day! Bartholomew upon Bartholomew! there's the device! who would have marked such a leap-frog chance now? A very . . . less than amesace, on two dice! Well, go thy ways, John Littlewit, proctor John Littlewit: one of the pretty wits of Paul's, the Littlewit of London, so thou art called, and something beside. When a quirk or a quiblin does scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the constable of conceit, (there now, I speak quib too), let them carry thee out o' the archdeacon's court into his kitchen, and make a Jack of thee, instead of a John. There I am again la!—

Enter MRS. LITTLEWIT.

Win, good morrow, Win; ay marry, Win, now you

look finely indeed, Win! this cap does convince! You'd not have worn it, Win, nor have had it velvet, but a rough country beaver, with a copper band, like the coney-skin woman of Budge-row: sweet Win, let me kiss it! And her fine high shoes, like the Spanish lady! Good Win, go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty Win; by this fine cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Mrs. Lit. Come indeed la, you are such a fool still!

Lit. No, but half a one, Win, you are the t'other half: man and wife make one fool, Win. Good! Is there the proctor, or doctor indeed, in the diocese, that ever had the fortune to win him such a Win! There I am again! I do feel conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn tongue to. A pox o' these pretenders to wit! your Three Cranes, Mitre, and Mermaid-men! not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places, or so, again the next wit-fall, and pay twopence in a quart more for their canary than other men. But give me the man can start up a justice of wit out of six shillings beer, and give the law to all the poets and poet-suckers in town:—because they are the players' gossips! 'Slid, other men have wives as fine as the players, and as well drest. Come hither, Win.

[*Kisses her.*

Enter WINWIFE.

Winw. Why, how now, Master Littlewit! measuring of lips, or moulding of kisses? which is it?

Lit. Troth, I am a little taken with my Win's dressing here: does it not fine, Master Winwife? How do you apprehend, sir? she would not have worn this habit. I challenge all Cheapside to show such another: Moon-fields, Pimlico-path, or the Ex-

change, in a summer evening, with a lace to boot, as this has. Dear Win, let Master Winwife kiss you. He comes a-wooing to our mother, Win, and may be our father perhaps, Win. There's no harm in him, Win.

Winw. None in the earth, Master Littlewit.

[*Kisses her.*

Lit. I envy no man my delicates, sir.

Winw. Alas, you have the garden where they grow still! A wife here with a strawberry breath, cherry-lips, apricot cheeks, and a soft velvet head, like a melicotton.

Lit. Good, i' faith! now dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he! velvet head!

Winw. But my taste, Master Littlewit, tends to fruit of a later kind; the sober matron, your wife's mother.

Lit. Ay, we know you are a suitor, sir; Win and I both wish you well. By this licence here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it as here are a couple! Win would fain have a fine young father i' law, with a feather; that her mother might hood it and chain it with Mistress Overdo. But you do not take the right course, Master Winwife.

Winw. No, Master Littlewit, why?

Lit. You are not mad enough.

Winw. How! is madness a right course?

Lit. I say nothing, but I wink upon Win. You have a friend, one Master Quarlous, comes here sometimes.

Winw. Why, he makes no love to her, does he?

Lit. Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you: but—

Winw. What ?

Lit. He is the more mad-cap of the two. You do not apprehend me.

Mrs. Lit. You have a hot coal in your mouth now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear Win.

Mrs. Lit. I'll tell him myself.

Lit. Do, and take all the thanks, and much good do thy pretty heart, Win.

Mrs. Lit. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the cunning-men in Cow-lane, and they have told her her fortune, and do ensure her, she shall never have happy hour, unless she marry within this sen'night ; and when it is, it must be a madman, they say.

Lit. Ay, but it must be a gentleman madman.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, so the t'other man of Moor-fields says.

Winw. But does she believe them ?

Lit. Yes, and has been at Bedlam twice since every day, to inquire if any gentleman be there, or to come there mad.

Winw. Why, this is a confederacy, a mere piece of practice upon her by these impostors.

Lit. I tell her so ; or else, say I, that they mean some young madcap gentleman ; for the devil can equivocate as well as a shopkeeper : and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than Master Quarlous hereafter.

Winw. Where is she, stirring yet ?

Lit. Stirring ! yes, and studying an old elder come from Banbury, a suitor that puts in here at meal tide, to praise the painful brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be restored ; says a grace as long as his

breath lasts him ! Sometime the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or Win, are fain to fetch it again with malmsey or aqua cœlestis.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious life with him for his diet, and his clothes too ! he breaks his buttons, and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out.

Lit. He cannot abide my vocation, he says.

Mrs. Lit. No ; he told my mother, a proctor was a claw of the beast, and that she had little less than committed abomination in marrying me so as she has done.

Lit. Every line, he says, that a proctor writes, when it comes to be read in the bishop's court, is a long black hair, kembed out of the tail of Antichrist.

Winw. When came this proselyte ?

Lit. Some three days since.

Enter QUARLOUS.

Quar. O, sir, have you ta'en soil here ? It's well a man may reach you after three hours running yet ! What an unmerciful companion art thou, to quit thy lodging at such ungentlemanly hours ! none but a scattered covey of fiddlers, or one of these rag-rakers in dunghills, or some marrow-bone man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what ailest thou, thou canst not sleep ? hast thou thorns in thy eyelids, or thistles in thy bed ?

Winw. I cannot tell : it seems you had neither in your feet, that took this pain to find me.

Quar. No, an I had, all the lime hounds o' the city

should have drawn after you by the scent rather.—
Master John Littlewit ! God save you, sir. 'Twas a
hot night with some of us, last night, John : shall we
pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day,¹ Proctor John ?

Lit. Do you remember, Master Quarlous, what we
discoursed on last night ?

Quar. Not I, John, nothing that I either discourse
or do ; at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulness.

Lit. No ! not concerning Win ? look you, there she
is, and drest, as I told you she should be : hark you,
sir, [*whispers him.*] had you forgot ?

Quar. By this head I'll beware how I keep you
company, John when I drink, an you have this
dangerous memory : that's certain.

Lit. Why, sir ?

Quar. Why ! we were all a little stained last night,
sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor
John here, to come and do somewhat with Win (I
know not what 'twas) to-day ; and he puts me in mind
on't now ; he says he was coming to fetch me. Before
truth, if you have that fearful quality, John, to re-
member when you are sober, John, what you promise
drunk, John ; I shall take heed of you, John. For
this once I am content to wink at you. Where's your
wife ? come hither, Win. [*Kisses her.*]

Mrs. Lit. Why, John ! do you see this, John ? look
you ! help me, John.

Lit. O Win, fie, what do you mean, Win ? be
womanly, Win ; make an outcry to your mother,
Win ! Master Quarlous is an honest gentleman, and
our worshipful good friend, Win ; and he is Master
Winwife's friend too ; and Master Winwife comes a

¹ A proverbial phrase for getting intoxicated again with the same
liquor.

suitor to your mother, Win ; as I told you before, Win, and may perhaps be our father, Win : they'll do do you no harm, Win ; they are both our worshipful good friends. Master Quarlous ! you must know Master Quarlous, Win ; you must not quarrel with Master Quarlous, Win.

Quar. No, we'll kiss again, and fall in.

[*Kisses her again.*]

Lit. Yes, do, good Win.

Mrs. Lit. In faith, you are a fool, John.

Lit. A fool-John, she calls me ; do you mark that, gentlemen ? pretty Littlewit of velvet ! a fool-John.

Quar. She may call you an apple-John,¹ if you use this. [*Aside.*]

[*Kisses her again.*]

Winw. Pray thee forbear, for my respect, somewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day ! how respective you are become o' the sudden ! I fear this family will turn you reformed too ; pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter-in-law, and may ask you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to Totenham to eat cream ! Well, I will forbear, sir ; but, i' faith, would thou wouldst leave thy exercise of widow-hunting once ; this drawing after an old reverend smock by the splay-foot ! There cannot be an ancient tripe or trillibub in the town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thyself to when thou hast got one ; scrubbing a piece of buff, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of Pannier-alley to stink in ; or perhaps worse, currying a carcass that thou hast bound thyself to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them that thou art, or hast been a suitor to, are so old as no chaste or married pleasure can ever become

¹ A punning allusion to *apple-squire* : i.e., pimp or procurer.

them ; the honest instrument of procreation has forty years since left to belong to them ; thou must visit them as thou wouldst do a tomb, with a torch or three handfuls of link, flaming hot, and so thou mayst hap to make them feel thee, and after come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himself a fortune in the old woman's embers ! We shall have thee, after thou hast been but a month married to one of them, look like the quartan ague and the black jaundice met in a face, and walk as if thou hadst borrowed legs of a spinner and voice of a cricket. I would endure to hear fifteen sermons a week for her, and such coarse and loud ones as some of them must be ! I would e'en desire of fate, I might dwell in a drum and take in my sustenance with an old broken tobacco-pipe and a straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine ears or stomach to the patience of a dry grace as long as thy table-cloth ; and droned out by thy son here (that might be thy father) till all the meat on thy board has forgot it was that day in the kitchen ? or to brook the noise made in a question of predestination by the good labourers and painful eaters assembled together, put to them by the matron your spouse ; who moderates with a cup of wine ever and anon, and a sentence out of Knox between ? Or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober-drawn exhortation of six hours, whose better part was the hum-ha-hum ? or to hear prayers groaned out over thy iron chests, as if they were charms to break them ? And all this for the hope of two apostle-spoons, to suffer ! and a cup to eat a caudle in ! for that will be thy legacy. She'll have conveyed her state safe enough from thee, an she be a right widow.

Winw. Alas, I am quite off that scent now.

Quar. How so?

Winw. Put off by a brother of Banbury, one that, they say, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of those Banburians when I was in Oxford.

Winw. Master Littlewit can tell us.

Lit. Sir!—Good Win, go in, and if Master Bartholomew Cokes his man come for the licence (the little old fellow), let him speak with me. [*Exit MRS. LITTLEWIT.*] What say you, gentlemen?

Winw. What call you the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man?

Lit. Rabbi Busy, sir; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.

Quar. O, I know him! a baker, is he not?

Lit. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream now and see visions; he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a scruple he took that, in spiced conscience, those cakes he made, were served to bridales, maypoles, morrices, and such profane feasts and meetings. His christian name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, sir; Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Winw. How! what a name's there!

Lit. O, they have all such names, sir; he was witness for Win here,—they will not be called godfathers—and named her Win-the-fight; you though her name had been Winnifred, did you not?

Winw. I did indeed.

Lit. He would have thought himself a stark reprobate if it had.

Quar. Ay, for there was a blue-starch woman of the name at the same time. A notable hypocritical

vermin it is ; I know him. One that stands upon his face more than his faith at all times : ever in seditious motion and reproving for vainglory ; of a most lunatic conscience and spleen, and affects the violence of singularity in all he does : he has undone a grocer here in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with currants, as arrant a zeal as he, that's by the way. By his profession he will ever be in the state of innocence though, and childhood ; derides all antiquity, defies any other learning than inspiration ; and what discretion soever years should afford him, it is all prevented in his original ignorance : have not to do with him, for he is a fellow of a most arrogant and invincible dulness, I assure you.—Who is this ?

Re-enter MRS. LITTLEWIT with WASPE.

Waspe. By your leave, gentlemen, with all my heart to you ; and God you good morrow ! Master Littlewit, my business is to you : is this licence ready ?

Lit. Here, I have it for you in my hand, Master Humphrey.

Waspe. That's well ; nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no clerk, I scorn to be saved by my book, i' faith, I'll hang first ; fold it up on your word, and give it me. What must you have for it ?

Lit. We'll talk of that anon, Master Humphrey.

Waspe. Now, or not at all, good Master Proctor ; I am for no anons, I assure you.

Lit. Sweet Win, bid Solomon send me the little black box within in my study.

Waspe. Ay, quickly, good mistress, I pray you ; for I have both eggs on the spit, and iron in the fire.

[*Exit* MRS. LITTLEWIT.] Say what you must have, good Master Littlewit.

Lit. Why, you know the price, Master Numps.

Waspe. I know! I know nothing, I: when tell you me of knowing? Now I am in haste, sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet, now I think on't, I will, and do know as well as another; you must have a mark for your thing here, and eightpence for the box; I could have saved twopence in that, an I had bought it myself; but here's fourteen shillings for you. Good Lord, how long your little wife stays! pray God, Solomon, your clerk, be not looking in the wrong box, Master Proctor.

Lit. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, Solomon is wiser than so, sir.

Waspe. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, Master Littlewit, this is scurvy, idle, foolish, and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it. [*Walks aside.*]

Winw. Do you hear! Jack Littlewit, what business does thy pretty head think this fellow may have, that he keeps such a coil with?

Quar. More than buying of gingerbread in the cloister here, for that we allow him, or a gilt pouch in the Fair?

Lit. Master Quarlous, do not mistake him; he is his master's both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What! to pull on his boots a-mornings, or his stockings, does he?

Lit. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him; mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently. A terrible testy old fellow, and his name is Waspe too.

Quar. Pretty insect! make much on him.

Waspe. A plague o' this box, and the pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should have sought it, sent it, or brought it ! do you see, sir.

Lit. Nay, good Master Waspe.

Waspe. Good Master Hornet, t— in your teeth, hold you your tongue : do not I know you ? your father was a 'pothecary, and sold clysters, more than he gave, I wusse ; and t— in your little wife's teeth too—here she comes—

Re-enter MRS. LITTLEWIT with the box.

'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her velvet custard on her head, sir.

Lit. O, be civil, Master Numps.

Waspe. Why, say I have a humour not to be civil ; how then ? who shall compel me, you ?

Lit. Here is the box now.

Waspe. Why, a pox o' your box, once again ! let your little wife stale in it, an she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these gentlemen too, if they please——

Winw. With all our hearts, sir.

Waspe. That I have a charge, gentlemen.

Lit. They do apprehend, sir.

Waspe. Pardon me, sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. You are an ass. I have a young master, he is now upon his making and marring ; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish schoolmasters have done nothing but run up and down the country with him to beg puddings and cake-bread of his tenants, and almost spoiled him ; he has learned nothing but to sing catches and repeat *Rattle bladder, rattle !* and *O, Madge !* I dare not let him

walk alone for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times ! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep ! He has a head full of bees ! I am fain now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a gentlewoman : 'tis true, she is a justice of peace his wife, and a gentlewoman of the hood, and his natural sister ; but what may happen under a woman's government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him ; he is another manner of piece than you think for : but nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the head, God bless him !

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine fellow.

Winw. He has made his master a finer by this description, I should think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it is cross and pile, whether for a new farthing.

Waspe. I'll tell you, gentlemen——

Lit. Will't please you drink, Master Waspe.

Waspe. Why, I have not talked so long to be dry, sir. You see no dust or cobwebs come out o' my mouth, do you ? you'd have me gone, would you ?

Lit. No, but you were in haste e'en now, Master Numps.

Waspe. What an I were ! so I am still, and yet I will stay too ; meddle you with your match, your Win there, she has as little wit as her husband, it seems : I have others to talk to.

Lit. She's my match indeed, and as *little wit* as I, good !

Waspe. We have been but a day and a half in town, gentlemen, 'tis true ; and yesterday in the afternoon

we walked London, to show the city to the gentleman he shall marry, Mistress Grace ; but afore I will endure such another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good gib-cat through the great pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was. Why, we could not meet that heathen thing all the day, but staid him : he would name you all the signs over, as he went, aloud : and where he spied a parrot or a monkey, there he was pitched, with all the little long coats about him, male and female ; no getting him away ! I thought he would have run mad o' the black boy in Bucklersbury, that takes the scurvy, roguish tobacco there.

Lit. You say true, Master Numps ; there's such a one indeed.

Waspe. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you ?

Quar. He will not allow of John's reading at any hand.

Enter COKES, MISTRESS OVERDO, *and* GRACE.

Cokes. O, Numps ! are you here, Numps ? look where I am, Numps, and Mistress Grace too ! Nay, do not look angerly, Numps : my sister is here and all, I do not come without her.

Waspe. What the mischief do you come with her ? or she with you ?

Cokes. We come all to seek you, Numps.

Waspe. To seek me ! why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your fourteen shillings worth of small ware here ? or that I had changed it in the Fair for hobby-horses ? 'Sprecious——to seek me !

Mrs. Over. Nay, good Master Numps, do you show discretion, though he be exorbitant, as Master Overdo says, and it be but for conservation o' the peace.

Waspe. Marry gip, goody She-justice, Mistress Frenchhood ! t— in your teeth, and t— in your Frenchhood's teeth too, to do you service, do you see ! Must you quote your Adam to me ! you think you are Madam Regent still, Mistress Overdo, when I am in place ; no such matter, I assure you, your reign is out, when I am in, dame.

Mrs. Over. I am content to be in abeyance, sir, and be governed by you ; so should he too, if he did well ; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your passions.

Waspe. Will it so, forsooth ! good Lord, how sharp you are, with being at Bedlam yesterday ! Whetstone has set an edge upon you, has he ?

Mrs. Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity, I do yet to mine.

Waspe. Very well then.

Cokes. Is this the licence, Numps ? for love's sake let me see't ; I never saw a licence.

Waspe. Did you not so ? why, you shall not see't then.

Cokes. An you love me, good Numps.

Waspe. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you in these fooleries : set your heart at rest, there's nothing in it but hard words ; and what would you see it for ?

Cokes. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all ; and I will see it now, so I will.

Waspe. You shall not see it here.

Cokes. Then I'll see it at home, and I'll look upon the case here.

Waspe. Why, do so ; a man must give way to him a little in trifles, gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth ; which he will mend when he comes to

judgment and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you : and I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this dry nurse, I say still, is a delicate man.

Mrs. Lit. And I am for the cosset his charge :¹ did you ever see a fellow's face more accuse him for an ass ?

Quar. Accuse him ! it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder wench should marry such a Cokes !

Winw. 'Tis true.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Winw. Ay, and if you mark her, what a restrained scorn she casts upon all his behaviour and speeches ?

Cokes. Well, Numps, I am now for another piece of business more, the Fair, Numps, and then——

Waspe. Bless me ! deliver me ! help, hold me ! the Fair !

Cokes. Nay, never fidge up and down, Numps, and vex itself. I am resolute Bartholomew in this ; I'll make no suit on't to you : 'twas all the end of my journey indeed, to show Mistress Grace my Fair. I call it my Fair, because of Bartholomew : you know my name is Bartholomew, and Bartholomew Fair.

Lit. That was mine afore, gentlemen ; this morning. I had that, i' faith, upon his licence, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, John, this ambitious wit of yours, I am afraid, will do you no good in the end.

Lit. No ! why, sir ?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and overdoing, John, that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will

¹ A cosset is a lamb, colt, &c., brought up by hand.

bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

Winw. Do not trust it too much, John, be more sparing, and use it but now and then ; a wit is a dangerous thing in this age ; do not over-buy it.

Lit. Think you so, gentlemen ? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, do, John.

Cokes. A pretty little soul, this same Mistress Littlewit, would I might marry her !

Grace. So would I ; or anybody else, so I might scape you. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Numps, I will see it, Numps, 'tis decreed : never be melancholy for the matter.

Waspe. Why, see it, sir, see it, do see it : who hinders you ? why do you not go see it ? 'slid, see it.

Cokes. The Fair, Numps, the Fair.

Waspe. Would the Fair, and all the drums and rattles in it, were in your belly for me ! they are already in your brain. He that had the means to travel your head now, should meet finer sights than any are in the Fair, and make a finer voyage on't ; to see it all hung with cockleshells, pebbles, fine wheat straws, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cobweb.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an you mark him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir Cranion-legs.¹

¹ *I.e.*, small spider-like legs ; but Cranion is the fairy appellation for a fly. Thus Drayton :

“ Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly *Cranion*, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.”

Nymphid'a.

Winw. And his Numps, to flap them away.

Waspe. God be wi' you, sir, there's your bee in a box, and much good do't you.

[*Gives Cokes the box.*]

Cokes. Why, your friend, and Bartholomew ; an you be so contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, Numps ?

[*Takes WASPE aside as he is going out.*]

Waspe. I'll not be guilty, I, gentlemen.

Over. You will not let him go, brother, and lose him ?

Cokes. Who can hold that will away ? I had rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse.

Waspe. You do not know the inconvenience, gentlemen, you persuade to, nor what trouble I have with him in these humours. If he go to the Fair, he will buy of everything to a baby there ; and household stuff for that too. If a leg or an arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it in the press. Pray heaven I bring him off with one stone ! And then he is such a ravener after fruit !—you will not believe what a coil I had t'other day to compound a business between a Cather'ne-pear woman and him, about snatching : 'tis intolerable, gentlemen.

Winw. O, but you must not leave him now to these hazards, Numps.

Waspe. Nay, he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume. Well, sir, will you go now ? if you have such an itch in your feet, to foot it to the Fair, why do you stop, am I [o'] your tarriers ? go, will you go, sir ? why do you not go ?

Cokes. O, Numps, have I brought you about ! come, Mistress Grace, and sister, I am resolute Bat, i faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such fancy to the Fair, nor ambition to see it ; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

Cokes. O Lord, sir ! you shall pardon me, Mistress Grace, we are enow of ourselves to make it a fashion ; and for qualities, let Numps alone, he'll find qualities.

Quar. What a rogue in apprehension is this, to understand her language no better !

Winw. Ay, and offer to marry her ! Well, I will leave the chase of my widow for to-day, and directly to the Fair. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender us excellent creeping sport.

Quar. A man that has but a spoonful of brain would think so.—Farewell, John.

[*Exeunt QUARLOUS and WINWIFE.*]

Lit. Win, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the Fair, Win ; we must to the Fair too, you and I, Win. I have an affair in the Fair, Win, a puppet-play of mine own making, say nothing, that I writ for the motion-man, which you must see, Win.

Mrs. Lit. I would I might, John ; but my mother will never consent to such a profane motion, she will call it.

Lit. Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one. Now, Wit, help at a pinch, good Wit come, come good Wit, an it be thy will ! I have it, Win, I have it, i' faith, and 'tis a fine one. Win, long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, in the Fair, do you see, in the heart of the Fair, not at Pye-corner. Your mother will do anything, Win, to satisfy your longing, you know ; pray thee long presently ; and be sick o' the sudden, good Win. I'll go in and tell her ; cut thy lace in the meantime, and play the hypocrite, sweet Win.

Mrs. Lit. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I

can be hypocrite enough, though I were never so strait-laced.

Lit. You say true, you have been bred in the family, and brought up to't. Our mother is a most elect hypocrite, and has maintained us all this seven year with it, like gentlefolks.

Mrs. Lit. Ay, let her alone, John, she is not a wise wilful widow for nothing ; nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I have somewhat o' the mother in me, you shall see ; fetch her, fetch her—
[*Exit LITTLEWIT.*] Ah ! ah ! [Seems to swoon.]

Re-enter LITTLEWIT with DAME PURECRAFT.

Pure. Now the blaze of the beauteous discipline fright away this evil from our house ! how now, Win-the-fight, child ; how do you ? sweet child, speak to me.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, forsooth.

Pure. Look up, sweet Win-the-fight, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this door, remember that your education has been with the purest. What polluted one was it, that named first the unclean beast, pig, to you, child ?

Mrs. Lit. Uh, uh !

Lit. Not I, on my sincerity, mother ; she longed above three hours ere she would let me know it.—Who was it, Win ?

Mrs. Lit. A profane black thing with a beard, John.

Pure. O, resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the tempter, the wicked tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of pig ; be strong against it, and its foul temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were on the weaker side ; and pray

against its carnal provocations ; good child, sweet child, pray.

Lit. Good mother, I pray you that she may eat some pig, and her belly full too ; and do not you cast away your own child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the tempter. How do you do, Win, are you not sick ?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal, John, uh, uh !

Pure. What shall we do ? Call our zealous brother Busy hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the adversary. [*Exit LITTLEWIT.*] Child, my dear child, you shall eat pig ; be comforted, my sweet child.

Mrs. Lit. Ay, but in the Fair, mother.

Pure. I mean in the Fair, if it can be any way made or found lawful.

Re-enter LITTLEWIT.

Where is our brother Busy ? will he not come ? Look up, child.

Lit. Presently, mother, as soon as he has cleansed his beard. I found him fast by the teeth in the cold turkey-pie in the cupboard, with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of malmsey on his right.

Pure. Slander not the brethren, wicked one.

Lit. Here he is now, purified, mother.

Enter ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY.

Pure. O, brother Busy ! your help here, to edify and raise us up in a scruple : my daughter Win-the-fight is visited with a natural disease of women, called a longing to eat pig.

Lit. Ay, sir, a Bartholomew pig ; and in the Fair.

Pure. And I would be satisfied from you, religiously-wise, whether a widow of the sanctified assembly, or a

widow's daughter, may commit the act without offence to the weaker sisters.

Busy. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite, incident to women ; and as it is carnal and incident, it is natural, very natural ; now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten ; it may be eaten ; very exceeding well eaten : but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten ; for the very calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high-places. This, I take it, is the state of the question : a high-place.

Lit. Ay, but in state of necessity, place should give place, Master Busy. I have a conceit left yet.

Fure. Good brother Zeal-of-the-land, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Lit. Yes, sir, and as soon as you can ; for it must be, sir : you see the danger my little wife is in, sir.

Pure. Truly, I do love my child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Bus. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face ; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed, as it were ; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked : the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the profane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety, and humbleness ; not gorged in with gluttony or greediness, there's the fear : for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight

in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Lit. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't ; but courage, Win, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth in the Fair, that's certain ; rather than fail, we'll eat it on the ground.

Pure. Ay, and I'll go with you myself, Win-the-fight, and my brother Zeal-of-the-land shall go with us too, for our better consolation.

Mrs. Lit. Uh, uh !

Lit. Ay, and Solomon too, Win, the more the merrier. Win, we'll leave Rabbi Busy in a booth. [*Aside to MRS. LIT.*—Solomon ! my cloak.

Enter SOLOMON with the cloak.

Sal. Here, sir.

Bus. In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy ; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't : by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly.

Lit. Good, i' faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no Jew, I could never away with that stiff-necked generation : and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for pig so in the mother's belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The Fair.*

A number of Booths, Stalls, &c., set out, LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, JOAN TRASH, and others, sitting by their wares.

Enter JUSTICE OVERDO, at a distance, in disguise.



VER. Well, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth! defy all the world, Adam Overdo, for a disguise, and all story; for thou hast fitted thyself, I swear. Fain would I meet the Linceus now, that eagle's eye, that piercing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quintus Horace calls him), that could discover a justice of peace (and lately of the Quorum) under this covering. They may have seen many a fool in the habit of a justice; but never till now, a justice in the habit of a fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the public good; and thus hath the wise magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful man, sometime a capital member of this city, for his high wisdom in this point, who would take you now the habit of a porter, now of a carman, now of the

dog-killer in this month of August ; and in the winter, of a seller of tinder-boxes. And what would he do in all these shapes ? marry, go you into every alehouse, and down into every cellar ; measure the length of puddings, take the gauge of black pots and cans, ay, and custards, with a stick ; and their circumference with a thread ; weigh the loaves of bread on his middle finger ; then would he send for them home ; give the puddings to the poor, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children ; break the pots, and burn the cans himself : he would not trust his corrupt officers, he would do it himself. Would all men in authority would follow this worthy precedent ! for alas, as we are public persons, what do we know ? nay, what can we know ? we hear with other men's ears, we see with other men's eyes. A foolish constable or a sleepy watchman, is all our information ; he slanders a gentleman by the virtue of his place, as he calls it, and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him. As, awhile ago, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous pursuivant for a seminary ; and a proper young bachelor of musick, for a bawd. This we are subject to that live in high place ; all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers knaves ; and by your leave, ourselves thought little better, if not arrant fools, for believing them. I, Adam Overdo, am resolved therefore to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine own discoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this Fair, in whose courts of Pie-poudres^{*} I have had the honour, during the three days sometimes to sit as judge. But this is the special

* "From the French *Pied-poudreux* : a court held in fairs to do justice to buyers and sellers, and for redress of all disorders committed in them."

day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my black book for the purpose ; this the cloud that hides me ; under this covert I shall see and not be seen. On, Junius Brutus. And as I began, so I'll end ; in justice' name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth !

[*Advances to the booths, and stands aside.*

Leath. The Fair's pestilence dead methinks ; people come not abroad to-day, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, sister Trash, lady of the basket ? sit farther with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll have it proclaimed in the Fair, what stuff they are made on.

Trash. Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead ? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Leath. Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

Over. Ay ! have I met with enormity so soon.

[*Aside.*

Leath. I shall mar your market, old Joan.

Trash. Mar my market, thou too-proud pedler ! do thy worst, I defy thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground as well as thou dost : an thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-poet, and an inginer, I'll find a friend who shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattle all over. Are you puffed up with the pride of your wares ? your arsedine ?

Leath. Go to, old Joan, I'll talk with you anon ; and take you down too, afore Justice Overdo : he is the man must charm you, I'll have you in the Pie-poudres.

Trash. Charm me ! I'll meet thee face to face, afore

his worship, when thou darest : and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I shall be found as upright in my dealing as any woman in Smithfield, I ; charm me !

Over. I am glad to hear my name is their terror yet ; this is doing of justice. [*Aside.*

[*A number of people pass over the stage.*]

Leath. What do you lack ? what is't you buy ? what do you lack ? rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies o' the best, fiddles of the finest ?

Enter Costardmonger, followed by NIGHTINGALE.

Cost. Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears !

Trash. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread.

Night. Hey, *gilt gingerbread* ! [*sings.*]

Now the Fair's a filling !

O for a tune to startle

The birds o' the booths here billing,

Yearly with old saint Bartle !

The drunkards they are wading,

The punks and chapmen trading ;

Who'd see the Fair without his lading ?

Buy any ballads, new ballads ?

Enter URSULA from her booth.

Urs. Fie upon't : who would wear out their youth and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that had any cooler vocation ? hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault, o' my conscience !—What, Mooncalf !

Moon. [*within.*] Here, mistress.

Night. How now, Ursula ? in a heat, in a heat ?

Urs. My chair, you false faucet you ; and my morning's draught, quickly, a bottle of ale, to quench

me, rascal. I am all fire and fat, Nightingale, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a rib again, I am afraid. I do water the ground in knots, as I go, like a great garden pot ; you may follow me by the SS I make.

Night. Alas, good Urse ! was Zekiel here this morning ?

Urs. Zekiel ? what Zekiel ?

Night. Zekiel Edgworth, the civil cutpurse, you know him well enough ; he that talks bawdy to you still : I call him my secretary.

Urs. He promised to be here this morning, I remember.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay : I'll be back again presently.

Urs. Best take your morning dew in your belly, Nightingale.—

Enter MOONCALF with the chair.

Come, sir, set it here ; did not I bid you should get a chair let out o' the sides for me, that my hips might play ? you'll never think of anything till your dame be rump-galled ; 'tis well, changeling : because it can take in your grasshopper's thighs, you care for no more. Now, you look as you had been in the corner of the booth, fleaing your breech with a candle's end, and set fire o' the Fair. Fill, Stote, fill.

Over. This pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity ; she hath been before me, punk, pinnacle, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years upon record in the Pie-poudres. [*Aside.*

Urs. Fill again, you unlucky vermin !

Moon. Pray you be not angry, mistress, I'll have it widened anon.

Urs. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the Fair be done, you think, now you have heated me : a poor vexed thing I am, I feel myself dropping already as fast as I can ; two stone o' suet a day is my proportion. I can but hold life and soul together with this (here's to you, Nightingale), and a whiff of tobacco at most. Where's my pipe now ? not filled ! thou arrant incubee.

Night. Nay, Ursula, thou'lt gall between the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

Urs. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of trust, tapster, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him ? [*Exit NIGHT.*] but look to't, sirrah, you were best. Threepence a pipe-full, I will have made, of all my whole half pound of tobacco, and a quarter of pound of colts-foot mixt with it too, to [eke] it out. I that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoke now. Then six and twenty shillings a barrel I will advance on my beer, and fifty shillings a hundred on my bottle-ale ; I have told you the ways how to raise it. Froth your cans well in the filling, at length, rogue, and jog your bottles o' the buttock, sirrah, then skink out the first glass ever, and drink with all companies, though you be sure to be drunk ; you'll misreckon the better, and be less ashamed on't. But your true trick, rascal, must be, to be ever busy, and mistake away the bottles and cans, in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear anybody call (if they should chance to mark you), till you have brought fresh, and be able to forswear them. Give me a drink of ale.

Over. This is the very womb and bed of enormity ! gross as herself ! this must all down for enormity, all, every whit on't.

[*Aside.*

[*Knocking within.*

Urs. Look who's there, sirrah : five shillings a pig is my price, at least ; if it be a sow pig, sixpence more ; if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, sixpence more for that.

Over. *O tempora ! O mores !* I would not have lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my place and worship o' the bench. How is the poor subject abused here ! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her Mooncalf, and win out wonders of enormity ! [*Comes forward.*]—By thy leave, goodly woman, and the fatness of the Fair, oily as the king's constable's lamp, and shining as his shooing-horn ! hath thy ale virtue, or thy beer strength, that the tongue of man may be tickled, and his palate pleased in the morning ? Let thy pretty nephew here go search and see.

Urs. What new roarer is this ?

Moon. O Lord, do you not know him, mistress ? 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations.—Brave master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you ? welcome to the Fair ! when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your back against a booth, ha ? I have been one of your little disciples, in my days.

Over. Let me drink, boy, with my love, thy aunt here ; that I may be eloquent : but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the Fair.

Urs. Why dost thou not fetch him drink, and offer him to sit ?

Moon. Is it ale or beer, Master Arthur ?

Over. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best ; the same thy dove drinketh, and thou drawest on holy-days.

Urs. Bring him a sixpenny bottle of ale : they say a fool's handsel is lucky.

Over. Bring both, child. [*Sits down in the booth.*] Ale for Arthur, and beer for Bradley. Ale for thine aunt, boy.¹ [*Exit MOON.*] My disguise takes to the very wish and reach of it. I shall, by the benefit of this, discover enough and more : and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be : a certain middling thing, between a fool and a madman. [*Aside.*]

Enter KNOCKEM.

Knock. What ! my little lean Ursula ! my she-bear ! art thou alive yet, with thy litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair ? ha !

Urs. Yes, and to amble a foot, when the Fair is done, to hear you groan out of a cart, up the heavy hill——

Knock. Of Holbourn, Ursula, meanst thou so ? for what, for what, pretty Urse ?

Urs. For cutting halfpenny purses, or stealing little penny dogs out o' the Fair.

Knock. O ! good words, good words, Urse.

Over. Another special enormity. A cutpurse of the sword, the boot, and the feather ! those are his marks. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter MOONCALF with the ale, &c.

Urs. You are one of those horse-leeches that gave out I was dead, in Turnbull-street, of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes ?

Knock. No, 'twas better meat, Urse : cows' udders, cows' udders !

¹ In the cant language of the age, *aunt* denoted a *bawd*.

Urs. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.

Knock. What! thou'lt poison me with a newt in a bottle of ale, wilt thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Urse? Come, there's no malice in these fat folks, I never fear thee, an I can scape thy lean Mooncalf here. Let's drink it out, good Urse, and no vapours!

[*Exit* URSULA.]

Over. Dost thou hear, boy? There's for thy ale, and the remnant for thee.—Speak in thy faith of a faucet now; is this goodly person before us here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

Moon. What mean you by that, Master Arthur?

Over. I mean a child of the horn-thumb, a babe of booty, boy, a cutpurse.

Moon. O Lord, sir! far from it. This is Master Daniel Knockem Jordan: the ranger of Turnbull. He is a horse-courser, sir.

Over. Thy dainty dame, though, called him cutpurse.

Moon. Like enough, sir; she'll do forty such things in an hour (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her in the greasy kerchief: it makes her fat, you see; she battens with it.

Over. Here I might have been deceived now, and have put a fool's blot upon myself, if I had not played an after game of discretion!

[*Aside.*

Re-enter URSULA, *dropping.*

Knock. Alas, poor Urse! this is an ill season for thee.

Urs. Hang yourself, hackney-man!

Knock. How, how, Urse! vapours? motion breed vapours.

Urs. Vapours ! never tusk, nor twirl your dibble, good Jordan, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be captain of the roarers, and fight well at the case of piss-pots, you shall not fright me with your lion-chap, sir, nor your tusks ; you angry ! you are hungry. Come, a pig's head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomach at all times.

Knock. Thou art such another mad, merry Urse, still ! troth I do make conscience of vexing thee, now in the dog-days, this hot weather, for fear of foundering thee in the body, and melting down a pillar of the Fair. Pray thee take thy chair again, and keep state ; and let's have a fresh bottle of ale, and a pipe of tobacco ; and no vapours. I'll have this belly o' thine taken up, and thy grass scoured, wench.—

Enter EDGWORTH.

Look, here's Ezekiel Edgworth ; a fine boy of his inches, as any is in the Fair ! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart, and good vapours.

Edg. That I will indeed, willingly, Master Knockem ; fetch some ale and tobacco.

[*Exit MOON.—People cross the stage.*]

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen ? maid, see a fine hobby-horse for your young master ; cost you but a token a week his provender.

Re-enter NIGHTINGALE, with Corncutter and Mouse-trap-man.

Corn. Have you any corns in your feet and toes ?

Mouse. Buy a mousetrap, a mousetrap, or a tormentor for a flea ?

Trash. Buy some gingerbread ?

Night. Ballads, ballads ! fine new ballads :—

“ Hear for your love, and buy for your money.
A delicate ballad o’ the ferret and the coney.
A preservative again’ the punk’s evil.
Another of goose-green starch, and the devil.¹
A dozen of divine points, and the godly garters :
The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three
quarters.”

What is’t you buy ?

“ The windmill blown down by the witch’s fart.
Or Saint George, that, O ! did break the dragon’s
heart.”

Re-enter MOONCALF, with ale and tobacco.

Edg. Master Nightingale, come hither, leave your
mart a little.

Night. O my secretary ! what says my secretary ?

[*They walk into the booth.*

Over. Child of the bottles, what’s he ? what’s he ?

[*Points to EDGWORTH.*

Moon. A civil young gentleman, Master Arthur, that
keeps company with the roarers, and disburses all still.
He has ever money in his purse ; he pays for them,
and they roar for him ; one does good offices for
another. They call him the secretary, but he serves
nobody. A great friend of the ballad-man’s, they are
never asunder.

Over. What pity ’tis, so civil a young man should
haunt this debauched company ? here’s the bane of
the youth of our time apparent. A proper penman,

¹ This was “ a goodly ballad against pride, showing how the devil
appeared to a lady which was starching her ruff by night.”

I see't in his countenance, he has a good clerk's look with him, and I warrant him a quick hand.

Moon. A very quick hand, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edg. [*whispering with* NIGHTINGALE *and* URSULA.] All the purses and purchase I give you to-day by conveyance, bring hither to Ursula's presently. Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Look you choose good places for your standing in the Fair, when you sing, Nightingale.

Urs. Ay, near the fullest passages ; and shift them often.

Edg. And in your singing, you must use your hawk's eye nimbly, and fly the purse to a mark still, where 'tis worn, and on which side ; that you may give me the sign with your beak, or hang your head that way in the tune.

Urs. Enough, talk no more on't : your friendship, masters, is not now to begin. Drink your draught of indenture, your sup of covenant, and away : the Fair fills apace, company begins to come in, and I have ne'er a pig ready yet.

Knock. Well said ! fill the cups, and light the tobacco : let's give fire in the works, and noble vapours.

Edg. And shall we have smocks, Ursula, and good whimsies, ha ?

Urs. Come, you are in your bawdy vein !—the best the Fair will afford, Zekiel, if bawd Whit keep his word.—

Re-enter MOONCALF.

How do the pigs, Mooncalf ?

Moon. Very passionate, mistress, one of 'em has wept out an eye.¹ Master Arthur o' Bradley is

¹ When the eye of a pig in roasting drops out, it is a mark that the pig is almost roasted enough.

melancholy here, nobody talks to him. Will you any tobacco, Master Arthur?

Over. No, boy; let my meditations alone.

Moon. He's studying for an oration now.

Over. If I can with this day's travail, and all my policy, but rescue this youth here out of the hands of the lewd man and the strange woman, I will sit down at night, and say with my friend Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.

[*Aside.*

Knock. Here, Zekiel, here's a health to Ursula, and a kind vapour; thou hast money in thy purse still, and store! how dost thou come by it? pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

Edg. Half I have, Master Dan Knockem, is always at your service.

[*Pulls out his purse.*

Over. Ha, sweet nature! what goshawk would prey upon such a lamb?

[*Aside.*

Knock. Let's see what 'tis, Zekiel; count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

Enter WINWIFE and QUARLOUS.

Winw. We are here before them, methinks.

Quar. All the better; we shall see them come in now.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine horse? a lion? a bull? a bear? a dog or a cat? an excellent fine Bartholomew-bird? or an instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's Orpheus among the beasts, with his fiddle and all!

Trash. Will you buy any comfortable bread,¹ gentlemen?

¹ *I.e.*, spiced gingerbread.

Quar. And Ceres selling her daughter's picture, in ginger-work.

Winw. That these people should be so ignorant to think us chapmen for them! Do we look as if we would buy gingerbread or hobby-horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better ware than they have, nor better customers than come: and our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would Cokes would come! there were a true customer for them.

Knock. [*to EDGWORTH.*] How much is't? thirty shillings? Who's yonder! Ned Winwife and Tom Quarlous, I think! yes: (give me it all, give it me all.)—Master Winwife! Master Quarlous! will you take a pipe of tobacco with us?—Do not discredit me now, Zekiel. [*EDGWORTH gives him his purse.*]

Winw. Do not see him; he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's avoid him: turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, an he roared as loud as Neptune; pray thee go with me.

Winw. You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along; we have nothing to do, man, but to see sights now.

[*They advance to the booth.*]

Knock. Welcome, Master Quarlous, and Master Winwife; will you take any froth and smoke with us?

Quar. Yes, sir; but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much familiarity between us afore.

Knock. As what, sir?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to smoke and froth.

Knock. A good vapour! will you sit down, sir?

this is old Ursula's mansion ; how like you her bower ? Here you may have your punk and your pig in state, sir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather have my punk cold, sir.

Over. There's for me : punk ! and pig ! [*Aside.*

Urs. [*within.*] What, Mooncalf, you rogue !

Moon. By and by, the bottle is almost off, mistress ; here, Master Arthur.

Urs. [*within.*] I'll part you and your play fellow there, in the garded coat, an you sunder not the sooner.

Knock. Master Winwife, you are proud, methinks, you do not talk, nor drink ; are you proud ?

Winw. Not of the company I am in, sir, nor the place, I assure you.

Knock. You do not except at the company, do you ! are you in vapours, sir ?

Moon. Nay, good Master Daniel Knockem, respect my mistress's bower, as you call it ; for the honour of our booth, none o' your vapours here.

Enter URSULA with a firebrand.

Urs. Why, you thin, lean polecat you, an they have a mind to be in their vapours must you hinder 'em ? What did you know, vermin, if they would have lost a cloak, or such trifle ? must you be drawing the air of pacification here, while I am tormented within i' the fire, you weasel ?

[*Aside to MOONCALF.*

Moon. Good mistress, 'twas in behalf of your booth's credit that I spoke.

Urs. Why ! would my booth have broke if they had fallen out in't, sir ? or would their heat have fired it ? In, you rogue, and wipe the pigs, and mend the fire that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you

till your eyes drop out like them.—Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst awhile ! [Exit MOON.]

Quar. Body o' the Fair ! what's this ? mother of the bawds ?

Knock. No, she's mother of the pigs, sir, mother of the pigs.

Winw. Mother of the furies I think, by her fire-brand.

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a fury, sure some walking sow of tallow !

Winw. An inspired vessel of kitchen stuff !

Quar. She'll make excellent geer for the coach-makers here in Smithfield to anoint wheels and axletrees with. [She drinks this while.]

Urs. Ay, ay, gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft wench of the suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome ; you must have your thin pinched ware, pent up in the compass of a dog-collar (or 'twill not do), that looks like a long-laced conger set upright, and a green feather, like fennel in the joll on't.

Knock. Well said, Urse, my good Urse ! to 'em, Urse !

Quar. Is she your quagmire, Daniel Knockem ? is this your bog ?

Night. We shall have a quarrel presently.

Knock. How ! bog ? quagmire ? foul vapours ! humph !

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her and be drowned a week ere any friend he had could find where he were.

Winw. And then he would be a fortnight weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole shire of butter ; they had need be a team of Dutchmen should draw him out.

Knock. Answer 'em, Urse : where's thy Bartholomew wit now, Urse, thy Bartholomew wit ?

Urs. Hang 'em, rotten, roguish cheaters, I hope to see them plagued one day (poxed they are already, I am sure) with lean playhouse poultry, that has the bony rump sticking out like the ace of spades or the point of a partizan, that every rib of them is like the tooth of a saw ; and will so grate them with their hips and shoulders as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips ! she's able to give a man the sweating sickness with looking on her.

Urs. Marry look off, with a patch on your face and a dozen in your breech, though they be of scarlet, sir ! I have seen as fine outsides as either of yours, bring lousy linings to the brokers, ere now, twice a week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new cucking-stool¹ in the Fair, to be purchased ; one large enough, I mean ? I know there is a pond of capacity for her.

Urs. For your mother, you rascal ! Out you rogue, you hedge-bird, you pimp, you pannier-man's bastard, you !

Quar. Ha, ha, ha !

Urs. Do you sneer, you dog's-head, you trendle-tail ! you look as you were begotten a top of a cart in harvest time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff after your brother's bitch, Mistress Commodity ; that's the livery you wear, 'twill be out at the elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the t'other remnant.

Knock. Peace, Urse, peace, Urse ;—they'll kill the poor whale and make oil of her. Pray thee go in.

¹ Now frequently corrupted into *ducking-stool*.

Urs. I'll see them poxed first, and piled and double piled.

Winw. Let's away, her language grows greasier than her pigs.

Urs. Does it so, snotty-nose? good Lord! are you snivelling? You were engendered on a she-beggar in a barn, when the bald thrasher, your sire, was scarce warm.

Winw. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith; I'll stay the end of her now; I know she cannot last long: I find by her similes she wanes apace.

Urs. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Give me my pig-pan hither a little: I'll scald you hence, an you will not go. [Exit.]

Knock. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours, and very idle vapours, I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious ass, we assure you.

Knock. Hump, *ass!* and *serious!* nay, then pardon me my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, gentlemen. Any man that does vapour me the ass, Master Quar-
lous——

Quar. What then, Master Jordan?

Knock. I do vapour him the lie.

Quar. Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that. [Strikes him.]

Knock. Nay then, vapours upon vapours.

[They fight.]

Re-enter URSULA with the dripping-pan.

Edg. Night. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan! she comes with the pan, gentlemen! [*URSULA falls with the pan.*] God bless the woman.

Urs. Oh!

[Exeunt QUARLOUS and WINWIFE.]

Trash. [*runs in.*] What's the matter?

Over. Goodly woman!

Moon. Mistress!

Urs. Curse of hell, that ever I saw these fiends! oh! I have scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg! I have lost a limb in the service! run for some cream and salad oil, quickly. Are you under-peering, you baboon! rip off my hose, an you be men, men, men.

Moon. Run you for some cream, good Mother Joan. I'll look to your basket. [*Exit TRASH.*]

Leath. Best sit up in your chair, Ursula. Help, gentlemen.

Knock. Be of good cheer, Urse; thou hast hindered me the currying of a couple of stallions here, that abused the good racebawd of Smithfield; 'twas time for them to go.

Night. I' faith, when the pan came,—they had made you run else. This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventured.

[*Aside to EDGWORTH.*]

Edg. Not a whit, these fellows were too fine to carry money.

Knock. Nightingale, get some help to carry her leg out of the air: take off her shoes. Body o' me! she has the mallanders, the scratches, the crown scab, and the quitter bone in the t'other leg.

Urs. Oh, the pox! why do you put me in mind of my leg thus, to make it prick and shoot? Would you have me in the hospital afore my time?

Knock. Patience, Urse, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister as big as a windgall. I'll take it away with the white of an egg, a little honey and hog's grease, have thy pasterns well rolled, and thou shalt pace again by to-morrow. I'll tend thy booth, and look to thy

affairs the while : thou shalt sit in thy chair, and give directions, and shine *Ursa major*.

[*Exeunt KNOCKEM and MOONCALF with URSULA in her chair.*

Over. These are the fruits of bottle-ale and tobacco ! the foam of the one, and the fumes of the other ! Stay, young man, and despise not the wisdom of these few hairs that are grown grey in care of thee.

Edg. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some of this !

Enter COKES, with his box, WASPE, MISTRESS OVERDO, and GRACE.

Cokes. Come, Numps, come, where are you ? Welcome into the Fair, Mistress Grace.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Over. Thirst not after that frothy liquor ale ; for who knows when he openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle ? Hath not a snail, a spider, yea, a newt been found there ? thirst not after it, youth ; thirst not after it.

Cokes. This is a brave fellow, Numps, let's hear him.

Waspe. 'Sblood ! how brave is he ? in a garded coat ! You were best truck with him ; e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you. Why will you hear him ? because he is an ass, and may be akin to the Cokeses ?

Cokes. O, good Numps.

Over. Neither do thou lust after that tawny weed tobacco.

Cokes. Brave words !

Over. Whose complexion is like the Indian's that vents it.

Cokes. Are they not brave words, sister ?

Over. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the Alligartha hath not pissed thereon ?

Waspe. 'Heart ! let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will ! an they were all the brave words in a country, how then ? Will you away yet, have you enough on him ? Mistress Grace, come you away ; I pray you be not you accessary. If you do lose your licence, or somewhat else, sir, with listening to his fables, say Numps is a witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

Cokes. Avoid in your satin doublet, Numps.

Over. The creeping venom of which subtle serpent, as some late writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway¹ or assuage.

Cokes. Good, i' faith ! is it not, sister ?

Over. Hence it is that the lungs of the tobacconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the backside of the pig-woman's booth here, and the whole body within, black as her pan you saw e'en now without.

Cokes. A fine similitude that, sir ! did you see the pan ?

Edg. Yes, sir.

Over. Nay, the hole in the nose here of some tobacco-takers, or the third nostril, if I may so call it, which makes that they can vent the tobacco out, like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lis, is caused from the tobacco, the mere tobacco ! when the poor innocent pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slandered.

¹ Mitigate.

Cokes. Who would have missed this, sister?

Mrs. Over. Not anybody but Numps.

Cokes. He does not understand.

Edg. [*picks COKES's pocket of his purse.*] Nor you feel. [*Aside.*]

Cokes. What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old fox¹ in't? the best music in the Fair will not move a log.

Edg. [*Gives the purse aside to NIGHT.*] In, to Ursula, Nightingale, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first fairing. [*Exit NIGHT.*]

Over. But what speak I of the diseases of the body, children of the Fair?

Cokes. That's to us, sister. Brave, i' faith!

Over. Hark, O you sons and daughters of Smithfield! and hear what malady it doth the mind: it causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

Mrs. Over. He hath something of Master Overdo, methinks, brother.

Cokes. So methought, sister, very much of my brother Overdo: and 'tis when he speaks.

Over. Look into any angle of the town, the Streights, or the Bermudas,² where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with bottle-ale and tobacco? The lecturer is o' one side, and his pupils o' the other; but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads, and the novices pay. Thirty pound a week in bottle-ale!

¹ *I.e.*, broadsword, as distinguished from the small (foreign) sword.

² Cant-names then given to the places frequented by bullies, knights of the post, and fencing masters.

forty in tobacco! and ten more in ale again. Then for a suit to drink in, so much, and, that being slavered, so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit! and still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tobacco stinketh.

Waspe. Heart of a madman! are you rooted here? will you never away? what can any man find out in this bawling fellow, to grow here for? He is a full handful higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a booth, sir?

Over. I will conclude briefly——

Waspe. Hold your peace, you roaring rascal, I'll run my head in your chaps else. You were best build a booth, and entertain him; make your will, an you say the word, and him your heir! heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a peck afore. By this light, I'll carry you away on my back, an you will not come.

[*He gets COKES up on pick-back.*]

Cokes. Stay, Numps, stay, set me down. I have lost my purse, Numps. O my purse! One of my fine purses is gone!

Mrs. Over. Is it indeed, brother?

Cokes. Ay, as I am an honest man, would I were an arrant rogue else! a plague of all roguy damned cutpurses for me.

[*Examines his pockets.*]

Waspe. Bless 'em with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! now, as I am no infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. Ay, I am (here's my witness), do you see, sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I! no, no, I am a dull malt horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not justly served, in your conscience now, speak in your conscience? Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart again.

Edg. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too ! but I must not be too bold all at a time.

[*Aside.*

Cokes. Nay, Numps, it is not my best purse.

Waspe. Not your best ! death ! why should it be your worst ? why should it be any, indeed, at all ? answer me to that, give me a reason from you, why it should be any ?

Cokes. Nor my gold, Numps ; I have that yet, look here else, sister. [*Shows the other purse.*

Waspe. Why so, there's all the feeling he has !

Mrs. Over. I pray you have a better care of that, brother.

Cokes. Nay, so I will, I warrant you ; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Waspe. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so ! very good.

Cokes. I would have him come again now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good jest ? I will put it just where the other was, and if we have good luck, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the Fair.

[*Aside.*

Cokes. Come, Mistress Grace, prithee be not melancholy for my mischance ; sorrow will not keep it, sweetheart.

Grace. I do not think on't, sir.

Cokes. 'Twas but a little scurvy white money, hang it ! it may hang the cutpurse one day. I have gold left to give thee a fairing yet, as hard as the world goes. Nothing angers me but that nobody here looked like a cutpurse, unless 'twere Numps.

Waspe. How ! I, I look like a cutpurse ? death !

your sister's a cutpurse ! and your mother and father, and all your kin, were cutpurses ! and here is a rogue is the bawd o' the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with. [Beats OVERDO.

Over. Hold thy hand, child of wrath, and heir of anger, make it not Childermass day ¹ in thy fury, or the feast of the French Bartholomew, parent of the massacre.

Cokes. Numps, Numps !

Mrs. Over. Good Master Humphrey !

Waspe. You are the Patrico,² are you ? the patriarch of the cutpurses ? You share, sir, they say ; let them share this with you. Are you in your hot fit of preaching again ? I'll cool you. [Beats him again.

Over. Murther, murther, murther ! [Exeunt.

¹ Innocent's day.

² Among strolling beggars and gipsies the *patrico* is the orator of the gang, the hedge priest who officiates at their ceremonies of marriage.





ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*The Fair.*

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, JOAN TRASH, *and others,*
sitting by their wares, as before.

Enter VAL. WHIT, HAGGISE, and BRISTLE.



HIT. Nay, tish all gone, now ! dish
tish, phen tou wilt not be phitin call,
master offisher, phat ish a man te
better to lishen out noyshes for tee,
and tou art in an oder orld, being
very shuffishient noyshes and
gallantsh too ? one o' their brabblesh
would have fed ush all dish fortnight, but tou art
so bushy about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure
to intend shentlemen, and 't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, Davy Bristle.

Bri. Come, come, you told me a pudding, Toby
Haggise ; a matter of nothing ; I am sure it came to
nothing. You said, let's go to Ursula's, indeed ; but
then you met the man with the monsters, and I could
not get you from him. An old fool, not leave seeing
yet !

Hag. Why, who would have thought anybody

would have quarrelled so early ; or that the ale o' the fair would have been up so soon ?

Whit. Phy, phat a clock toest tou tink it ish, man ?

Hag. I cannot tell.

Whit. Tou art a vish vatchman, i' te mean teem.

Hag. Why, should the watch go by the clock, or the clock by the watch, I pray ?

Bri. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit. Tou art right now ! phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient vatchment, but he did tell the clock, phat bushiness soever he had ?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knows what a clock it is.

Whit. Shleeping or vaking : ash well as te clock himshelf, or te Jack dat shtrikes him.

Bri. Let's inquire of Master Leatherhead, or Joan Trash here.—Master Leatherhead, do you hear, Master Leatherhead ?

Whit. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him.

Leath. I have a little business now, good friends, do not trouble me.

Whit. Phat, because o' ty wrought neet-cap, and ty phelvet sherkin, man ? phy ! I have sheene tee in ty ledder sherkin, ere now, mashter o' de hobby-horses, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.

Trash. Why, what an you have, Captain Whit ? he has his choice of jerkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or employed.

Leath. God-a-mercy Joan, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not sheen in my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

[*Exeunt HAGGISE and BRISTLE.*]

Enter QUARLOUS and WINWIFE.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this prologue o' the purse ; but the best is, we shall have five acts of him ere night : he'll be spectacle enough, I'll answer for't.

Whit. O creesh ! Duke Quarlous, how dosht tou ? tou dosht not know me, I fear : I am te vishesht man, but Justish Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Give me twelve pence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, rogue ; pimp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut orke for't in her shmock too as tou cansht vish, i' faith ; vilt tou have her, vorshipful Vinvife ? I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelve pence from tee.

Winw. Why, there's twelve pence, pray thee wilt thou begone ?

Whit. Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipful man still.

Quar. Get you gone, rascal.

Whit. I do mean it, man. Prinsh Quarlous, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt find me here at Ursula's, I vill see phat ale and punque ish i' te pigsty for tee, bless ty good vorship. [Exit.]

Quar. Look ! who comes here : John Littlewit !

Winw. And his wife, and my widow, her mother : the whole family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must give them all fairings now.

Winw. Not I, I'll not see them.

Quar. They are going a feasting. What school-master's that is with 'em ?

Winw. That's my rival, I believe, the baker.

Enter RABBI BUSY, DAME PURECRAFT, JOHN LITTLEWIT, *and* MRS. LITTLEWIT.

Busy. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left ; let not your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear with noises.

Quar. O, I know him by that start.

Leath. What do you lack, what do you buy, mistress? a fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? a drum, to make him a soldier? a fiddle, to make him a reveller? what is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters? or babies, male or female?

Busy. Look not toward them, hearken not ; the place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove of hobby-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of devils, and the whole Fair is the shop of Satan : they are hooks and baits, very baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrils, as the fisher doth ; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them.—The heathen man could stop his ears with wax against the harlot of the sea ; do you the like with your fingers against the bells of the beast.

Winw. What flashes come from him !

Quar. O, he has those of his oven ; a notable hot baker 'twas when he plied the peel¹ : he is leading his flock into the Fair now.

Winw. Rather driving them to the pens ; for he will let them look upon nothing.

¹ The shovel-like instrument with which bakers withdraw their bread from the oven.

Enter KNOCKEM and WHIT from URSULA's booth.

Knock. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot ; whither walk you ? have a care of your fine velvet caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here in the way, and cool yourselves in the shade ; you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale in the Fair, sir. Old Ursula is cook, there you may read ; [*Points to the sign, a pig's head, with a large writing under it.*] the pig's head speaks it. Poor soul, she has had a stringhalt, the maryhinchco ; but she's prettily amended.

Whit. A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la ! tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de tableclot, and di glass vashed with phatersh of Dame Annesh Cleare.¹

Lit. [*Gazing at the inscription.*] This is fine verily. *Here be the best pigs, and she does roast them as well as ever she did,* the pig's head says.

Knock. Excellent, excellent, mistress ! with fire o' juniper and rosemary branches ! the oracle of the pig's head, that, sir.

Pure. Son, were you not warned of the vanity of the eye ? have you forgot the wholesome admonition so soon ?

Lit. Good mother, how shall we find a pig, if we do not look about for't ! will it run off o' the spit, into our mouths, think you, as in Lubberland, and cry *wee, wee !*

Busy. No, but your mother, religiously-wise, conceiveth it may offer itself by other means to the sense, as by way of steam, which I think it doth here in this

¹ There was anciently near Hoxton a spring of water called *Agnes le Clare*, corrupted to *Annis the Clear*.

place—huh, huh—yes, it doth. [*He scents after it like a hound.*] And it were a sin of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelic sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold—huh, huh, huh—follow the scent: enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and satisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied; your zealous mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied.

Lit. Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing.

Busy. We scape so much of the other vanities, by our early entering.

Pure. It is an edifying consideration.

Mrs. Lit. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't.

Lit. Win, have patience, Win, I'll tell you more anon.

[*Exeunt into the booth, LITTLEWIT, MRS. LITTLEWIT, BUSY, and PURECRAFT.*]

Knock. Mooncalf, entertain within there, the best pig in the booth, a pork-like pig. These are Banbury bloods, o' the sincere stud, come a pig-hunting. Whit, wait, Whit, look to your charge. [*Exit WHIT.*]

Busy. [*within.*] A pig prepare presently, let a pig be prepared to us.

Enter MOONCALF and URSULA.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urs. Is this the good service, Jordan, you'd do me?

Knock. Why, Urse, why, Urse? thou'lt have vapours i' thy leg again presently, pray thee go in, it may turn to the scratches else.

Urs. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stink

like you ! Are these the guests o' the game you promised to fill my pit withal to-day ?

Knock. Ay, what ail they, Urse ?

Urs. Ail they ! they are all sippers, sippers o' the city ; they look as they would not drink off two pen'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'em.

Moon. A body may read that in their small printed ruffs.

Knock. Away, thou art a fool, Urse, and thy Moon-calf too : in your ignorant vapours now ! hence ; good guests, I say, right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs on the board, and half a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'em, and call Whit. [*Exit MOONCALF.*] I do not love to hear innocents abused : fine ambling hypocrites ! and a stone-puritan with a sorrel head and beard ! good mouthed glutton ; two to a pig, away.

Urs. Are you sure they are such ?

Knock. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'em by the teeth, Urse ; where's this Whit ?

Re-enter WHIT.

Whit.

“ Behold, man, and see,
What a worthy man am ee !
With the fury of my sword,
And the shaking of my beard,
I will make ten thousand men afeard.”

Knock. Well said, brave Whit ! in, and *fear* the ale out o' the bottles into the bellies of the brethren, and . . . the sisters drink to the cause, and pure vapours. [*Exeunt KNOCKEM, WHIT, and URSULA.*]

Quar. My roarer is turned tapster, methinks. Now

were a fine time for thee, Winwife, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt never be master of a better season or place ; she that will venture herself into the Fair and a pig-box, will admit any assault, be assured of that.

Winw. I love not enterprises of that suddenness though.

Quar. I'll warrant thee, then, no wife out of the widow's hundred : if I had but as much title to her, as to have breathed once on that straight stomacher of hers, I would now assure myself to carry her yet ere she went out of Smithfield ; or she should carry me which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances and degrees ; come, 'tis disease in thee, not judgment ; I should offer at all together.—

Enter OVERDO.

Look, here's the poor fool again, that was stung by the Wasp erewhile.

Over. I will make no more orations shall draw on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a spice of collateral justice, Adam Overdo deserved this beating ; for I, the said Adam, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost ; and my wife's brother's purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it at supper, that will be the sport, and put my little friend Master Humphrey Wasp's choler quite out of countenance : when, sitting at the upper end of my table, as I use, and drinking to my brother Cokes, and Mistress Alice Overdo, as I will, my wife, for their good affection to old Bradley, I deliver to them, it was I that was cudgelled, and show them the marks. To see what bad events may peep out o' the tail of good purposes !

the care I had of that civil young man I took fancy to this morning (and have not left it yet), drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company indeed ; which drew the cutpurse ; which drew the money ; which drew my brother Cokes his loss ; which drew on Wasp's anger ; which drew on my beating : a pretty gradation ! and they shall have it in their dish, i' faith, at night for fruit ; I love to be merry at my table. I had thought once, at one special blow he gave me, to have revealed myself ; but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembered that a wise man, and who is ever so great a part of the commonwealth in himself, for no particular disaster ought to abandon a public good design. The husbandman ought not, for one unthankful year, to forsake the plough ; the shepherd ought not, for one scabbed sheep, to throw by his tar-box ; the pilot ought not, for one leak in the poop, to quit the helm ; nor the alderman ought not, for one custard more at a meal, to give up his cloke ; the constable ought not to break his staff, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night ; nor the piper of the parish, *ut parvis componere magna solebam*, to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking conclusions ; out of which, I am resolved, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come batishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle (welcome all), I will not discover who I am, till my due time ; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in justice' name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth.

Winw. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously, poor fool !

Quar. No matter what. Here's fresher argument intend that.

Enter COKES, MISTRESS OVERDO, and GRACE WELL-BORN, followed by WASPE, loaded with toys.

Cokes. Come, Mistress Grace, come, sister, here's more fine sights yet, i' faith. Od's 'lid, where's Numps?

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine rattles, drums, babies, little dogs, and birds for ladies? what do you lack?

Cokes. Good honest Numps, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my heart was at my mouth when I mist thee.

Waspe. You were best buy a whip in your hand to drive me.

Cokes. Nay, do not mistake, Numps; thou art so apt to mistake! I would but watch the goods. Look you now, the treble fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Waspe. Pray you take heed you lose not yourself; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety. Buy a token's¹ worth of great pins, to fasten yourself to my shoulder.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes? what is't you lack? a pair o' smiths to wake you in the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

Cokes. Numps, here be finer things than any we have bought by odds! and more delicate horses, a great deal; good Numps, stay, and come hither.

Waspe. Will you scourse² with him? you are in Smithfield, you may fit yourself with a fine easy going street-nag, for your saddle, again Michaelmas term,

¹ *I.e.*, A farthing's worth.

² *I.e.*, deal with him for his horses.

do : has he ne'er a little odd cart for you to make a caroch on in the country, with four pied hobby-horses? Why the measles should you stand here, with your train, cheapning of dogs, birds, and babies? you have no children to bestow them on, have you?

Cokes. No, but again I have children, Numps, that's all one.

Waspe. Do, do, do, do ; how many shall you have, think you? an I were as you, I'd buy for all my tenants too, they are a kind of civil savages, that will part with their children for rattles, pipes, and knives. You were best buy a hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.

Cokes. Good Numps, hold that little tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute Bat, thou know'st.

Waspe. A resolute fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient coxcomb ; with all my heart ;—nay, you have it, sir, an you be angry, t— in your teeth, twice ; if I said it not once afore, and much good do you.

Winw. Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

Quar. Alas, his care will go near to crack him ; let's in and comfort him. [*They come forward.*]

Waspe. Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head on me, and had my brains bowled at, or threshed out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge !

Quar. How now, Numps ! almost tired in your protectorship? overparted, overparted?

Waspe. Why, I cannot tell, sir, it may be I am ; does it grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, Numps ; to satisfy you.

Waspe. Numps ! 'sblood, you are fine and familiar : how long have we been acquainted, I pray you !

Quar. I think it may be remembered, Numps, that ; 'twas since morning, sure.

Waspe. Why, I hope I know't well enough, sir ; I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No ! why, then ?

Waspe. It's no matter why ; you see with your eyes now, what I said to you to-day : you'll believe me another time ?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, Numps ?

Waspe. A pretty question, and a civil one ! yes, faith, I have my lading, you see, or shall have anon ; you may know whose beast I am by my burden. If the pannier-man's jack were ever better known by his loins of mutton, I'll be flayed, and feed dogs for him when his time comes.

Winw. How melancholic Mistress Grace is yonder ! pray thee let's go enter ourselves in grace with her.

Cokes. Those six horses, friend, I'll have——

Waspe. How !

Cokes. And the three Jews-trumps ; and half a dozen o' birds, and that drum (I h^om^or one drum already) and your be^laths ; I like that device of your smiths, very pretty well ; and four halberts——and, let me see, that fine painted great lady, and her three women for state, I'll have.

Waspe. No, the shop ; buy the whole shop, it will be best ; the shop, the shop !

Leath. If his worship please.

Waspe. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobchin.

Cokes. Peace, Numps.—Friend, do not meddle with him, an you be wise, and would show your head above board ; he will sting thorough your wrought nightcap,

believe me. A set of these violins I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have in the country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles. I would fain have a fine young masque at my marriage, now I think on't: but I do want such a number of things!—And Numps will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Trash. Will your worship buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

Cokes. Gingerbread! yes, let's see.

[*Runs to her shop.*]

Waspe. There's the t'other springe.

Leath. Is this well, goody Joan, to interrupt my market in the midst, and call away my customers? can you answer this at the pie-poudres?

Trash. Why, if his mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may show my ware as well as you yours.

Cokes. Hold your peace; I'll content you both. I'll buy up his shop, and thy basket.

Waspe. Will you, i' faith?

Leath. Why should you put him from it, friend.

Waspe. Cry you me ^{ye} ~~w~~? you'd be sold too, would you? what's the price on you, jerkin and all, ^{ye} ~~w~~ you stand? have you any qualities?

Trash. Yes, good-man, angry-man, you shall find he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

Waspe. Od's so, you have the selling of him! What are they, will they be bought for love or money?

Trash. No, indeed, sir.

Waspe. For what then, victuals?

Trash. He scorns victuals, sir; he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meal, if the toy take him in the belly;

marry then they must not set him at lower ends, if they do, he'll go away, though he fast : but put him a-top o' the table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great city-suppers, to put down Coriat and Cokely,¹ and been laughed at for his labour ; he'll play you all the puppets in the town over, and the players, every company, and his own company too ; he spares nobody.

Cokes. I' faith ?

Trash. He was the first, sir, that ever baited the fellow in the bear's skin, an't like your worship : no dog ever came near him since. And for fine motions !

Cokes. Is he good at those too ? can he set out a masque, trow ?

Trash. O lord, master ! sought to far and near for his inventions ; and he engrosses all, he makes all the puppets in the Fair.

Cokes. Dost thou, in troth, old velvet jerkin ? give me thy hand.

Trash. Nay, sir, you shall see him in his velvet jerkin, and a scarf too at night, when you hear him interpret Master Littlewit's motion.

Cokes. Speak no more, but shut up shop presently, friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me ; and her hamper beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the masque, and hers the banquet. I cannot go less, to set out anything with credit. What's the price, at a word, of thy whole shop, case and all as it stands ?

Leath. Sir, it stands me in six-and-twenty shillings

¹ *Coryat* was famous for his travels, an account of which he published under the title of *Coryat's Crudities*. *Cokely* was the master of a motion or puppet-show.

sevenpence halfpenny, besides three shillings for my ground.

Cokes. Well, thirty shillings will do all then ! and what comes yours to ?

Trash. Four shillings and elevenpence, sir, ground and all, an't like your worship.

Cokes. Yes, it does like my worship very well, poor woman ; that's five shillings more : what a masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings, twenty pound Scotch, and a banquet of gingerbread ! there's a stately thing ! Numps ? sister ? and my wedding gloves too ! that I never thought on afore ! All my wedding gloves, gingerbread ? O me ! what a device will there be, to make 'em eat their fingers' ends ? and delicate brooches for the bridemen and all ! and then I'll have this poesie put to them, *For the best grace*, meaning Mistress Grace, my wedding poesie.

Grace. I am beholden to you, sir, and to your Bartholomew wit.

Waspe. You do not mean this, do you ? Is this your first purchase ?

Cokes. Yes, faith ; and I do not think, Numps, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest act that ever I did in my wardship.

Waspe. Like enough ! I shall say anything, I !

Enter EDGORTH, NIGHTINGALE, and *People*, followed,
at a distance, by OVERDO.

Over. I cannot beget a project, with all my political brain yet : my project is how to fetch off this proper young man from his debauched company. I have followed him all the Fair over, and still I find him with this songster, and I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity ; and the young man of a terrible

taint, poetry ! with which idle disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him in a state-course. *Actum est* of him for a commonwealth's-man, if he go to't in rhyme once. [Aside.

Edg. [To NIGHTINGALE.] Yonder he is buying of gingerbread ; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his money.

Night. [Advancing and singing.] *My masters and friends, and good people draw near——*

Cokes. [Runs to the ballad-man.] Ballads ! hark, hark ! pray thee, fellow, stay a little ! good Numps, look to the goods. What ballads hast thou ? let me see, let me see myself.

Waspe. Why so ! he's flown to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more ; till he have ne'er a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, gentlemen ? will you believe me now, hereafter shall I have credit with you ?

Quar. Yes, faith shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young pimp-errant and his squire better matched.

Winw. Faith, the sister comes after them well too.

Grace. Nay, if you saw the justice her husband, my guardian, you were fitted for the mess, he is such a wise one his way——

Winw. I wonder we see him not here.

Grace. O ! he is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then than the other three, I assure you, gentlemen, wherever he is, though it be on the bench.

Cokes. How dost thou call it ? *A caveat against cutpurses !* a good jest, i' faith, I would fain see that demon, your cutpurse you talk of, that delicate-handed devil ; they say he walks hereabout ; I would see him walk now. Look you, sister, here, here—[He

shows his purse boastingly—let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, does any cutpurse haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; begin, and show me one.

Night. Sir, this is a spell against them, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

Cokes. No matter for the price; thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd Bartholomew.

Mrs. Over. Has it a fine picture, brother?

Cokes. O, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home o' my own pasting up? there be brave pictures, other manner of pictures than these, friend.

Waspe. Yet these will serve to pick the pictures out of your pockets, you shall see.

Cokes. So I heard them say! Pray thee mind him not, fellow; he'll have an oar in everything.

Night. It was intended, sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blameless though; as by the sequel will more plainly appear.

Cokes. We shall find that in the matter: pray thee begin.

Night. To the tune of Paggington's pound, sir.

Cokes. [*sings.*] *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la!* Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! mine own country dance! Pray thee begin.

Night. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, sir, both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer.

Cokes. Not a word more out of the tune, an thou lov'st me: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Come, when?

Night. [*sings.*] "My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near,
And look to your purses, for that I do say ;"

Cokes. Ha, ha, this chimes ! Good counsel at first dash.

Night. "And tho' little money in them you do bear,
It cost more to get, than to lose in a day."

Cokes. Good !

Night. "You oft have been told,
Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold ;"

Cokes. Well said ! he were to blame that would not, i' faith.

Night. "Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,
Who both give you warning, for, and the cutpurse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."

Cokes. Good i' faith ; how say you, Numps, is there any harm in this ?

Night. "It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,
That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime ;"

Cokes. The more coxcombs they that did it, I wusse.

Night. "Alack and for pity, why should it be said ?
As if they regarded or places, or time !

Examples have been
Of some that were seen
In Westminster-hall, yea, the pleaders between ;

Then why should the judges be free from this curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the purse?"

Cokes. God a mercy for that! why should they be
more free indeed?

Night. "Youth, youth, thou hadst better been
starved by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."

Cokes. That again, good ballad-man, that again.
[*He sings the burden with him.*] O, rare! I would
fain rub mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my
hand. On, I pray thee; he that made this ballad
shall be poet to my masque.

Night. "At Worc'ster 'tis known well, and even in
the jail,
A knight of good worship did there show his face,
Against the foul sinners, in zeal for to rail,
And lost *ipso facto* his purse in the place."

Cokes. Is it possible?

Night. "Nay, once from the seat
Of judgment so great,
A judge there did lose a fair pouch of velvete."

Cokes. I' faith?

Night. "O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse!
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy
nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."

Cokes. [*Sings after him.*] Youth, youth, &c.—Pray
thee stay a little, friend. Yet o' thy conscience,
Numps, speak, is there any harm in this?

Waspe. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, less you had grace to follow it.

Over. It doth discover enormity, I'll mark it more : I have not liked a paltry piece of poetry so well a good while. [*Aside.*

Cokes. *Youth, youth, &c.* ; where's this youth now ? a man must call upon him for his own good, and yet he will not appear. Look here, here's for him ; [*Shows his purse.*] handy dandy, which hand will he have ? On, I pray thee with the rest ; I do hear of him, but I cannot see him, this master youth, the cutpurse.

Night. " At plays, and at sermons, and at the sessions,

'Tis daily their practice such booty to make ;
Yea, under the gallows at executions,
They stick not the stare-about's' purses to take.

Nay, one without grace,

At a [far] better place,

At court, and in Christmas, before the king's face ; "

Cokes. That was a fine fellow ! I would have him now.

Night. " Alack then for pity must I bear the curse,
That only belongs to the cunning cutpurse ? "

Cokes. But where's their cunning now, when they should use it ? they are all chained now, I warrant you. [*Sings.*] *Youth, youth, thou hadst better*—The rat-catchers' charms are all fools and asses to this ; a pox on them, that they will not come ! that a man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it !

Quar. 'Fore God I'd give half the aFir, an 'twere mine, for a cutpurse for him, to save his longing.

Cokes. Look you, sister, [*Shows his purse again*] here, here, where is't now? which pocket is't in, for a wager!

Waspe. I beseech you leave your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

Cokes. O, are you edified, Numps!

Over. Indeed he does interrupt him too much: there Numps spoke to purpose. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Sister, I am an ass, I cannot keep my purse! [*Shows it again, and puts it up.*] On, on, I pray thee, friend.

Night. "Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."

[*As NIGHTINGALE sings, EDGORTH gets up to COKES and tickles him in the ear with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.*

Winw. Will you see sport? look, there's a fellow gathers up to him, mark.

Quar. Good, i' faith! O, he has lighted on the wrong pocket.

Winw. He has it! 'fore God, he is a brave fellow: pity he should be detected.

Night. "But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest men's fall,
Advance your own fortunes, to die above ground;

And though you go gay,

In silks, as you may,

It is not the highway to heaven (as they say).

Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,
And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.

Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."

All. An excellent ballad ! an excellent ballad !

Edg. Friend, let me have the first, let me have the first, I pray you.

[*As NIGHTINGALE reaches out the ballad, EDGWORTH slips the purse into his hand.*]

Cokes. Pardon me, sir ; first come first served ; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

Winw. That conveyance was better than all, did you see't ? he has given the purse to the ballad-singer.

Quar. Has he ?

Edg. Sir, I cry you mercy, I'll not hinder the poor man's profit ; pray you, mistake me not.

Cokes. Sir, I take you for an honest gentleman, if that be mistaking ; I met you to-day afore : ha ! humph ! O Lord ! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, my purse !

Waspe. Come, do not make a stir, and cry yourself an ass thorough the Fair afore your time.

Cokes. Why, hast thou it, Numps ? good Numps, how came you by it, I marle ?

Waspe. I pray you seek some other gamester to play the fool with ; you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair wit.

Cokes. By this good hand, glove and all, I have lost it already if thou hast it not ; feel else, and Mistress Grace's handkerchief too, out of the t'other pocket.

Waspe. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well.

Edg. Are you sure you have lost it, sir ?

Cokes. O Lord ! yes ; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at *Youth, youth.*

Night. I hope you suspect not me, sir?

Edg. Thee! that were a jest indeed! dost thou think the gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away, ass, away! [*Exit NIGHT.*]

Over. I shall be beaten again if I be spied.

[*Aside, retiring.*]

Edge. Sir, I suspect an odd fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Mrs. Over. Brother, it is the preaching fellow: you shall suspect him. He was at your t'other purse, you know! [*Seizes OVERDO.*] Nay, stay, sir, and view the work you have done; an you be beneficed at the gallows, and preach there, thank your own handiwork.

Cokes. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment, you shall be silenced quickly.

[*They seize OVERDO.*]

Over. What do you mean, sweet buds of gentility?

Cokes. To have my pennyworths out on you, bud! No less than two purses a day serve you! I thought you a simple fellow, when my man Numps beat you in the morning, and pitied you.

Mrs. Over. So did I. I'll be sworn, brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious enormity, as Master Overdo calls him.

Over. Mine own words turned upon me like swords!

[*Aside.*]

Cokes. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you in the master's pocket, but you must entice it forth, and debauch it?

[*OVERDO is carried off.*]

Waspe. Sir, sir, keep your debauch, and your fine Bartholomew terms to yourself, and make as much on 'em as you please. But give me this from you in the meantime; I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

Cokes. Why, Numps?

Waspe. Why ! because you are an ass, sir, there's a reason the shortest way, an you will needs have it : now you have got the trick of losing, you'd lose your breech an 'twere loose. I know you, sir, come, deliver [*Takes the box from him*], you'll go and crack the vermin you breed now, will you ? 'tis very fine ; will you have the truth on't ? they are such retchless flies as you are, that blow cutpurses abroad in every corner ; your foolish having of money makes them. An there were no wiser than I, sir, the trade should lie open for you, sir, it should, i' faith, sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, sir.

Winw. Alack, good Numps !

Waspe. Nay, gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it. Lord send me at home once to Harrow o' the Hill again, if I travel any more, call me Coriat with all my heart.

[*Exeunt WASPE, COKES, and MRS. OVERDO, followed by EDGORTH.*]

Quar. [*Stops EDGORTH.*] Stay, sir, I must have a word with you in private. Do you hear ?

Edg. With me, sir ! what's your pleasure, good sir ?

Quar. Do not deny it, you are a cutpurse, sir, this gentleman here and I saw you : nor do we mean to detect you, though we can sufficiently inform ourselves toward the danger of concealing you ; but you must do us a piece of service.

Edg. Good gentlemen, do not undo me ; I am a civil young man, and but a beginner indeed.

Quar. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending for us : we are no catchpoles nor constables. That you are to undertake is this ; you saw the old fellow with the black box here ?

Edg. The little old governor, sir ?

Quar. That same : I see you have flown him to a mark already. I would have you get away that box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Would you have the box and all, sir, or only that that is in't ? I'll get you that, and leave him the box to play with still, which will be the harder of the two, because I would gain your worship's good opinion of me.

Winw. He says well, 'tis the greater mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

Edg. Ay, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

Quar. But look you do it, now, sirrah, and keep your word, or——

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need. Where shall I find you ?

Quar. Somewhere i' the Fair, hereabouts : dispatch it quickly. [*Exit EDGWORTH.*] I would fain see the careful fool deluded ! Of all beasts, I love the serious ass ; he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.

Grace. Then you would not choose, sir, but love my guardian, Justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, Mistress Wellborn, to be his ward, or have relation to him at first ?

Grace. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, sir ; and now he will marry me to his wife's brother, this wise gentleman that you see ; or else I must pay value o' my land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no device of disparagement, or

so ? talk with some crafty fellow, some picklock of the law : would I had studied a year longer in the Inns of Court, an 't had been but in your case.

Winw. Ay, Master Quarlous, are you proffering !

[*Aside.*

Grace. You'd bring but little aid, sir.

Winw. I'll look to you, in faith, gamester.—[*Aside.*]

An unfortunate foolish tribe you are fallen into, lady, I wonder you can endure them.

Grace. Sir, they that cannot work their fetters off must wear them.

Winw. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Grace. Faith, the same they have of themselves, sir. I cannot greatly complain if this were all the plea I had against them.

Winw. 'Tis true ; but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our manners have been such hitherto and our language, as will give you no cause to doubt yourself in our company.

Grace. Sir, I will give myself no cause ; I am so secure of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where John Littlewit comes.

Winw. Away, I'll not be seen by him.

Quar. No you were not best, he'd tell his mother, the widow.

Winw. Heart ! what do you mean ?

Quar. Cry you mercy, is the wind there ? must not the widow be named ?

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LITTLEWIT *from* URSULA'S booth, *followed by*
MRS. LITTLEWIT.

Lit. Do you hear, Win, Win ?

Mrs. Lit. What say you, John?

Lit. While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win; we shall never see any sights in the Fair, Win, except you long still, Win: good Win, sweet Win, long to see some hobby-horses, and some drums, and rattles, and dogs, and fine devices, Win. The bull with the five legs, Win; and the great hog. Now you have begun with pig, you may long for anything, Win, and so for my motion, Win.

Mrs. Lit. But we shall not eat of the bull and the hog, John; how shall I long, then?

Lit. O yes, Win: you may long to see as well as to taste, Win: how did the pothecary's wife, Win, that longed to see the anatomy, Win? or the lady, Win, that desired to spit in the great lawyer's mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you, they longed, Win; good Win, go in and long.

[*Exeunt* LITTLEWIT and MRS. LITTLEWIT.]

Trash. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leatherhead, we shall hear no more of him.

Leath. All the better; let's pack up all and begone, before he find us.

Trash. Stay a little, yonder comes a company; it may be we may take some more money.

[*Enter* KNOCKEM and BUSY.]

Knock. Sir, I will take your counsel, and cut my hair,¹ and leave vapours: I see that tobacco, and bottle-ale, and pig, and Whit, and very Ursula herself, is all vanity.

Busy. Only pig was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were: for long hair, it is an ensign of

¹ Close hair was at this time the distinguishing mark of a Puritan.

pride, a banner ; and the world is full of those banners, very full of banners. And bottle-ale is a drink of Satan's, a diet-drink of Satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity ; as the smoke of tobacco, to keep us in mist and error : but the fleshly woman, which you call Ursla, is above all to be avoided, having the marks upon her of the three enemies of man ; the world, as being in the Fair ; the devil, as being in the fire ; and the flesh, as being herself.

Enter MRS. PURECRAFT.

Pure. Brother Zeal-of-the-land ! what shall we do ? my daughter Win-the-fight is fallen into her fit of longing again.

Busy. For more pig ! there is no more, is there ?

Pure. To see some sights in the Fair.

Busy. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seat of the beast, O Smithfield, and I will leave thee ! Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee.

[Goes forward.]

Knock. An excellent right hypocrite ! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the jade. A very good vapour ! I'll in, and joy Ursla, with telling how her pig works ; two and a half he eat to his share ; and he has drunk a pail-full. He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

[Exit.]

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen ? what is't you buy ? rattles, drums, babies——

Busy. Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou profane publican ; thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobie's dogs. Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol ; and thou the Nebuchadnezzar, the

proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that sett'st it up, for children to fall down to, and worship.

Leath. Cry you mercy, sir ; will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise ?

Re-enter LITTLEWIT and his Wife.

Lit. Look, Win, do, look a God's name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights.

Pure. Ay, child, so you hate them, as our brother Zeal does, you may look on them.

Leath. Or what do you say to a drum, sir ?

Busy. It is the broken belly of the beast, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and these pipes are his throat, those feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnashing of his teeth.

Trash. And what's my gingerbread, I pray you ?

Busy. The provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

Leath. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll have you clapped fairly by the heels, for disturbing the Fair.

Busy. The sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pure. Good brother Zeal !

Leath. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Lit. I'd give a shilling you could, i' faith, friend.

[*Aside to LEATH.*

Leath. Sir, give me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not ; and I'll leave it in pawn with you in the meantime.

Lit. A match, i' faith ; but do it quickly then.

[*Exit LEATHERHEAD.*

Busy. [*to MRS. PURECRAFT.*] Hinder me not,

woman. I was moved in spirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair ; and fitter may it be called a Foul than a Fair ; to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the stalls here, here, in the high places. See you not Goldylocks, the purple strumpet there, in her yellow gown and green sleeves ? the profane pipes, the tinkling timbrels ? a shop of relics !

[*Attempts to seize the toys.*

Lit. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with them.

Busy. And this idolatrous grove of images, this flasket of idols, which I will pull down——

[*Overthrows the gingerbread basket.*

Trash. O my ware, my ware ! God bless it !

Busy. In my zeal, and glory to be thus exercised.

Re-enter LEATHERHEAD, with BRISTLE, HAGGISE, and other Officers.

Leath. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeal ; we cannot sell a whistle for him in tune. Stop his noise first.

Busy. Thou canst not ; 'tis a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the profane enemy. And for this cause——

Leath. Sir, here's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall swear it in the stocks, sir.

Busy. I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land.

[*They seize him.*

Leath. Carry him away.

Pure. What do you mean, wicked men ?

Busy. Let them alone, I fear them not.

[*Exeunt Officers with* BUSY, *followed by* DAME PURECRAFT.

Lit. Was not this shilling well ventured, Win, for our liberty? now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves: my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, John; but I know not what to do.

Lit. For what, Win?

Mrs. Lit. For a thing I am ashamed to tell you, i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Lit. I pray thee be not ashamed, Win. Come, i' faith, thou shalt not be ashamed: is it anything about the hobby-horse man? an't be, speak freely.

Mrs. Lit. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great what sha' call 'um, John.

[*Whispers him.*

Lit. O, is that all, Win? we'll go back to Captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's, Win, he'll help us, or she, with a dripping-pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poor greasy soul loves you, Win; and after we'll visit the Fair all over, Win, and see my puppet-play, Win; you know it's a fine matter, Win.

[*Exeunt* LITTLEWIT *and* MRS. LITTLEWIT.

Leath. Let's away: I counselled you to pack up afore, Joan.

Trash. A pox of his Bedlam purity! He has spoiled half 'my ware: but the best is, we lose nothing if we miss our first merchant.

Leath. It shall be hard for him to find or know us, when we are translated, Joan.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*The Fair.*

Booths, Stalls, a Pair of Stocks, &c.

Enter COKEs, BRISTLE, HAGGISE, and POCHER, *with*
OVERDO, *followed by* TROUBLEALL.



RO. My masters, I do make no doubt
but you are officers.

Bri. What then, sir ?

Tro. And the king's loving and
obedient subjects.

Bri. Obedient, friend ! take heed
what you speak, I advise you ;

Oliver Bristle advises you. His loving subjects, we
grant you ; but not his obedient, at this time, by your
leave ; we know ourselves a little better than so ; we are
to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient.
Here's one of his obedient subjects going to the stocks ;
and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough in your places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, sir, why do you bring it in
question ?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only
hope you have warrant for what you do, and so quit
you, and so multiply you. *[Exit.*

Hag. What is he?—Bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

[OVERDO is brought forward.]

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. If you have Justice Overdo's warrant, 'tis well ; you are safe : that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button for any man's warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, sir ; but let me tell you, and you play away your buttons thus, you will want them ere night, for any store I see about you ; you might keep them, and save pins, I wuss. [*Exit TROUBLEALL.*]

Over. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my warrant ? he seems a sober and discreet person. It is a comfort to a good conscience to be followed with a good fame in his sufferings. The world will have a pretty taste by this, how I can bear adversity ; and it will beget a kind of reverence towards me hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me. [*Aside.*]

Hag. Come, sir, here's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your leg ?

Over. That I will, cheerfully.

[*They put him in the stocks.*]

Bri. O' my conscience, a seminary !¹ he kisses the stocks.

Cokes. Well, my masters, I'll leave him with you ; now I see him bestowed, I'll go look for my goods, and Numps.

Hag. You may, sir, I warrant you : where's the t'other bawler ? fetch him too, you shall find them both fast enough. [*Exit COKES.*]

¹ *I.e.*, A Romish priest educated in the *seminaries* abroad.

Over. In the midst of this tumult, I will yet be the author of mine own rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be able to trouble a triumph. [Aside.

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your words? May I undertake for you, if I be asked the question, that you have this warrant?

Hag. What's this fellow, for God's sake?

Tro. Do but show me Adam Overdo, and I am satisfied. [Exit.

Bri. He is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one Troubleall: he was an officer in the court of pie-poudres here last year, and put out of his place by Justice Overdo.

Over. Ha! [Aside.

Bri. Upon which he took an idle conceit, and is run mad upon't: so that ever since he will do nothing but by Justice Overdo's warrant; he will not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his apparel ready. His wife, sir reverence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

Over. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster. How am I bound to satisfy this poor man, that is of so good a nature to me, out of his wits! where there is no room left for dissembling. [Aside.

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. If you cannot show me Adam Overdo. I am in doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it.

[Exit.

Hag. Before me, neighbour Bristle,—and now I think on't better,—Justice Overdo is a very parantory person.

Bri. O, are you advised of that ! and a severe justicer, by your leave.

Over. Do I hear ill o' that side too ? [Aside.]

Bri. He will sit as upright on the bench, an you mark him, as a candle in the socket, and give light to the whole court in every business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, God bless us, an he be angry.

Bri. Ay, and he will be angry too, when he lists, that's more ; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the law on's side ever : I mark that too.

Over. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a justice, though it be a weakness, I confess, and nearer a vice than a virtue. [Aside.]

Hag. Well, take him out o' the stocks again ; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll have the ace of hearts of our side, if we can. [They take OVERDO out.]

Enter POCHER, and Officers with BUSY, followed by MRS. PURECRAFT.

Poch. Come, bring him away to his fellow there.—Master Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your tongue.

Busy. No, minister of darkness, no ; thou canst not rule my tongue ; my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew abominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbouring parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devised better upon't.

Pure. And shall he not into the stocks then ?

Bri. No, mistress, we'll have them both to Justice Overdo, and let him do over 'em as is fitting ; then I, and my gossip Haggise, and my beadle Pocher are discharged.

Pure. O, I thank you, blessed honest men !

Bri. Nay, never thank us ; but thank this madman that comes here ; he put it in our heads.

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Pure. Is he mad ? now heaven increase his madness, and bless it, and thank it.—Sir, your poor hand-maid thanks you.

Tro. Have you a warrant ? an you have a warrant, show it.

Pure. Yes, I have a warrant out of the word, to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to the brethren. [*Exeunt all but TROUBLEALL.*

Tro. It is Justice Overdo's warrant that I look for ; if you have not that, keep your word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

Enter EDGORTH and NIGHTINGALE.

Edg. Come away, Nightingale, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you ? where's your warrant.

Edg. Warrant ! for what, sir ?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is ; an you have no warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do. [*Exit.*

Edg. What means he ?

Night. A madman that haunts the Fair ; do you not know him ? It's marvel he has not more followers after his ragged heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me. I thought he had known of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing. Have you prepared the costardmonger ?

Night. Yes, and agreed for his basket of pears ; he is at the corner here, ready. And your prize, he

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comes down sailing that way all alone, without his protector ; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. Ay, I know ; I should have followed his protectorship, for a feat I am to do upon him : but this offered itself so in the way, I could not let scape : here he comes, whistle ; be this sport called Dorrington the Dotterel.

Re-enter COKES.

Night. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c. [*Whistles.*

Cokes. By this light, I cannot find my gingerbread wife, nor my hobby-horse man, in all the Fair now, to have my money again : and I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, friend, you that whistle ? what tune is that you whistle ?

Night. A new tune I am practising, sir.

Cokes. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee ? nay, on with thy tune ; I have no such haste for an answer : I'll practise with thee.

Enter Costardmonger with a basket of Pears. .

Cos. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine !

[*NIGHTINGALE sets his foot afore him and he falls with his basket.*

Cokes. Ods so ! a muss, a muss, a muss, a muss ! ¹

[*Falls a scrambling for the pears.*

Cos. Good gentlemen, my ware, my ware ; I am a poor man. Good sir, my ware.

Night. Let me hold your sword, sir, it troubles you.

Cokes. Do, and my cloak an thou wilt, and my hat too.

Edg. A delicate great boy ! methinks he out-scrambles them all. I cannot persuade myself but

¹ *I.e., A scramble.*

he goes to grammar-school yet, and plays the truant to-day.

Night. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

Edg. Purse ! a man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the sport.

Night. His soul is half-way out on's body at the game.

Edg. Away, Nightingale ; that way.

[*NIGHTINGALE runs off with his sword, cloak, and hat.*]

Cokes. I think I am furnished for cather'ne pears, for one undermeal.¹ Give me my cloak.

Cos. Good gentleman, give me my ware.

Cokes. Where's the fellow I gave my cloak to ? my cloak and my hat ? ha ! ods 'lid, is he gone ? thieves, thieves ! help me to cry, gentlemen. [*Exit hastily*]

Edg. Away, costardmonger, come to us to Ursula's. [*Exit Cost.*] Talk of him to have a soul ! 'heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking, I'll be hanged afore my time presently : where should it be, trow ? in his blood ? he has not so much toward it in his whole body as will maintain a good flea ! and if he take this course, he will not have so much land left as to rear a calf, within this twelvemonth. Was there ever green plover so pulled ! That his little overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal pears, in exchange for his beaver hat and his cloak thus ! I must go find him out next, for his black box, and his patent, it seems, he has of his place ; which I think the gentleman would have a reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *I.e.*, For an afternoon's meal.

Re-enter COKES.

Cokes. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose too, as I am an honest man, and never stir, if I think there be anything but thieving and cozening in this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he ! an ever any Bartholomew had that luck in't that I have had, I'll be martyred for him, and in Smithfield too. I have paid for my pears, a rot on 'em ! I'll keep them no longer ; [*throws away his pears.*] you were choke-pears to me. I had been better have gone to mum-chance for you, I wuss. Methinks the Fair should not have used me thus, an 'twere but for my name's-sake. I would not have used a dog o' the name so. O, Numps will triumph now !

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Friend, do you know who I am, or where I lie ? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee ; I have money enough there. I have lost myself, and my cloak, and my hat, and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and Mistress Grace, a gentlewoman that I should have married, and a cutwork handkerchief she gave me, and two purses, to-day ; and my bargain of hobby-horses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all.

Tro. By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this ?

Cokes. Warrant ! thou art a wise fellow indeed ; as if a man need a warrant to lose anything with.

Tro. Yes, Justice Overdo's warrant, a man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cokes. Justice Overdo ! dost thou know him ? I lie there ; he is my brother-in-law ; he married my sister : pray thee show me the way ; dost thou know the house ?

Tro. Sir, show me your warrant : I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

Cokes. Why, I warrant thee ; come along : thou shalt see I have wrought pillows there, and cambric sheets, and sweet bags too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you ; go you thither yourself first alone, tell your worshipful brother your mind, and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his clerk's, with Adam Overdo underneath (here I'll stay you), I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cokes. 'Slid, this is an ass, I have found him : pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull fool ! farewell ! you are a very coxcomb, do you hear ?

Tro. I think I am ; if Justice Overdo sign to it, I am, and so we are all : he'll quit us all, multiply us all. [Exeunt.]



SCENE II.—*Another part of the Fair.*

Enter GRACE, QUARLOUS, and WINWIFE, *with their swords drawn.*

Grace. Gentlemen, this is no way that you take ; you do but breed one another trouble and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no she that affects to be quarrelled for, or have my name or fortune made the question of men's swords.

Quar. 'Slood, we love you.

Grace. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own reason will tell you but one can enjoy me : and to that point there leads a directer line, than by my

infamy, which must follow if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yoked with this bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any husband almost upon any trust; though subtlety would say to me, I know, he is a fool, and has an estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a friend beside: but these are not my aims; I must have a husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politic wives.

Winw. Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Grace. Sure you think me a woman of an extreme levity, gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours' acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me, I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, this is he, and name him.

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

Grace. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; give me so much of woman and cunning as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a choice, without knowing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away: for you are reasonable creatures, you have understanding and discourse; and if fate send me an understanding husband, I have no fear at all but mine own manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Grace. It may be you are, you know not what is toward you : will you consent to a motion of mine, gentlemen ?

Winw. Whatever it be we'll presume reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And fitness too.

Grace. I saw one of you buy a pair of tables e'en now.

Winw. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Grace. The fitter for what they may be employed in. You shall write either of you here a word or a name, what you like best, but of two or three syllables at most ; and the next person that comes this way, because Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature, I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve, and according to that sentence fix my resolution and affection without change.

Quar. Agreed ; my word is conceived already.

Winw. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Grace. But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken ; but give me leave to conceal that till you have brought me either home or where I may safely tender myself.

Winw. Why, that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleased.

Grace. Because I will bind both your endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's fortune, and have myself fitted with some means to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These conditions are very courteous. Well, my word is out of the *Arcadia*, then ; *Argalus*.

Winw. And mine out of the play ; *Palemon.*

[*They write.*

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen.

Quar. Winw. Ha !

Tro. There must be a warrant had, believe it.

Winw. For what ?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, anything indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight ! here's a fine ragged prophet dropt down i' the nick !

Tro. Heaven quit you, gentlemen !

Quar. Nay, stay a little : good lady, put him to the question.

Grace. You are content then ?

Winw. Quar. Yes, yes.

Grace. Sir, here are two names written——

Tro. Is Justice Overdo one ?

Grace. How, sir ! I pray you read them to yourself ; it is for a wager between these gentlemen ; and with a stroke, or any difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful names for aught I know, mistress ; but Adam Overdo had been worth three of them, I assure you in this place, that's in plain English.

Grace. This man amazes me. I pray you like one of them, sir.

Tro. [*marks the book.*] I do like him there, that has the best warrant, mistress, to save your longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for Justice Overdo, that's my conscience ; and quit you.

Winw. Is it done, lady ?

Grace. Ay, and strangely as ever I saw : what fellow is this, trow ?

Quar. No matter what, a fortune-teller we have made him : which is it, which is it ?

Grace. Nay, did you not promise not to inquire ?

Enter EDGWORTH.

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our Mercury come ; the licence arrives in the finest time too ! 'tis but scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done.

Winw. How now, lime-twigg, hast thou touched ?

Edg. Not yet, sir ; except you would go with me and see it, it is not worth speaking on. The act is nothing without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the box, fallen into the finest company, and so transported with vapours ! they have got in a northern clothier, and one Puppy, a western man, that's come to wrestle before my Lord Mayor anon, and Captain Whit, and one Val Cutting, that helps Captain Jordan to roar, a circling boy ; with whom your Numps is so taken that you may strip him of his clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a surgeon ready to sear him. And Mistress Justice there is the goodest woman ! she does so love them all over in terms of justice and the style of authority, with her hood upright that—— I beseech you come away, gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair ; what will you do, Ned ?

Winw. Why, stay hereabout for you : Mistress Wellborn must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a priest in the meantime ; I'll bring the licence.—Lead, which way is't ?

Edg. Here, sir, you are on the back o' the booth already ; you may hear the noise. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.—*Another part of the Fair.*

URSULA'S Booth, as before : KNOCKEM, WHIT, NORTHERN, PUPPY, CUTTING, WASPE, and MRS. OVERDO, *discovered, all in a state of intoxication.*

Knock. Whit, bid Val Cutting continue the vapours for a lift, Whit, for a lift. [*Aside to WHIT.*

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare ; the eale's too meeghty.

Knock. How now ! my galloway nag the staggers, ha ! Whit, give him a slit in the forehead. Cheer up, man ; a needle and thread to stitch his ears. I'd cure him now, an I had it, with a little butter and garlick, long pepper and grains. Where's my horn ? I'll give him a mash presently, shall take away this dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, zurs ? do you vlinch, and leave us in the zuds now ?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I is e'en as vull as a paiper's bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my northern cloth zhrink i' the wetting, ha ?

Knock. Why, well said, old flea-bitten ;¹ thou'lt never tire, I see. [*They fall to their vapours again.*

Cut. No, sir, but he may tire if it please him.

¹ A familiar observation of the livery-stable. "A flea-bitten horse never tires."

Whit. Who told dee sho, that he vuld never teer, man ?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Knock. Nay, I know nothing, sir, pardon me there.

Enter behind EDGORTH *with* QUARLOUS.

Edg. They are at it still, sir ; this they call vapours.

Whit. He shall not pardon dee, captain ; dou shalt not be pardoned. Pre'dee, shweetheart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an I list, whosoever says nay to't.

Quar. Where's Numps ? I miss him.

Waspe. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Knock. To what do you say nay, sir ?

Waspe. To anything, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

Whit. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, sir ; there you are i' the wrong.

Whit. I tink I bee : he musht not like it indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must and will like it, sir, for all you.

Knock. If he have reason, he may like it, sir.

Whit. By no meensh, captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

Waspe. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an ass that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, sir.

Waste. Ay, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

Whit. Pardon me, thou ousht to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dysself, angry man.

Waspe. Why then, I do grant him nothing : and I have no sense.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

Waspe. 'Slid, but I have sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him anything, do you see.

Knock. He is in the right, and does utter a sufficient vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour neither, I deny that.

Knock. Then it is a sweet vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet vapour.

Waspe. Nay, it is no sweet vapour neither, sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't.

Whit. Yes, I tink it dosh shtink, captain : all vapour dosh shtink.

Waspe. Nay, then it does not stink, sir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your leave, it may, sir.

Waspe. Ay, by my leave it may stink, I know that.

Whit. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry man.

Waspe. How can it not ?

Knock. Nay, never question him, for he is in the right.

Whit. Yesh, I am in de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

Waspe. I'll have nothing confest that concerns me. I am not in the right, nor never was in the right, nor never will be in the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind ! why, here's no man minds you, sir, nor anything else.

[*They drink again.*]

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do?

[*Offering* NORTHERN *the cup.*

Quar. Call you this vapours! this is such belching of quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind your business, sir?

Edg. You shall see, sir. [Goes up to WASPE.

Nor. I'll ne mare, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, Master Waspe, that nobody should mind you?

Waspe. Why, what have you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Waspe. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't. Do you hear, new acquaintance? does no man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, sir, every man here minds you, but how?

Waspe. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my question.

Whit. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i' faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I will fight for tee.

Knock. Fight for him, Whit! a gross vapour, he can fight for himself.

Waspe. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why, then you may choose.

Waspe. Why, then I'll choose whether I choose or no.

Knock. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

Waspe. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

Knock. In no sort, sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

Waspe. He mistakes nothing, sir, in no sort.

Whit. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Waspe. A t—in your teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistake.

Knock. T—! ha, t—? a noisome vapour: strike,

Whit. [Aside to *Whit.*

[*They fall together by the ears, while EDGWORTH steals the licence out of the box, and exit.*

Mrs. Over. Why, gentlemen, why, gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority, conserve the peace. In the king's name, and my husband's, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you myself else.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha!

Waspe. Why do you laugh, sir?

Quar. Sir, you'll allow me my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, sir.

Knock. Nay, in some sort, sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this company.

Waspe. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, an't please him.

Quar. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Waspe. No exceeding neither, sir.

Knock. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Quar. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cut. [*draws a circle on the ground.*] Do you hear, sir? I would speak with you in circle.

Quar. In circle, sir! what would you with me in circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in circle?

Quar. 'Slid, your circle will prove more costly than your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your beard's not well turned up, sir.

Quar. How, rascal! are you playing with my beard? I'll break circle with you.

[*They all draw and fight.*]

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Knock. [*Aside to WHIT.*] Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit, good vapours.

[*Exit, while WHIT takes up the swords, cloaks, &c., and conceals them.*]

Mrs. Over. What mean you? are you rebels, gentlemen? shall I send out a serjeant-at-arms, or a writ of rebellion against you? I'll commit you upon my womanhood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist. [*Exeunt QUARLOUS and CUTTING.*]

Waspe. Upon my justice-hood! marry s— o' your hood: you'll commit! spoke like a true justice of peace's wife indeed, and a fine female lawyer! t—in your teeth for a fee, now.

Mrs. Over. Why, Numps, in Master Overdo's name I charge you.

Waspe. Good Mistress Underdo, hold your tongue.

Mrs. Over. Alas, poor Numps!

Waspe. Alas! and why *alas* from you, I beseech you? or why *poor* Numps, goody Rich? Am I come to be pitied by your tuft-taffata now? Why, mistress, I knew Adam the clerk, your husband, when he was Adam Scrivener,¹ and writ for twopence a sheet, as

¹ Numps had been reading Chaucer, who addresses his amanuensis by this name:

“Adam Scrivenere, if ever it the befallle,
Boece or Troiles for to write new,” &c.

high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame——

Enter BRISTLE and other Watchmen.

What are you, sir?

Bri. We be men, and no infidels; what is the matter here, and the noises, can you tell?

Waspe. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his majesty's watch, sir.

Waspe. Watch! 'sblood, you are a sweet watch indeed. A body would think, an you watched well a-nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a-day. Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, your kennels, and lie down close.

Bri. Down! yes, we will down, I warrant you: down with him; in his majesty's name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-holes.

[Some of the Watch seize WASPE, and carry him off.]

Mrs. Over I thank you, honest friends, in the behalf o' the crown, and the peace, and in Master Overdo's name, for suppressing enormities.

Whit. Stay, Bristle, here ish anoder brash of drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, will pay de five shillings very well. *[Points to NORTHERN and PUPPY, drunk and asleep on the bench.]* Take 'em to de, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change cloth for ale in the Fair here; te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayor's man, and a wrastler. He has wrashled so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beard hash almosht streek up his heelsh.

Bri. 'Slid, the clerk o' the market has been to cry him all the Fair over here, for my lord's service.

Whit. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. [*Exeunt BRISTLE and the rest of the Watch with NORTHERN and PUPPY.*—How now, woman o'shilk, vot ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

Mrs. Over. A little distempered with these enormities. Shall I entreat a courtesy of you, captain?

Whit. Entreat a hundred, velvet voman, I vill do it, shpeak out.

Mrs. Over. I cannot with modesty speak it out, but—— [*Whispers him.*

Whit. I vill do it, and more and more, for de. What Ursula, an't be bitch, an't be bawd, an't be!

Enter URSULA.

Urs. How now, rascal; what roar you for, old pimp?

Whit. Here, put de cloaks, Ursh; de purchase. Pre de now, shweet Ursh, help dis good brave voman to a jordan, an't be.

Urs. 'Slid, call your Captain Jordan to her, can you not?

Whit. Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet woman to de——

Urs. I bring her! hang her: heart, must I find a common pot for every punk in your purlieus?

Whit. O, good voordsh, Ursh, it ish a guest o' velvet, i' fait la.

Urs. Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a pox to her! my vessel is employed, sir. I have but one, and 'tis the bottom of an old bottle. An honest proctor and his wife are at it within; if she'll stay her time, so.

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[*Exit.*

Whit. As soon as tou cansht, shweet Ursh. Of a valiant man I tink I am te patientsh man i' the world, or in all Smithfield.

Re-enter KNOCKEM.

Knock. How now, Whit ! close vapours, stealing your leaps ! covering in corners, ha !

Whit. No, fait, captain, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence now. I was procuring a shmall courtesie for a woman of fashion here.

Mrs. Over. Yes, captain, though I am a justice of peace's wife, I do love men of war, and the sons of the sword, when they come before my husband.

Knock. Sayst thou so, filly ? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee myself else.

Urs. [*within.*] Come, will you bring her in now, and let her take her turn ?

Whit. Grammercy, good Ursh, I tank de.

Mrs. Over. Master Overdo shall thank her. [*Exit.*

Re-enter URSULA, followed by LITTLEWIT and MRS. LITTLEWIT.

Lit. Good ga'mere Urse, Win and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain Jordan, and Captain Whit.—Win, I'll be bold to leave you in this good company, Win ; for half an hour or so, Win ; while I go and see how my matter goes forward, and if the puppets be perfect ; and then I'll come and fetch you, Win.

Mrs. Lit. Will you leave me alone with two men, John ?

Lit. Ay, they are honest gentlemen, Win, Captain Jordan and Captain Whit ; they'll use you very civilly, Win. God be wi' you, Win. [*Exit.*

Urs. What, is her husband gone ?

Knock. On his false gallop, Urse, away.

Urs. An you be right Bartholomew birds, now show yourselves so : we are undone for want of fowl in the Fair here. Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I have neither plover nor quail for them : persuade this between you two, to become a bird o' the game, while I work the velvet woman within, as you call her.

Knock. I conceive thee, Urse : go thy ways. [*Exit* URSULA.] Dost thou hear, Whit ? is't not pity, my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean head, large forehead, round eyes, even mouth, sharp ears, long neck, thin crest, close withers, plain back, deep sides, short fillets, and full flanks ; with a round belly, a plump buttock, large thighs, knit knees, straight legs, short pasterns, smooth hoofs, and short heels, should lead a full honest woman's life, that might live the life of a lady ?

Whit. Yes, by my fait and trot it is, captain ; de honest woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la.

Mrs. Lit. How, sir, is an honest woman's life a scurvy life ?

Whit. Yes fait, shweetheart, believe him, de leef of a bond-woman ! but if dou vilt hearken to me, I vill make tee a free woman and a lady ; dou shalt live like a lady, as te captain saish.

Knock. Ay, and be honest too sometimes ; have her wires and her tires, her green gowns and velvet petticoats.

Whit. Ay, and ride to Ware and Rumford in dy coash, shee de players, be in love vit 'em : sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Knock. Brave vapours !

Whit. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash, shweetheart.

Mrs. Lit. What, and be honest still ! that were fine sport.

Whit. Tish common, shweetheart, tou mayst do it by my hand : it shall be justified to thy husband's faish, now : tou shalt be as honesht as the skin between his hornsh, la.

Knock. Yes, and wear a dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with e'er a husband on 'em all, for a foretop : it is the vapour of spirit in the wife to cuckold nowadays, as it is the vapour of fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapour.

Mrs. Lit. Lord, what a fool have I been !

Whit. Mend then, and do everyting like a lady hereafter ; never know ty husband from another man.

Knock. Nor any one man from another, but in the dark.

Whit. Ay, and then it ish no digsrash to know any man.

Urs. [*within.*] Help, help here !

Knock. How now ? what vapour's there ?

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. O, you are a sweet ranger, and look well to your walks ! Yonder is your punk of Turnbull, ramping Alice, has fallen upon the poor gentlewoman within, and pulled her hood over her ears, and her hair through it.

Enter ALICE, beating and driving in MRS. OVERDO.

Mrs. Over Help, help, in the king's name !

Alice. A mischief on you, they are such as you are

that undo us and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata haunches.

Knock. How now, Alice!

Alice. The poor common whores can have no traffic for the privy rich ones; your caps and hoods of velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

Urs. Peace, you foul ramping jade, you——

Alice. Od's foot, you bawd in grease, are you talking?

Knock. Why, Alice, I say.

Alice. Thou sow of Smithfield, thou!

Urs. Thou tripe of Turnbull!

Knock. Cat-a-mountain vapours, ha!

Urs. You know where you were tawed lately; both lashed and slashed you were in Bridewell.

Alice. Ay, by the same token you rid that week,¹ and broke out the bottom of the cart, night-tub.

Knock. Why, lion face, ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear ruff, slit waistcoat, make rags of petticoat, ha! go to, vanish for fear of vapours. Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour. [*They kick out ALICE.*] Come, brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a lady too.

Whit. Yes, fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write madam: I vill do't myself for dem. Do is the word, and D is the middle letter of madam, D D, put 'em together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la!

Knock. 'Tis true: Ursula, take them in, open thy wardrobe, and fit them to their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women, my lord mayor's green women! guests o' the game, true bred. I'll provide you a coach to take the air in.

¹ *I.e.*, you were carted for a bawd.

Mrs. Lit. But do you think you can get one?

Knock. O, they are common as wheelbarrows where there are great dunghills. Every pettifogger's wife has 'em; for first he buys a coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made cuckold in't: for if their wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do them no credit. [*Exeunt* URSULA, MRS. LITTLEWIT, and MRS. OVERDO.] *Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden,* says the vapour of experience.

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. By what warrant does it say so?

Knock. Ha, mad child o' the pie-poudres! art thou there? fill us a fresh can, Urse, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a warrant, captain.

Knock. 'Slood, thou'll not stale without a warrant shortly. Whit, give me pen, ink, and paper, I'll draw him a warrant presently.

Tro. It must be Justice Overdo's.

Knock. I know, man; fetch the drink, Whit.

Whit. I pre dee now, be very brief, captain; for de new ladies stay for dee.

[*Exit, and re-enters with a can.*

Knock. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. [*Gives* TROUBLEALL a paper.] Adam Overdo.

Tro. Why, now I'll pledge you, captain.

Knock. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.—*The back of URSULA's Booth. OVERDO in the Stocks, People, &c.*

Enter QUARLOUS with the licence, and EDGWORTH.

Quar. Well, sir, you are now discharged ; beware of being spied hereafter.

Edg. Sir, will it please you enter in here at Ursula's, and take part of a silken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock ; I am promised such, and I can spare a gentleman a moiety.

Quar. Keep it for your companions in beastliness, I am none of them, sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners to whom you made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the hangman is only fit to discourse with you ; the hand of beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life. [*Exit EDGWORTH.*] I am sorry I employed this fellow, for he thinks me such ; *facinus quos inquinat, æquat*. But it was for sport ; and would I make it serious, the getting of this licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged fellow marked ; and what advantage I have given Ned Winwife in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauched rascal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me. I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper yet ; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare, to my clothes and my sword, to meet my tattered soothsayer

again, who was my judge in the question, to know certainly whose word he has damned or saved ; for till then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these ?

Enter BRISTLE and some of the Watch, with WASPE.

Waspe. Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating runt, and no constable.

Bri. You say very well.—Come, put in his leg in the middle roundel, and let him hole there.

[They put him in the stocks.]

Waspe. You stink of leeks, metheglin, and cheese, you rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meantime ? if you have a mind to stink too, your breeches sit close enough to your bum. Sit you merry, sir.

Quar. How now, Numps ?

Waspe. It is no matter how ; pray you look off.

Quar. Nay, I'll not offend you, Numps ; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Waspe. And to be sold, did you not ? pray you mind your business, an you have any.

Quar. Cry you mercy, Numps ; does your leg lie high enough ?

Enter HAGGISE.

Bri. How now, neighbour Haggise, what says Justice Overdo's worship to the other offenders ?

Hag. Why, he says just nothing ; what should he say, or where should he say ? He is not to be found, man ; he has not been seen in the Fair here all this livelong day, never since seven o'clock i' the morning. His clerks know not what to think on't. There is no court of pie-poudres yet. Here they be returned.

Enter others of the Watch with BUSY.

Bri. What shall be done with them then, in your discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put them in the stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbour Haggise; come, sir, [*to WASPE*] here is company for you: heave up the stocks.

[*As they open the stocks, WASPE puts his shoe on his hand, and slips it in for his leg.*]

Waspe. I shall put a trick upon your Welsh diligence perhaps. [*Aside.*]

Bri. Put in your leg, sir. [*To BUSY.*]

Quar. What, Rabbi Busy! is he come?

Busy. I do obey thee; the lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause.

Waspe. What are you, sir?

Busy. One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesy the destruction of fairs and May-games, wakes and Whitsun-ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses.

Waspe [*to OVERDO*]. And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoice in your affliction?

Over. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me. Adam, thou art above these batteries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend Horace says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore, as another friend of thine says, I think it be thy friend Persius, *Non te quæsiveris extra*.

Quar. What's here ! a stoic in the stocks ? the fool is turned philosopher.

Busy. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious relics, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery.

Waspe. Nay, an you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I'll leave you. I have paid for quarrelling too lately : look you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God be wi' you. [*Slips out his hand.*]

Busy. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in tribulation ?

Waspe. For this once, sir. [*Exit, running.*]

Busy. Thou art a halting neutral : stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the heat of persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter ?

Busy. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an escape ! which way ? follow, neighbour Haggise.

[*Exeunt HAGGISE and Watch.*]

Enter DAME PURECRAFT.

Pure. O me, in the stocks ! have the wicked prevailed ?

Busy. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort yourself ; an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Enter TROUBLEALL, with a can.

Tro. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this ?

Quar. O, here's my man dropt in I looked for.

Over. Ha !

Pure. O, good sir, they have set the faithful here to

be wondered at ; and provided holes for the holy of the land.

Tro. Had they warrant for it ? showed they Justice Overdo's hand ? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

Re-enter HAGGISE.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby.

Hag. No ! see if you can lock them better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently locked, and truly ; yet something is the matter.

Tro. True ; your warrant is the matter that is in question ; by what warrant ?

Bri. Madman, hold your peace, I will put you in his room else, in the very same hole, do you see ?

Quar. How, is he a madman !

Tro. Show me Justice Overdo's warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad fool, hold your tongue.

[Exeunt HAGGISE and BRISTLE.

Tro. In Justice Overdo's name, I drink to you, and here's my warrant. *[Shows his can.*

Over. Alas, poor wretch ! how it yearns my heart for him. *[Aside.*

Quar. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try him though.—Friend, there was a gentlewoman showed you two names some hours since, Argalus and Palemon, to mark in a book ; which of them was it you marked.

Tro. I mark no name but Adam Oyerdo, that is the name of names, he only is the sufficient magistrate ; and that name I reverence, show it me.

Quar. This fellow's mad indeed : I am further off now than afore.

Over. I shall not breathe in peace till I have made him some amends. [*Aside.*

Quar. Well, I will make another use of him is come in my head : I have a nest of beards in my trunk, one something like his.

Re-enter BRISTLE and HAGGISE.

Bri. This mad fool has made me that I know not whether I have locked the stocks or no : I think I locked them. [*Tries the locks.*

Tro. Take Adam Overdo in your mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, madness itself ! hold thy peace, and take that. [*Strikes him.*

Tro. Strikest thou without a warrant ? take thou that.

[*They fight, and leave open the stocks in the scuffle.*

Busy. We are delivered by miracle ; fellow in fetters, let us not refuse the means ; this madness was of the spirit : the malice of the enemy hath mocked itself. [*Exeunt BUSY and OVERDO.*

Pure. Mad do they call him ! the world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth : I loved him o' the sudden (the cunning man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth ! O that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to madness in truth with us ! [*Exit.*

Bri. How now, all scaped ! where's the woman ? it is witchcraft ! her velvet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key ! the one.—The madman was a devil, and I am an ass ; so bless me, my place, and mine office ! [*Exit, affrighted.*



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The Fair, as before. A Booth.*

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, *dressed as a puppet showman*, FILCHER, and SHARKWELL *with a flag*.



EATH. Well, luck and Saint Bartholomew ! out with the sign of our invention, in the name of wit, and do you beat the drum the while : all the foul i' the Fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield,—that's one of Master Littlewit's carwhitchets now—will be thrown at our banner to-day, if the matter does not please the people. O, the motions that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to, in my time, since my Master Pod died ! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the City of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah, with the rising of the prentices, and pulling down the bawdy-houses there upon Shrove Tuesday ; but the Gunpowder Plot, there was a get-penny ? I have presented that to an eighteen or twentypence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar ; they put too much learning in their things now o' days : and that I fear will be the

spoil of this. Littlewit ! I say, Micklewit ! if not too mickle ! look to your gathering there, goodman Filcher.

Filch. I warrant you, sir.

Leath. An there come any gentlefolks, take twopence apiece, Sharkwell.

Shark. I warrant you, sir, threepence an we can.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II.—*Another part of the Fair.*

Enter OVERDO, *disguised like a Porter.*

Over. This latter disguise, I have borrowed of a porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends ; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me : neither is the hour of my severity yet come to reveal myself, wherein, cloud-like, I will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two main works I have to prosecute : first, one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside and project for it.

Enter WINWIFE *and* GRACE.

Winw. I wonder where Tom Quarlous is, that he returns not ; it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Grace. See, here's our madman again.

Enter QUARLOUS, *in TROUBLEALL's clothes, followed by* DAME PURECRAFT.

Quar. I have made myself as like him as his gown and cap will give me leave.

Pure. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Winw. How ! My widow in love with a madman ?

Pure. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you.

Quar. By whose warrant ? leave your canting. Gentlewoman, have I found you ? [*To MISTRESS GRACE.*] Save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye ! Where's your book ? 'twas a sufficient name I marked, let me see't, be not afraid to show't me.

Grace. What would you with it, sir ?

Quar. Mark it again and again at your service.

Grace. Here it is, sir, this was it you marked.

Quar. *Palemon !* fare you well, fare you well.

Winw. How, *Palemon !*

Grace. Yes, faith, he has discovered it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer ; I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

Winw. And you have him, mistress, believe it, that shall never give you cause to repent her benefit ; but make you rather to think that in this choice she had both her eyes.

Grace. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

[*Exeunt GRACE and WINWIFE.*]

Quar. *Palemon* the word, and *Winwife* the man !

Pure. Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke-fellow in your madness, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Quar. Away, you are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad ; fitter for woods, and the society of beasts, than houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of canters, outlaws to order and discipline, and the only privileged church-robbers of Christendom. Let me alone : *Palemon* the word, and *Winwife* the man !

Pure. I must uncover myself unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the cunning men's promises. [*Aside.*] Good sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand pound, my love to you is become my rack ; I'll tell you all and the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the party-coloured brotherhood. These seven years I have been a wilful holy widow, only to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors : I am also by office an assisting sister of the deacons, and a devourer, instead of a distributor of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed brethren with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect : as also our poor handsome young virgins, with our wealthy bachelors or widowers ; to make them steal from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I have not my bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding drab into a silent minister, than make me leave pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto them. Our elder, Zeal-of-the-land, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himself rich by being made a feoffe in trust to deceased brethren, and cozening their heirs by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus having eased my conscience, and uttered my heart with the tongue of my love ; enjoy all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, sir ?

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He walks by.*] Why should I not marry this six thousand pound, now I think on't, and a good trade too that she has beside, ha ? The t'other wench Winwife is

sure of ; there's no expectation for me there. Here I may make myself some saver yet, if she continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should not I marry the money when 'tis offered me ? I have a licence and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune ! I am resolved : I were truly mad an I would not !—Well, come your ways, follow me, an you will be mad, I'll show you a warrant.

[*Takes her along with him.*]

Pure. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Over. [*stopping him.*] Sir, let me speak with you.

Quar. By whose warrant ?

Over. The warrant that you tender, and respect so ; Justice Overdo's. I am the man, friend Troubleall, though thus disguised (as the careful magistrate ought) for the good of the republic in the Fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or meat, or drink, or clothes ? speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you ; what want you ?

Quar. Nothing but your warrant.

Over. My warrant ! for what ?

Quar. To be gone, sir.

Over. Nay, I pray thee stay ; I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Quar. Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good ; nothing else in the whole Fair that I know.

Over. If it were to any end, thou shouldst have it willingly.

Quar. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough to look on ; an you will not give it me, let me go.

Over. Alas, thou shalt have it presently ; I'll but
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step into the scrivener's here by, and bring it. Do not go away. *[Exit.]*

Quar. Why, this madman's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think. Can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't.

Re-enter OVERDO.

He is come already!

Over. Look thee! here is my hand and seal, Adam Overdo; if there be anything to be written above in that paper that thou wantest now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my deed, I deliver it so; can your friend write?

Quar. Her hand for a witness, and all is well.

Over. With all my heart. *[He urges her to sign it.]*

Quar. Why should not I have the conscience to make this a bond of a thousand pound now, or what I would else? *[Aside.]*

Over. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my deed again.

Quar. Let us now proceed in madness.

[Exeunt QUARLOUS and DAME PURECRAFT.]

Over. Well, my conscience is much eased; I have done my part, though it doth him no good, yet Adam hath offered satisfaction. The sting is removed from hence! Poor man, he is much altered with his affliction, it has brought him low. Now for my other work, reducing the young man, I have followed so long in love, from the brink of his bane to the centre of safety. Here, or in some such like vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good time.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Fair.**The Puppet-show Booth, as before.*

Enter SHARKWELL and FILCHER, with bills and COKES in his doublet and hose, followed by the Boys of the Fair.

Cokes. How now ! what's here to do, friend ? art thou the master of the monuments ?

Shar. 'Tis a motion, an't please your worship.

Enter OVERDO behind.

Over. My fantastical brother-in-law, Master Bartholomew Cokes !

Cokes. A motion ! what's that ? [*Reads.*] "The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of true Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bankside."—Pretty, i' faith, what's the meaning on't ? is't an interlude, or what is't ?

Filch. Yes, sir, please you come near, we'll take your money within.

Cokes. Back with these children ; they do so follow me up and down !

Enter LITTLEWIT.

Lit. By your leave, friend.

Filch. You must pay, sir, an you go in.

Lit. Who, I ! I perceive thou know'st not me ; call the master of the motion.

Shark. What, do you not know the author, fellow Filcher ? You must take no money of him ; he must come in gratis : Master Littlewit is a voluntary ; he is the author.

Lit. Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the author, till we see how it passes.

Cokes. Master Littlewit, how dost thou?

Lit. Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet and hose, without a cloak or a hat?

Cokes. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I have lost all in the Fair, and all my acquaintance too: didst thou meet anybody that I know, Master Littlewit? my man Numps, or my sister Overdo, or Mistress Grace? Pray thee, Master Littlewit, lend me some money to see the interlude here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have money enough there.

Lit. O, sir, you shall command it; what, will a crown serve you?

Cokes. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, fellows?

Filch. Twopence, sir.

Cokes. Twopence! there's twelvecence, friend; nay, I am a gallant, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my man about me, and my artillery again.

Lit. Your man was in the stocks e'en now, sir.

Cokes. Who, Numps?

Lit. Yes, faith.

Cokes. For what, i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now. What manner of matter is this, Master Littlewit? what kind of actors have you? are they good actors?

Lit. Pretty youths, sir, all children both old and young; here's the master of 'em——

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. [*aside to LITTLEWIT.*] Call me not Leather-head, but Lantern.

Lit. Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

Cokes. In good time, sir! I would fain see them, I would be glad to drink with the young company; which is the tiring-house?

Leath. Troth, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cokes. No! not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me feather and all, as I was once to-day? Have you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to bring stools, fill tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? Let me see some of your actors.

Lit. Show him them, show him them. Master Lantern, this is a gentleman that is a favourer of the quality. [*Exit LEATHERHEAD.*]

Over. Ay, the favouring of this licentious quality is the consumption of many a young gentleman; a pernicious enormity. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter LEATHERHEAD with a basket.

Cokes. What! do they live in baskets?

Leath. They do lie in a basket, sir, they are o' the small players.

Cokes. These be players minors indeed. Do you call these players?

Leath. They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows: indeed, I am the mouth of them all.

Cokes. Thy mouth will hold them all. I think one

tailor would go near to beat all this company with a hand bound behind him.

Lit. Ay, and eat them all too, an they were in cake-bread.

Cokes. I thank you for that, Master Littlewit ; a good jest ! Which is your Burbage now ?

Leath. What mean you by that, sir ?

Cokes. Your best actor, your Field ?

Lit. Good, i' faith ! you are even with me, sir.

Leath. This is he, that acts young Leander, sir : he is extremely beloved of the womenkind, they do so affect his action, the green gamesters, that come here ! and this is lovely Hero ; this with the beard Damon ; and this pretty Pythias : this is the ghost of king Dionysius in the habit of a scrivener ; as you shall see anon at large.

Cokes. Well, they are a civil company, I like 'em for that ; they offer not to fleer, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do : and then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of them, or making them drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness. Do they use to play perfect, are they never flustered ?

Leath. No, sir, I thank my industry and policy for it ; they are as well governed a company, though I say it—And here is young Leander, is as proper an actor of his inches, and shakes his head like an hostler.

Cokes. But do you play it according to the printed book ? I have read that.

Leath. By no means, sir.

Cokes. No ! how then ?

Leath. A better way, sir ; that is too learned and poetical for our audience : what do they know what

Hellespont is, *guilty of true love's blood?* or what *Abydòs* is? or *the other, Sestos hight?*

Cokes. Thou art in the right ; I do not know myself.

Leath. No, I have entreated Master Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

Cokes. How, I pray thee, good Master Littlewit ?

Lit. It pleases him to make a matter of it, sir ; but there is no such matter, I assure you : I have only made it a little easy, and modern for the times, sir, that's all. As for the *Hellespont*, I imagine our *Thames* here ; and then *Leander* I make a dyer's son about *Puddle-wharf* : and *Hero* a wench o' the *Bank-side*, who going over one morning to *Old Fish-street*, *Leander* spies her land at *Trig-stairs*, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce *Cupid*, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes *Hero* in love with a pint of sherry ; and other pretty passages there are of the friendship, that will delight you, sir, and please you of judgment.

Cokes. I'll be sworn they shall : I am in love with the actors already, and I'll be allied to them presently. —They respect gentlemen, these fellows :—*Hero* shall by my fairing : but which of my fairings?—let me see—i' faith, my fiddle ; and *Leander* my fiddlestick : then *Damon* my drum, and *Pythias* my pipe, and the ghost of *Dionysius* my hobby-horse. All fitted.

Enter WINWIFE and GRACE.

Winw. Look, yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his playfellows ; I thought we could not miss him at such a spectacle.

Grace. Let him alone, he is so busy he will never spy us.

Leath. Nay, good sir !

[*To COKES, who is handling the puppets.*

Cokes. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, fellow ; what, dost thou think me uncivil ? I pray thee be not jealous ; I am toward a wife.

Lit. Well, good Master Lantern, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my wife ; and look you be perfect, you undo me else, in my reputation.

Leath. I warrant you, sir, do not you breed too great an expectation of it among your friends ; that's the hurter of these things.

Lit. No, no, no. [*Exit.*

Cokes. I'll stay here and see ; pray thee let me see.

Winw. How diligent and troublesome he is !

Grace. The place becomes him, methinks.

Over. My ward, Mistress Grace, in the company of a stranger ! I doubt I shall be compelled to discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*

Enter KNOCKEM, EDGORTH, and MRS. LITTLEWIT, followed by WHIT supporting MRS. OVERDO, masked.

Filch. Twopence a-piece, gentlemen, an excellent motion.

Knock. Shall we have fine fireworks and good vapours ?

Shark. Yes, captain, and waterworks too.

Whit. I pree dee take care o' dy shmall lady there, Edgworth ; I will look to dish tall lady myself.

Leath. Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen.

Whit. Predee mashter o' the monshtersh, help a very sick lady here to a chair to shit in.

Leath. Presently, sir.

[*A chair is brought in for MRS. OVERDO.*

Whit. Good fait now, Ursula's ale and aquavitæ ish to blame for't : shit down, shweetheart, shit down and sleep a little.

Edg. [to Mrs. LITTLEWIT.] Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Knock. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

Over. Here is my care come ! I like to see him in so good company : and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should resort hither. [*Aside.*

Edg. There is a very private house, madam.

Leath. Will it please your ladyship sit, madam ?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, good man. They do so all-to-be-madam me, I think they think me a very lady.

Edg. What else, madam ?

Mrs. Lit. Must I put off my mask to him ?

Edg. O, by no means.

Mrs. Lit. How should my husband know me then ?

Knock. Husband ! an idle vapour ; he must not know you, nor you him : there's the true vapour.

Over. Yea ! I will observe more of this. [*Aside.* Is this a lady, friend ?

Whit. Ay, and dat is anoder lady, shweetheart ; if thou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelvecence from tee, and dou shalt have eder oder on 'em.

Over. Ay ! this will prove my chiefest enormity : I will follow this. [*Aside.*

Edg. Is not this a finer life, lady, than to be clogged with a husband ?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow, in the name o' the motion ?

Edg. By-and-by, madam ; they stay but for company.

Knock. Do you hear, puppet-master, these are tedious vapours, when begin you ?

Leath. We stay but for Master Littlewit, the author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

Mrs. Lit. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, lady; but now you are no such poor thing.

Knock. Hang the author's wife, a running vapour! here be ladies will stay for ne'er a Delia of them all.

Whit. But hear me now, here ish one o' de ladish ashleep, stay till shee but vake, man.

Enter WASPE.

Waspe. How now, friends! what's here to do?

Filch. Twopence a-piece, sir, the best motion in the Fair.

Waspe. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my money again, and beat you.

Mrs. Lit. Numps is come!

Waspe. Did you see a master of mine come in here, a tall young squire of Harrow-o'-the-Hill, Master Bartholomew Cokes?

Filch. I think there be such a one within.

Waspe. Look he be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I have been at the Eagle, and the Black Wolf, and the Bull with the Five Legs and Two Pizzles—he was a calf at Uxbridge Fair two years ago—and at the Dogs that dance the morrice, and the Hare of the Tabor; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cokes. Come, come, are you ready now?

Leath. Presently, sir.

Waspe. Hoyday, he's at work in his doublet and

hose ! Do you hear, sir, are you employed, that you are bareheaded and so busy ?

Cokes. Hold your peace, Numps ; you have been in the stocks, I hear.

Waspe. Does he know that ! nay, then the date of my authority is out ; I must think no longer to reign, my government is at an end. He that will correct another must want fault in himself.

Winw. Sententious Numps ! I never heard so much from him before.

Leath. Sure Master Littlewit will not come ; please you take your place, sir ; we'll begin.

Cokes. I pray thee do, mine ears long to be at it, and mine eyes too. O Numps, in the stocks, Numps ! Where's your sword, Numps !

Waspe. I pray you intend your game, sir ; let me alone.

Cokes. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, Numps ; I'll interpret to thee : did you see Mistress Grace ? It's no matter neither now I think on't, tell me anon.

Winw. A great deal of love and care he expresses.

Grace. Alas, would you have him to express more than he has ? That were tyranny.

Cokes. Peace, ho ! now, now.

Leath. "Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,

Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander.

With a great deal of cloth, lapped about him like a scarf.

For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf ;
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our
Abydus,

As the Bankside is our Sestos; and let it not be denied us.

Now as he is beating to make the dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler;
And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,
Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and an half.
Now she is landed, and the sculler come back,
By-and-by you shall see what Leander doth lack.

Lean. Cole, Cole, old Cole!

Leath. That is the sculler's name without control.

Lean. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole!

Leath. We do hear you.

Lean. Old Cole!

Leath. Old Cole! Is the dyer turned collier?
How do you sell?

Lean. A pox o' your manners, kiss my hole here,
and smell.

Leath. Kiss your hole and smell! there's manners
indeed.

Lean. Why, Cole, I say, Cole!

Leath. Is't the sculler you need?

Lean. Ay, and be hanged.

Leath. Be hanged! look you yonder.

Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.

Cole. Where is he?

Lean. Here, Cole: what fairest of fairs,
Was that fare that thou landest but now at Trig-
stairs!"

Cokes. What was that, fellow? pray thee tell me,
I scarce understand them.

Leath. "Leander does ask, sir, what fairest of fairs,
Was the fare he landed but now at Trig-stairs?"

Cole. It is lovely Hero.

Lean. Nero?

Cole. No, Hero.

Leath. It is Hero

Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without
erring,

Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh
herring.

Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,

Gets on all his best clothes, and will after to the
Swan."

Cokes. Most admirable good, is't not?

Leath. "Stay, sculler.

Cole. What say you?

Leath. You must stay for Leander,
And carry him to the wench.

Cole. You rogue, I am no pander."

Cokes. He says he is no pander. 'Tis a fine
language; I understand it now.

Leath. "Are you no pander, goodman Cole? here's
no man says you are;
You'll grow a hot cole, it seems; pray you stay for
your fare.

Cole. Will he come away?

Leath. What do you say?

Cole. I'd have him come away.

Leath. Would you have Leander come away? why,
pray, sir, stay.

You are angry, goodman Cole; I believe the fair
maid

Came over with you a' trust: tell us, sculler, are you
paid?

Cole. Yes, goodman Hogrubber of Pickthatch.

Leath. How, Hogrubber of Pickthatch.

Cole. Ay, Hogrubber of Pickthatch. Take you that. [Strikes him over the pate.]

Leath. O, my head.

Cole. Harm watch, harm catch."

Cokes. Harm watch, harm catch, he says ; very good, i' faith : the sculler had like to have knocked you, sirrah.

Leath. Yes, but that his fare called him away.

Lean. "Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.

Leath. You are knavishly loaden, sculler, take heed where you go.

Cole. Knave in your face, goodman rogue.

Lean. Row, row, row, row, row."

Cokes. He said, knave in your face, friend.

Leath. Ay, sir, I heard him ; but there's no talking to these watermen, they will have the last word.

Cokes. Od's my life ! I am not allied to the sculler yet ; he shall be *Dauphin my boy*. But my fiddlestick does fiddle in and out too much : I pray thee speak to him on't ; tell him I would have him tarry in my sight more.

Leath. I pray you be content ; you'll have enough on him, sir.

"Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
But that you have heard of a little god of love called Cupid ;
Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,

This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer.

And because he would have their first meeting to be merry,

He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry ;
Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,
Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.

[*LEANDER goes into MISTRESS HERO'S room*

Jonas. A pint of sack, score a pint of sack in the Coney."

Cokes. Sack ! you said but e'en now it should be sherry.

Jonas. " Why, so it is ; sherry, sherry, sherry ! "

Cokes. *Sherry, sherry, sherry !* By my troth, he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid too. Let me see, thou might'st help me now, an thou wouldst, Numps, at a dead lift ; but thou art dreaming of the stocks still.—Do not think on't, I have forgot it ; 'tis but a nine days' wonder, man ; let it not trouble thee.

Waspe. I would the stocks were about your neck, sir ; condition I hung by the heels in them till the wonder wore off from you, with all my heart.

Cokes. Well said, resolute Numps ! but hark you, friend, where's the friendship all this while between my drum Damon and my pipe Pythias ?

Leath. You shall see by-and-by, sir.

Cokes. You think my hobby-horse is forgotten too ; no, I'll see them all enact before I go ; I shall not know which to love best else.

Knock. This gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours ; Whit, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pree dee, captain, let him alone ; he is a child, i' faith, la.

Leath. " Now, gentles, to the friends, who in number are two,
And lodged in that alehouse in which fair Hero does do.

Damon, for some kindness done him the last week,
Is come, fair Hero, in Fish-street, this morning to seek :

Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting,
And now you shall see their true-friendly greeting.

Pythias. You whore-masterly slave, you."

Cokes. Whore-masterly slave, you ! very friendly and familiar that.

Damon. " Whore-master in thy face,
Thou hast lain with her thyself, I'll prove it in this place."

Cokes. Damon says Pythias has lain with her himself, he'll prove 't in this place.

Leath. " They are whore-masters both, sir, that's a plain case.

Pythias. You lie like a rogue.

Leath. Do I lie like a rogue ?

Pythias. A pimp and a scab.

Leath. A pimp and a scab !

I say, between you, you have both but one drab.

Damon. You lie again.

Leath. Do I lie again ?

Damon. Like a rogue again.

Leath. Like a rogue again !

Pythias. And you are a pimp again."

Cokes. And you are a pimp again, he says.

Damon. "And a scab again."

Cokes. And a scab again, he says.

Leath. "And I say again, you are both whore-masters again.

And you have both but one drab again.

Damon and Pythias. Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?
[*They fall upon him.*

Leath. What, both at once?

Pythias. Down with him, Damon.

Damon. Pink his guts, Pythias.

Leath. What, so malicious?

Will ye murder me, masters both, in my own house?"

Cokes. Ho! well acted, my drum, well acted, my pipe, well acted still!

Waspe. Well acted, with all my heart.

Leath. "Hold, hold your hands."

Cokes. Ay, both your hands, for my sake! for you have both done well.

Damon. "Gramercy, pure Pythias.

Pythias. Gramercy, dear Damon."

Cokes. Gramercy to you both, my pipe and my drum.

Pythias and Damon. "Come, now we'll together to breakfast to Hero.

Leath. 'Tis well you can now go to breakfast to Hero.

You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero."

Cokes. How is't, friend, have they hurt thee?

Leath. O no :

Between you and I, sir, we do but make show.—

“ Thus, gentles, you perceive, without any denial,
'Twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendship's true
trial.

Though hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with
other,

They fight you no more than does brother with
brother ;

But friendly together, at the next man they meet,

They let fly their anger, as here you might see't.”

Cokes. Well, we have seen it, and thou hast felt it,
whatsoever thou sayest. What's next, what's next ?

Leath. “ This while young Leander with fair Hero
is drinking,

And Hero grown drunk to any man's thinking !

Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her,

Till Cupid, distinguished like Jonas the drawer,

From under his apron, where his lechery lurks,

Put love in her sack. Now mark how it works.

Hero. O Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear
Leander,

I'll for ever be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.”

Cokes. Excellently well said, Fiddle, she'll ever be
his goose, so he'll be her gander : was't not so ?

Leath. Yes, sir, but mark his answer now.

Lean. “ And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,
I'll swim over the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.”

Cokes. Brave ! he will swim over the Thames, and
tread his goose to-night, he says.

Leath. Ay, peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear
you eavesdropping, now they are setting their match.

Lean. "But lest the Thames should be dark, my
goose, my dear friend,
Let thy window be provided of a candle's end.

Hero. Fear not, my gander, I protest I should
handle

My matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

Lean. Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.

Leath. Now here come the friends again, Pythias
and Damon,

And under their cloaks they have of bacon a gam-
mon.

Pythias. Drawer, fill some wine here."

Leath. How, some wine there!

There's company already, sir, pray forbear.

Damon. "'Tis Hero.

Leath. Yes, but she will not to be taken,
After sack and fresh-herring, with your Dunmow-
bacon.

Pythias. You lie, it's Westfabian.

Leath. Westphalian, you should say.

Damon. If you hold not your peace, you are a cox-
comb, I would say. [*LEANDER and HERO kiss.*
What's here, what's here? kiss, kiss, upon kiss.

Leath. Ay, wherefore should they not? what harm
is in this?

'Tis Mistress Hero.

Damon. Mistress Hero's a whore.

Leath. Is she a whore? keep you quiet, or, sir
knave, out of door.

Damon. Knave out of door!

Hero. Yes, knave out of door.

Damon. Whore out of door.

[*They fall together by the ears.*

Hero. I say, knave out of door.

Damon. I say, whore out of door.

Pythias. Yea, so say I too.

Hero. Kiss the whore o' the a—.

Leath. Now you have something to do.

You must kiss her o' the a—, she says.

Damon and Pythias. So we will, so we will.

[*They kick her.*]

Hero. O my haunches, O my haunches, hold, hold.

Leath. Stand'st thou still !

Leander, where art thou ? stand'st thou still like a sot,
And not offerest to break both their heads with a
pot ?

See who's at thine elbow there ! puppet Jonas and
Cupid.

Jonas. Upon 'em, Leander, be not so stupid.

Lean. You goat-bearded slave !

Damon. You whore-master knave ! [*They fight.*]

Lean. Thou art a whore-master.

Jonas. Whore-masters all.

Leath. See, Cupid with a word has tane up the
brawl."

Knock. These be fine vapours.

Cokes. By this good day, they fight bravely ; do
they not, Numps ?

Waspe. Yes, they lacked but you to be their second
all this while.

Leath. " This tragical encounter falling out thus to
busy us,

It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius ;
Not like a monarch, but the master of a school,
In a scrivener's furred gown, which shows he is no
fool ;

For therein he hath wit enough to keep himself warm.

O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what harm Hath poor Dionysius done you in his grave, That after his death you should fall out thus and rave,

And call amorous Leander whore-master knave ?

Damon. I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it."

RABBI BUSY rushes in.

Busy. Down with Dagon ! down with Dagon ! 'tis I, I will no longer endure your profanations.

Leath. What mean you, sir ?

Busy. I will remove Dagon there, I say, that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains, as I may say, a beam, a very beam,—not a beam of the sun, nor a beam of the moon, nor a beam of a balance, neither a house-beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren ; a very great beam, an exceedingly great beam ; such as are your stage-players, rimers, and morrice-dancers, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the brethren, and the cause ; and been borne out by instruments of no mean countenance.

Leath. Sir, I present nothing but what is licensed by authority.

Busy. Thou art all licence, even licentiousness itself, Shimei !

Leath. I have the Master of the Revels' hand for't, sir.

Busy. The master of the rebel's hand thou hast, Satan's ! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut up thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for Baal. I have long opened my

mouth wide, and gaped. I have gaped as the oyster for the tide, after thy destruction : but cannot compass it by suit or dispute ; so that I look for a bickering ere long, and then a battle.

Knock. Good Banbury vapours !

Cokes. Friend, you'd have an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here ; though he be no man of the fist, he has friends that will to cuffs for him. Numps, will not you take our side ?

Edg. Sir, it shall not need ; in my mind he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation : hast thou nothing to say for thyself, in defence of thy quality ?

Leath. Faith, sir, I am not well-studied in these controversies between the hypocrites and us. But here's one of my motion, puppet Dionysius, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

Cokes. Who, my hobby-horse ! will he dispute with him ?

Leath. Yes, sir, and make a hobby-ass of him, I hope.

Cokes. That's excellent ! indeed he looks like the best scholar of them all. Come, sir, you must be as good as your word now.

Busy. I will not fear to make my spirit and gifts known : assist me, zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full !

Winw. What a desperate, profane wretch is this ! is there any ignorance or impudence like his, to call his zeal to fill him against a puppet ?

Quar. I know no fitter match than a puppet to commit with an hypocrite !

Busy. First, I say unto thee, idol, thou hast no calling.

Dion. "You lie, I am called Dionysius."

Leath. The motion says, you lie, he is called Dionysius in the matter, and to that calling he answers.

Busy. I mean no vocation, idol, no present lawful calling.

Dion. "Is yours a lawful calling?"

Leath. The motion asketh, if yours be a lawful calling.

Busy. Yes, mine is of the spirit.

Dion. "Then idol is a lawful calling."

Leath. He says, then idol is a lawful calling; for you called him idol, and your calling is of the spirit.

Cokes. Well disputed, hobby-horse.

Busy. Take not part with the wicked, young gallant: he neigheth and hinnieth; all is but hinnying sophistry. I call him idol again; yet, I say, his calling, his profession is profane, it is profane, idol.

Dion. "It is not profane."

Leath. It is not profane, he says.

Busy. It is profane.

Dion. "It is not profane."

Busy. It is profane.

Dion. "It is not profane."

Leath. Well said, confute him with *Not* still. You cannot bear him down with your base noise, sir.

Busy. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creak like the chariot wheels of Satan; I am zealous for the cause——

Leath. As a dog for a bone.

Busy. And I say it is profane, as being the page of Pride, and the waiting-woman of Vanity.

Dion. "Yea! what say you to your tire-women then?"

Leath. Good.

Dion. "Or feather-makers in the Friers, that are of your faction of faith? are not they, with their perukes, and their puffs, their fans, and their huffs, as much pages of Pride, and waiters upon Vanity? What say you, what say you, what say you?"

Busy. I will not answer for them.

Dion. "Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a bugle-maker a lawful calling? or the confect-makers? such you have there; or your French fashioner? you would have all the sin within yourselves, would you not, would you not?"

Busy. No, Dagon.

Dion. "What then, Dagonet? is a puppet worse than these?"

Busy. Yes, and my main argument against you is, that you are an abomination; for the male among you putteth on the apparel of the female, and the female of the male.

Dion. "You lie, you lie, you lie abominably."

Cokes. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lie thrice.

Dion. "It is your old stale argument against the players, but it will not hold against the puppets; for we have neither male nor female amongst us. And

that thou mayst see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art ! " [*Takes up his garment.*]

Edg. By my faith, there he has answered you, friend, a plain demonstration.

Dion. " Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a Rabbin of them all, that my standing is as lawful as his ; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he ; that I have as little to do with learning as he ; and do scorn her helps as much as he."

Busy. I am confuted, the cause hath failed me.

Dion. " Then be converted, be converted."

Leath. Be converted, I pray you, and let the play go on !

Busy. Let it go on ; for I am changed, and will become a beholder with you.

Cokes. That's brave, i' faith, thou hast carried it away, hobby-horse ; on with the play.

Over. [*discovering himself.*] Stay, now do I forbid : I am Adam Overdo ! sit still, I charge you.

Cokes. What, my brother-in-law !

Grace. My wise guardian !

Edg. Justice Overdo !

Over. It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it ; for I have discovered enough.

*Enter QUARLOUS in TROUBLEALL'S clothes, as before,
and DAME PURECRAFT.*

Quar. Nay, come, mistress bride ; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in truth. I have here Justice Overdo for it.

Over. Peace, good Troubleall ; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you,

and your friend too ; you also, young man [*to EDG-WORTH*] shall be my care ; stand there.

Edg. Now, mercy upon me.

Knock. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds for fear o' the cage. [*They attempt to steal away.*]

Over. Stay, is not my name your terror ?

Whit. Yesh, fait, man, and it ish for tat we would begone, man.

Enter LITTLEWIT.

Lit. O, gentlemen ! did you not see a wife of mine ? I have lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted ; my little pretty Win. I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with Captain Jordan and Captain Whit, very good men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepped aside. Mother, did you not see Win ?

Over. If this grave matron be your mother, sir, stand by her, *et digito compesce labellum* ; I may perhaps spring a wife for you anon. Brother Bartholomew, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a discipline of enormity with your grave governor Humphrey ; but stand you both there, in the middle place ; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistress Grace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

Winw. Pardon me, sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

Over. Are you so ! of what name, sir ?

Winw. Winwife, sir.

Over. Master Winwife ! I hope you have won no wife of her, sir ; if you have, I will examine the possibility of it at fit leisure. Now to my enormities : look upon me, O London ! and see me, O Smithfield ! the

example of justice, and Mirror of Magistrates ; the true top of formality and scourge of enormity. Harken unto my labours, and but observe my discoveries ; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old ; or Columbus, Magellan, or our countryman Drake, of later times. Stand forth, you weeds of enormity, and spread. First Rabbi Busy, thou superlunatical hypocrite ;—[*to LEATHERHEAD.*] Next thou other extremity, thou profane professor of puppetry, little better than poetry :—[*to WHIT.*] Then thou strong debaucher and seducer of youth ; witness this easy and honest young man, [*pointing to EDG.*]*—[to KNOCK.]* Now, thou esquire of dames, madams, and twelvepenny ladies ;—Now, my green madam herself of the price ; let me unmask your ladyship. [*Discovers MRS. LIT.*

Lit. O my wife, my wife, my wife !

Over. Is she your wife ? *redde te Harpocratem.*

Enter TROUBLEALL, with a dripping-pan, followed by
URSULA and NIGHTINGALE.

Tro. By your leave, stand by, my masters, be uncovered.

Urs. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, Nightingale ; my pan, my pan !

Over. What's the matter ?

Night. He has stolen gammar Ursula's pan.

Tro. Yes, and I fear no man but Justice Overdo.

Over. Ursula ! where is she ? O the sow of enormity, this ! welcome, stand you there ; you songster, there.

Urs. An't please your worship, I am in no fault : a gentleman stripped him in my booth, and borrowed his gown, and his hat ; and he ran away with my goods here for it.

Over. [to QUARLOUS.] Then this is the true madman, and you are the enormity !

Quar. You are in the right ; I am mad but from the gown outward.

Over. Stand you there.

Quar. Where you please, sir.

Mrs. Quar. [waking] O, lend me a bason, I am sick, I am sick ! where's Master Overdo ? Bridget, call hither my Adam.

Over. How ! [He is shamed and silenced.]

Whit. Dy very own wife, i' fait, worshipful Adam.

Mrs. Over. Will not my Adam come at me ! shall I see him no more, then ?

Quar. Sir, why do you not go on with the enormity ? are you oppressed with it ? I'll help you : hark you, sir, in your ear—Your innocent young man, you have ta'en such care of all this day, is a cutpurse, and hath got all your brother Cokes's things, and helped you to your beating and the stocks ; if you have a mind to hang him now, and show him your magistrate's wit, you may : but I should think it were better recovering the goods, and to save your estimation in him. I thank you, sir, for the gift of your ward, Mistress Grace ; look you, here is your hand and seal, by the way. Master Winwife, give you joy, you are *Palemon*, you are possessed of the gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And, honest madman, there's thy gown and cap again ; I thank thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweetheart [to MRS. PURE.], when I please still ; never fear me ; and careful Numps, where's he ? I thank him for my licence.

Waspe. How !

Quar. 'Tis true, Numps.

Waspe. I'll be hanged then.

Quar. Look in your box, Numps.—Nay, sir, [*to OVERDO.*] stand not you fixed here, like a stake in Finsbury, to be shot at, or the whipping-post in the Fair, but get your wife out o' the air, it will make her worse else : and remember you are but Adam, flesh and blood ! you have your frailty, forget your other name of Overdo, and invite us all to supper. There you and I will compare our discoveries ; and drown the memory of all enormity in your biggest bowl at home.

Cokes. How now, Numps, have you lost it ? I warrant 'twas when thou wert in the stocks. Why dost not speak !

Waspe. I will never speak while I live again, for aught I know.

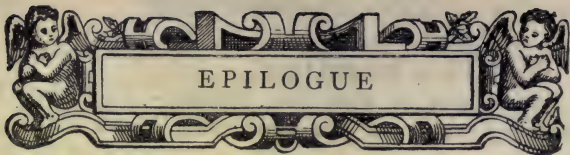
Over. Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient, you must be so too ; this pleasant conceited gentleman hath wrought upon my judgment, and prevailed. I pray you take care of your sick friend, Mistress Alice, and my good friends all——

Quar. And no enormities.

Over. I invite you home with me to my house to supper : I will have none fear to go along, for my intents are *ad correctionem, non ad destructionem ; ad ædificandum, non ad diruendum* : so lead on.

Cokes. Yes, and bring the actors along, we'll have the rest of the play at home. [*Exeunt.*





Your Majesty hath seen the play, and you
Can best allow it from your ear and view.
You know the scope of writers, and what store
Of leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into licence : you can tell
If we have used that leave you gave us well :
Or whether we to rage or licence break,
Or be profane, or make profane men speak :
This is your power to judge, great sir, and not
The envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value less what their dislike can bring,
If it so happy be, t' have pleased the King.





*CYNTHIA'S REVELS; OR, THE
FOUNTAIN OF SELF-LOVE.*





THE first edition of this "Comical Satire" was printed in quarto, 1601, with this motto,

*Quod non dant procures, dabit histrio—
Haud tamen invidetas vati, quem pulpita
pascunt;*

which probably bore an allusion to some circumstance now unknown. When Jonson republished it, he chose a more intelligible passage: *Nasutum volo, nolo polyposum*; and transferred the last line of the former motto, to the title-page of his general works. The folio edition of this play, which appeared in 1616, differs considerably from the quarto, being increased by several new scenes, with which, to the utter discomfiture of the reader's patience, the author injudiciously swelled out the last two acts. *Cynthia's Revels* appears to have been not unfavourably received, since we are told that it was "frequently acted at the Blackfriars, by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel." It was also among the earliest plays revived after the Restoration, and was often performed at the New Theatre in Drury Lane, "very satisfactorily," as Downes says, "to the town:" though now laid aside. *Cynthia's Revels* was first acted in 1600, and the folio gives the names of the boys (children, as they were called) who performed the principal parts: "Nat. Field, Sal. Pavy, Tho. Day, I. Underwood, Rob. Baxter, and John Frost." Of these some lived to be eminent in their profession; and one, who died young, and who was, indeed, an actor of very extraordinary promise, was honoured by the grateful poet with an epitaph, which has not often been surpassed.



TO
THE SPECIAL FOUNTAIN OF MANNERS,
THE COURT.*

"Thou art a bountiful and brave spring, and waterest all the noble plants of this Island. In thee the whole kingdom dresseth itself, and is ambitious to use thee as her glass. Beware then thou render men's figures truly, and teach them no less to hate their deformities, than to love their forms : for to grace there should come reverence ; and no man can call that lovely which is not also venerable. It is not powdering, perfuming, and every day smelling of the tailor, that converteth to a beautiful object : but a mind shining through any suit, which needs no false light, either of riches or honours, to help it. Such shalt thou find some here, even in the reign of Cynthia,—a Crites and an Arete. Now, under thy Phœbus, it will be thy province to make more ; except thou desirest to have thy source mix with the spring of self-love, and so wilt draw upon thee as welcome a discovery of thy days, as was then made of her nights.

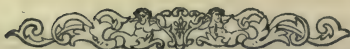
"Thy Servant, but not Slave,
"BEN. JONSON."



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYNTHIA.
MERCURY.
HESPERUS.
CRITES.
AMORPHUS.
ASOTUS.
HEDON. *
ANAIDES.
MORPHIDES.
PROSAITES.
MORUS.
CUPID.
ECHO.
ARETE.
PHANTASTE.
ARGURION.
PHILAUTIA.
MORIA.
COS.
GELAIA.
PHRONESIS, }
THAUMA, } *Mutes.*
TIMÈ,

SCENE.—*Gargaphie.*





CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

THE INDUCTION.

The Stage.

After the second sounding.

Enter three of the Children struggling.



FIRST CHILD. Pray you away ; why, fellows ! Gods so, what do you mean ?

2 *Child.* Marry, that you shall not speak the prologue, sir.

3 *Child.* Why, do you hope to speak it ?

2 *Child.* Ay, and I think I have most right to it : I am sure I studied it first.

3 *Child.* That's all one, if the author think I can speak it better.

1 *Child.* I plead possession of the cloak : ¹ gentles, your suffrages, I pray you.

[*Within.*] Why, Children ! are you not ashamed ? come in there !

¹ The usual dress of the person who spoke the prologue was a black velvet cloak.

3 *Child.* 'Slid, I'll play nothing in the play, unless I speak it.

1 *Child.* Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen ? let that decide it.

3 *Child.* O, no, sir gallant ; you presume to have the start of us there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.

1 *Child.* No, would I were whipped, if I had any such thought ; try it by lots either.

2 *Child.* Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venture than this.

3 *Child.* Well said, resolute Jack ! I am content too, so we draw first. Make the cuts.

1 *Child.* But will you not snatch my cloak while I am stooping ?

3 *Child.* No, we scorn treachery.

2 *Child.* Which cut shall speak it ?

3 *Child.* The shortest.

1 *Child.* Agreed : draw. [*They draw cuts.*] The shortest is come to the shortest. Fortune was not altogether blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall go forward without your envy.

2 *Child.* A spite of all mischievous luck ! I was once plucking at the other.

3 *Child.* Stay, Jack : 'slid, I'll do somewhat now afore I go in, though it be nothing but to revenge myself upon the author : since I speak not his prologue. I'll go tell all the argument of his play afore-hand, and so stale his invention to the auditory before it comes forth.

1 *Child.* O, do not so.

2 *Child.* By no means.

3 *Child.* [*Advancing to the front of the Stage.*]—First, the title of his play is *Cynthia's Revels*, as any

man that hath hope to be saved by his book can witness ; the scene Gargaphie, which I do vehemently suspect for some fustian country ; but let that vanish. Here is the court of Cynthia, whither he brings Cupid travelling on foot, resolved to turn page. By the way Cupid meets with Mercury ;—that's a thing to be noted ; take any of our play-books without a Cupid or Mercury in it, and burn it for an heretic in poetry. [*In these and the subsequent speeches, at every break, the other two interrupt, and endeavour to stop him.*] Pray thee let me alone. Mercury, he in the nature of a conjuror, raises up Echo, who weeps over her love, or daffodil, Narcissus, a little ; sings ; curses the spring wherein the pretty foolish gentleman melted himself away : and there's an end of her.—Now I am to inform you that Cupid and Mercury do both become pages. Cupid attends on Philautia, or Self-love, a court lady : Mercury follows Hedon, the Voluptuous, and a courtier ; one that ranks himself even with Anaides, or the Impudent, a gallant, and that's my part ; one that keeps Laughter, Gelaia, the daughter of Folly, a wench in boy's attire, to wait on him.—These, in the court, meet with Amorphus, or the Deformed, a traveller that hath drunk of the fountain, and there tells the wonders of the water. They presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and themselves go to visit the ladies. But I should have told you—Look, these emmets put me out here—that with this Amorphus, there comes along a citizen's heir, Asotus, or the Prodigal, who, in imitation of the traveller, who hath the Whetstone following him, entertains the Beggar, to be his attendant. Now the nymphs who are mistresses to these gallants, are Philautia, Self-love ; Phantaste, a light Wittiness ;

Argurion, Money ; and their guardian, Mother Moria, or Mistress Folly——

1 *Child.* Pray thee, no more.

3 *Child.* There Cupid strikes Money in love with the Prodigal, makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, carcanets, &c. All which he most ingeniously departs withal to make known to the other ladies and gallants ; and in the heat of this, increases his train with the Fool to follow him as well as the Beggar. By this time, your Beggar begins to wait close, who is returned with the rest of his fellow bottlemen. There they all drink, save Argurion, who is fallen into a sudden apoplexy——

1 *Child.* Stop his mouth.

3 *Child.* And then, there's a retired scholar there, you would not wish a thing to be better contemned of a society of gallants, than it is ; and he applies his service, good gentleman, to the Lady Arete, or Virtue, a poor nymph of Cynthia's train : that's scarce able to buy herself a gown ; you shall see her play in a black robe anon : a creature that, I assure you, is no less scorned than himself. Where am I now ? at a stand !

2 *Child.* Come, leave at last, yet.

3 *Child.* O, the night is come ('twas somewhat dark, methought), and Cynthia intends to come forth ; that helps it a little yet. All the courtiers must provide for revels ; they conclude upon a masque, the device of which is—What, will you ravish me?—that each of these Vices, being to appear before Cynthia, would seem other than indeed they are ; and therefore assume the most neighbouring Virtues as their masking habit—I'd cry a rape, but that you are children.

2 *Child.* Come, we'll have no more of this anticipation ; to give them the inventory of their cates afore-

hand, were the discipline of a tavern, and not fitting this presence.

1 *Child.* Tut, this was but to show us the happiness of his memory. I thought at first he would have played the ignorant critic with everything, along as he had gone ; I expected some such device.

3 *Child.* O, you shall see me do that rarely ; lend me thy cloak.

1 *Child.* Soft, sir, you'll speak my prologue in it.

3 *Child.* No, would I might never stir then.

2 *Child.* Lend it him, lend it him.

1 *Child.* Well, you have sworn.

[*Gives him the cloak.*]

3 *Child.* I have. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors, that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado, and here I take my place and sit down : I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin. [*At the breaks he takes his tobacco.*] By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally tits play here. They do act like so many wrens, or pismires—not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all. And then their music is abominable—able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten—pillories, and their ditties—most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them—poets. By this vapour, an 'twere not for tobacco—I think—the very stench of 'em would poison me, I should not dare to come in at their gates. A man were better visit fifteen jails—or a dozen or two of hospitals—than once adventure to come near them. How is't ? well ?

1 *Child.* Excellent ; give me my cloak.

3 *Child.* Stay ; you shall see me do another now, but a more sober, or better-gathered gallant ; that is,

as it may be thought, some friend, or well-wisher to the house : and here I enter.

1 *Child*. What, upon the stage too ?

2 *Child*. Yes ; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, Would you have a stool, sir ?¹

3 *Child*. A stool, boy !

2 *Child*. Ay, sir, if you'll give me sixpence I'll fetch you one.

3 *Child*. For what, I pray thee ? what shall I do with it ?

2 *Child*. O lord, sir ! will you betray your ignorance so much ? why throne yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir.

3 *Child*. Away, wag ; what, wouldst thou make an implement of me ? 'Slid, the boy takes me for a piece of perspective, I hold my life, or some silk curtain, come to hang the stage here ! Sir crack,² I am none of your fresh pictures, that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in a public theatre.

2 *Child*. 'Tis a sign, sir, you put not that confidence in your good clothes, and your better face, that a gentleman should do, sir. But I pray you, sir, let me be a suitor to you, that you will quit our stage then, and take a place, the play is instantly to begin.

3 *Child*. Most willingly, my good wag ; but I would speak with your author, where is he ?

2 *Child*. Not this way, I assure you, sir ; we are not

¹ At the theatres in Jonson's time, spectators were admitted on the stage. Here they sat on *stools*, the price of which, as the situation was more or less commodious, was *sixpence*, or a shilling ; here, too, their own pages, or the boys of the house, supplied them with pipes and tobacco.

² *Crack* is a sprightly forward boy. It frequently occurs in Jonson and his contemporaries.

so officiously befriended by him, as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the book-holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tireman, rail the music out of tune, and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine enghles as we. Well, 'tis but our hard fortune !

3 *Child.* Nay, crack, be not disheartened.

2 *Child.* Not I, sir ; but if you please to confer with our author, by attorney, you may, sir ; our proper self here, stands for him.

3 *Child.* Troth, I have no such serious affair to negotiate with him, but what may very safely be turned upon thy trust. It is in the general behalf of this fair society here that I am to speak, at least the more judicious part of it, which seems much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of many in their plays. Besides, they could wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests, and to way-lay all the stale apothegms, or old books, they can hear of, in print or otherwise, to farce their scenes withal. That they would not so penuriously glean wit from every laundress or hackney-man, or derive their best grace, with servile imitation, from common stages, or observation of the company they converse with ; as if their invention lived wholly upon another man's trencher. Again, that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have twice or thrice cooked, they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had drest it ; nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, besides hobby-horses and foot-cloth nags.

2 *Child.* So, sir, this is all the reformation you seek ?

3 *Child*. It is ; do not you think it necessary to be practised, my little wag ?

2 *Child*. Yes, where any such ill-habited custom is received.

3 *Child*. O, (I had almost forgot it too,) they say, the *umbræ* or ghosts of some three or four plays departed a dozen years since, have been seen walking on your stage here ; take heed, boy, if your house be haunted with such hobgoblins, 'twill fright away all your spectators quickly.

2 *Child*. Good, sir ; but what will you say now, if a poet, untouched with any breath of this disease, find the tokens upon you, that are of the auditory ? As some one civet-wit among you, that knows no other learning than the price of satin and velvets ; no other perfection than the wearing of a neat suit ; and yet will censure as desperately as the most professed critic in the house, presuming his clothes should bear him out in it. Another, whom it hath pleased nature to furnish with more beard than brain, prunes his mustaccio, lisps, and, with some score of affected oaths, swears down all that sit about him ; "That the old Hieronimo, as it was first acted, was the only best, and judiciously penned play of Europe." A third great-bellied juggler talks of twenty years since, and when Monsieur was here,^{*} and would enforce all wits to be of that fashion, because his doublet is still so. A fourth miscalls all by the name of fustian, that his grounded capacity cannot aspire to. A fifth only shakes his bottle head, and out of his corky brain squeezeth out a pitiful learned face, and is silent.

^{*} The Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles IX., King of France, who came into England in 1579 to pay his addresses to Queen Elizabeth.

3 *Child*. By my faith, Jack, you have put me down : I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace ! Here, take your cloak, and promise some satisfaction in your prologue, or, I'll be sworn, we have marred all.

2 *Child*. Tut, fear not, child, this will never distaste a true sense : be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadst some sugar-candied to sweeten thy mouth.

The third sounding.





PROLOGUE

If gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quick sight, and quicker apprehension,
The lights of judgment's throne, shine any where,
Our doubtful author hopes this is their sphere ;
And therefore opens he himself to those,
To other weaker beams his labours close,
As loth to prostitute their virgin-strain,
To every vulgar and adulterate brain.
In this alone, his Muse her sweetness hath,
She shuns the print of any beaten path ;
And proves new ways to come to learned ears :
Pied ignorance she neither loves nor fears.
Nor hunts she after popular applause,
Or foamy praise, that drops from common jaws :
The garland that she wears, their hands must twine,
We can both censure, understand, define
What merit is : then cast those piercing rays,
Round as a crown, instead of honoured bays,
About his poesy ; which, he knows, affords
Words, above action ; matter, above words.





ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A Grove and Fountain.*

Enter CUPID, and MERCURY with his caduceus, on different sides.



UP. Who goes there ?

Mer. 'Tis I, blind archer.

Cup. Who, Mercury ?

Mer. Ay.

Cup. Farewell.

Mer. Stay, Cupid.

Cup. Not in your company, Hermes, except your hands were rivetted at your back.

Mer. Why so, my little rover ?

Cup. Because I know you have not a finger, but is as long as my quiver, cousin Mercury, when you please to extend it.

Mer. Whence derive you this speech, boy ?

Cup. O ! 'tis your best polity to be ignorant. You did never steal Mars his sword out of the sheath, you ! nor Neptune's trident ! nor Apollo's bow ! no, not you ! Alas, your palms, Jupiter knows, they are as tender as the foot of a foundered nag, or a lady's face new mercuried, they'll touch nothing.

Mer. Go to, infant, you'll be daring still.

Cup. Daring! O Janus! what a word is there? why, my light feather-heeled coz, what are you any more than my uncle Jove's pander? a lacquey that runs on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubility? wait man-nerly at a table with a trencher, warble upon a crowd a little, and fill out nectar when Ganymede's away? one that sweeps the gods' drinking-room every morn-ing, and sets the cushions in order again, which they threw one at another's head over night: can brush the carpets, call the stools again to their places, play the crier of the court with an audible voice, and take state of a president upon you at wrestlings, pleadings, negociations, &c. Here's the catalogue of your em-ployments, now! O no, I err; you have the marshal-ling of all the ghosts too that pass the Stygian ferry, and I suspect you for a share with the old sculler there, if the truth were known: but let that scape. One other peculiar virtue you possess, in lifting, or *leiger-du-main*, which few of the house of heaven have else besides, I must confess. But, methinks, that should not make you put that extreme distance 'twixt yourself and others, that we should be said to "over dare" in speaking to your nimble deity. So Hercules might challenge priority of us both, because he can throw the bar farther, or lift more join'd stools at the arm's end, than we. If this might carry it, then we, who have made the whole body of divinity tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforced Saturnius himself to lay by his curled front, thunder, and three-forked fires, and put on a masking-suit, too light for a reveller of eighteen to be seen in——

Mer. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo sexto*! charm your skipping tongue, or I'll——

Cup. What? use the virtue of your snaky tipstaff there upon us?

Mer. No, boy, but the smart vigour of my palm about your ears. You have forgot since I took your heels up into air, on the very hour I was born, in sight of all the bench of deities, when the silver roof of the Olympian palace rung again with applause of the fact.

Cup. O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for my mother Venus, at the same time, but stooped to embrace you, and, to speak by metaphor, you borrowed a girdle of hers, as you did Jove's sceptre while he was laughing; and would have done his thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

Mer. 'Tis well, sir.

Cup. I heard you but looked in at Vulcan's forge the other day, and entreated a pair of his new tongs along with you for company: 'tis joy on you, i' faith, that you will keep your hooked talons in practice with anything. 'Slight, now you are on earth, we shall have you filch spoons and candlesticks rather than fail: pray Jove the perfumed courtiers keep their casting-bottles, pick-tooths, and shittle-cocks from you, or our more ordinary gallants their tobacco-boxes; for I am strangely jealous of your nails.

Mer. Never trust me, Cupid, but you are turned a most acute gallant of late! the edge of my wit is clean taken off with the fine and subtile stroke of your thin-ground tongue; you fight with too poignant a phrase, for me to deal with.

Cup. O Hermes, your craft cannot make me confident. I know my own steel to be almost spent, and therefore entreat my peace with you, in time: you are

too cunning for me to encounter at length, and I think it my safest ward to close.

Mer. Well, for once, I'll suffer you to win upon me, wag ; but use not these strains too often, they'll stretch my patience. Whither might you march now ?

Cup. Faith, to recover thy good thoughts, I'll discover my whole project. The huntress and queen of these groves, Diana, in regard of some black and envious slanders hourly breathed against her, for her divine justice on Acteon, as she pretends, hath here in the vale of Gargaphie,¹ proclaimed a solemn revels, which (her godhead put off) she will descend to grace, with the full and royal expense of one of her clearest moons : in which time it shall be lawful for all sorts of ingenious persons to visit her palace, to court her nymphs, to exercise all variety of generous and noble pastimes : as well to intimate how far she treads such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to show how clear her beauties are from the least wrinkle of austerity they may be charged with.

Mer. But what is all this to Cupid ?

Cup. Here do I mean to put off the title of a god, and take the habit of a page, in which disguise, during the interim of these revels, I will get to follow some one of Diana's maids, where, if my bow hold, and my shafts fly but with half the willingness and aim they are directed, I doubt not but I shall really redeem the minutes I have lost, by their so long and over nice proscription of my deity from their court.

Mer. Pursue it, divine Cupid, it will be rare.

Cup. But will Hermes second me ?

Mer. I am now to put in act an especial designment

¹ The vale where Acteon was torn to pieces by his own hounds.

from my father Jove ; but, that performed, I am for any fresh action that offers itself.

Cup. Well, then we part. [Exit.

Mer. Farewell, good wag.

Now to my charge.—Echo, fair Echo, speak,
'Tis Mercury that calls thee ; sorrowful nymph,
Salute me with thy repercussive voice,
That I may know what cavern of the earth
Contains thy airy spirit, how, or where
I may direct my speech, that thou mayst hear.

Echo [below]. Here.

Mer. So nigh !

Echo. Ay.

Mer. Know, gentle soul, then, I am sent from Jove,
Who, pitying the sad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of words
To vent thy passion for Narcissus' death,
Commands, that now, after three thousand years,
Which have been exercised in Juno's spite,
Thou take a corporal figure, and ascend,
Enriched with vocal and articulate power.
Make haste, sad nymph, thrice shall my winged rod
Strike the obsequious earth, to give thee way.
Arise, and speak thy sorrows, Echo, rise,
Here, by this fountain, where thy love did pine,
Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrined in this yellow flower, that bears his name.

Echo [ascends.] His name revives, and lifts me up
from earth,

O, which way shall I first convert myself,
Or in what mood shall I essay to speak,
That, in a moment, I may be delivered
Of the prodigious grief I go withal ?
See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs weep yet

Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,
Who, now transformed into this drooping flower
Hangs the repentant head, back from the stream,
As if it wished, *Would I had never looked*
In such a flattering mirror ! O Narcissus,
Thou that wast once, and yet art, my Narcissus,
Had Echo but been private with thy thoughts,
She would have dropt away herself in tears,
Till she had all turned water ; that in her,
As in a truer glass, thou mightst have gazed,
And seen thy beauties by more kind reflection,
But self-love never yet could look on truth
But with bleared beams ; slick flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.
Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form,
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it ?
Why do I ask ? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence.
O, hadst thou known the worth of heaven's rich gift,
Thou wouldst have turned it to a truer use,
And not with starved and covetous ignorance,
Pined in continual eyeing that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had been more,
Than to thy famished mind the wide world's store :
So wretched is it to be merely rich !
Witness thy youth's dear sweets here spent untasted,
Like a fair taper, with his own flame wasted.

Mer. Echo be brief, Saturnia is abroad,
And if she hear, she'll storm at Jove's high will

Echo. I will, kind Mercury, be brief as time.
Vouchsafe me, I may do him these last rites,

But kiss his flower, and sing some mourning strain
Over his watery hearse.

Mer. Thou dost obtain ;
I were no son to Jove should I deny thee.
Begin, and more to grace thy cunning voice,
The humorous air shall mix her solemn tunes
With thy sad words : strike, music, from the spheres,
And with your golden raptures swell our ears.

ECHO [*accompanied*].

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears :
Yet slower, yet ; O faintly, gentle springs :
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours ;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.—

Mer. Now, have you done ?

Echo. Done presently, good Hermes ; bide a little ;
Suffer my thirsty eye to gaze awhile,
But e'en to taste the place, and I am vanished.

Mer. Forego thy use and liberty of tongue,
And thou mayst dwell on earth, and sport thee there.

Echo. Here young Acteon fell, pursued and torn
By Cynthia's wrath, more eager than his hounds ;
And here—ah me, the place is fatal !—see
The weeping Niobe, translated hither
From Phrygian mountains ; and by Phœbe feared,
As the proud trophy of her sharp revenge.

Mer. Nay, but hear——

Echo. But here, O here, the fountain of self-love,
In which Latona, and her careless nymphs,
Regardless of my sorrows, bathe themselves
In hourly pleasures.

Mer. Stint thy babbling tongue !
Fond Echo, thou profanest the grace is done thee.
So idle worldings merely made of voice,
Censure the Powers above them. Come, away,
Jove calls thee hence, and his will brooks no stay.

Echo. O, stay : I have but one poor thought to
 clothe
In airy garments, and then, faith, I go.
Henceforth, thou treacherous and murdering spring,
Be ever called the FOUNTAIN OF SELF-LOVE :
And with thy water let this curse remain,
As an inseparate plague, that who but taste
A drop thereof, may, with the instant touch,
Grow dotingly enamoured on themselves.
Now, Hermes, I have finished.

Mer. Then thy speech
Must here forsake thee, Echo, and thy voice,
As it was wont, rebound but the last words.
Farewell.

Echo [*retiring*]. Well.

Mer. Now, Cupid, I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leave the earth.

Enter AMORPHUS, hastily.

Amo. Dear spark of beauty, make not so fast
 away.

Echo. Away.

Mer. Stay, let me observe this portent yet.

Amo. I am neither your Minotaur, nor your Centaur,

nor your satyr, nor your hyæna, nor your babion,¹ but your mere traveller, believe me.

Echo. Leave me.

Mer. I guessed it should be some travelling motion pursued Echo so.

Amo. Know you from whom you fly? or whence?

Echo. Hence. [Exit.

Amo. This is somewhat above strange: A nymph of her feature and lineament, to be so preposterously rude! well, I will but cool myself at yon spring, and follow her.

Mer. Nay, then I am familiar with the issue: I'll leave you too. [Exit.

Amo. I am a rhinoceros, if I had thought a creature of her symmetry could have dared so impropportionable and abrupt a digression.—Liberal and divine fount, suffer my profane hand to take of thy bounties [*takes up some of the water*]. By the purity of my taste, here is most ambrosaic water; I will sup of it again. By thy favour, sweet fount. See, the water, a more running, subtile, and humorous nymph than she, permits me to touch and handle her. What should I infer? if my behaviours had been of a cheap or customary garb; my accent or phrase vulgar; my garments trite; my countenance illiterate, or unpractised in the encounter of a beautiful and brave attired piece; then I might with some change of colour have suspected my faculties. But, knowing myself an essence so sublimated and refined by travel; of so studied and well exercised a gesture; so alone in fashion; able to render² the face of any statesman living; and to speak the mere extraction of language; one that hath now

¹ *I.e.* Baboon.

² The first folio has, *tender* the face.

made the sixth return upon venture ; and was your first that ever enriched his country with the true laws of the duello ; whose optics have drunk the spirit of beauty in some eight score and eighteen princes' courts, where I have resided, and been there fortunate in the amours of three hundred forty and five ladies, all nobly, if not princely descended ; whose names I have in catalogue. To conclude, in all so happy, as even admiration herself doth seem to fasten her kisses upon me :—certes, I do neither see, nor feel, nor taste, nor savour the last steam or fume of a reason, that should invite this foolish, fastidious nymph, so peevishly to abandon me. Well, let the memory of her fleet into air ; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

Enter CRITES and ASOTUS.

Cri. What, the well dieted Amorphus become a water drinker ! I see he means not to write verses then.

Aso. No, Crites ! why ?

Cri. Because—

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Amo. What say you to your Helicon ?

Cri. O, the Muses' well ! that's ever excepted.

Amo. Sir, your Muses have no such water, I assure you : your nectar or the juice of your nepenthe, is nothing to it ; 'tis above your metheglin, believe it.

Aso. Metheglin ; what's that, sir ? may I be so audacious to demand ?

Amo. A kind of Greek wine I have met with, sir, in my travels ; it is the same that Demosthenes usually drunk, in the composure of all his exquisite and mellifluous orations.

Cri. That's to be argued, Amorphus, if we may credit Lucian, who, in his *Encomio Demosthenis*, affirms he never drunk but water in any of his compositions.

Amo. Lucian is absurd, he knew nothing : I will believe mine own travels before all the Lucians of Europe. He doth feed you with fittons,¹ figments, and leasings.

Cri. Indeed, I think, next a traveller, he does prettily well.

Amo. I assure you it was wine, I have tasted it, and from the hand of an Italian antiquary, who derives it authentically from the Duke of Ferrara's bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in rank with there, sir ?

Cri. 'Tis Asotus, son to the late deceased Philargyrus, the citizen.

Amo. Was his father of any eminent place or means ?

Cri. He was to have been prætor next year.

Amo. Ha ! a pretty formal young gallant, in good sooth ; pity he is not more genteelly propagated. Hark you, Crites, you may say to him what I am, if you please ; though I affect not popularity, yet I would be loth to stand out to any whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

Cri. Sir, I fear I may do wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one : yourself can best inform him of yourself, sir ; except you had some catalogue or list of your faculties ready drawn, which you would request me to show him for you, and him to take notice of.

¹ The reading of the quarto is *fictions*.

Amo. This, Crites, is sour ; [*aside.*] I will think, sir.

Cri. Do so, sir.—O heaven ! that anything in the likeness of man should suffer these racked extremities, for the uttering of his sophisticate good parts. [*Aside.*

Aso. Crites, I have a suit to you ; but you must not deny me : pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

Cri. Friends ! why, is there any difference between you ?

Aso. No ; I mean acquaintance, to know one another.

Cri. O, now I apprehend you ; your phrase was without me before.

Aso. In good faith, he's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him.

Cri. 'Slight, they are mutually enamoured by this time. [*Aside.*

Aso. Will you, sweet Crites ?

Cri. Yes, yes.

Aso. Nay, but when ? you'll defer it now, and forget it.

Cri. Why, is it a thing of such present necessity, that it requires so violent a dispatch ?

Aso. No, but would I might never stir, he's a most ravishing man ! Good Crites, you shall endear me to you, in good faith, la !

Cri. Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

Aso. And withal, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heir.

Cri. Leave it to me, I'll forget none of your dear graces, I warrant you.

Aso. Nay, I know you can better marshal these

affairs than I can——O gods! I'd give all the world, if I had it, for abundance of such acquaintance.

Cri. What ridiculous circumstance might I devise now to bestow this reciprocal brace of butterflies one upon another? [Aside.

Amo. Since I trod on this side the Alps, I was not so frozen in my invention. Let me see: to accost him with some choice remnant of Spanish or Italian! that would indifferently express my languages now: marry, then, if he should fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard and harsh. How else? step into some *ragioni del stato*, and so make my induction! that were above him too; and out of his element, I fear. Feign to have seen him in Venice or Padua! or some face near his in similitude! 'tis too pointed and open. No, it must be a more quaint and collateral device, as —— stay: to frame some encomiastic speech upon this our metropolis, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politic number, 'tis odds but his father filled up a room? descend into a particular admiration of their justice, for the due measuring of coals, burning of cans, and such like? as also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it? ha! 'twill do well. Or to talk of some hospital whose walls record his father a benefactor? or of so many buckets bestowed on his parish church in his life-time, with his name at length, for want of arms, trickt upon them? any of these. Or to praise the cleanness of the street wherein he dwelt? or the provident painting of his posts, against he should have been prætor? or, leaving his parent, come to some special ornament about himself, as his rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I have it: thanks, gracious Minerva!

Aso. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then——He comes to me!

Amo. 'Tis a most curious and neatly wrought band, this same, as I have seen, sir.

Aso. O lord, sir!

Amo. You forgive the humour of mine eye, in observing it.

Cri. His eye waters after it, it seems. [*Aside.*

Aso. O lord, sir! there needs no such apology, I assure you.

Cri. I am anticipated : they'll make a solemn deed of gift of themselves, you shall see. [*Aside.*

Amo. Your riband too does most gracefully, in troth.

Aso. 'Tis the most genteel, and received wear now, sir.

Amo. Believe me, sir, I speak it not to humour you—I have not seen a young gentleman, generally, put on his clothes with more judgment.

Aso. O, 'tis your pleasure to say so, sir.

Amo. No, as I am virtuous, being altogether untravelled, it strikes me into wonder.

Aso. I do purpose to travel, sir, at spring.

Amo. I think I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath begun to make you dear to me.

Aso. O lord, sir! I would there were anything in me, sir, that might appear worthy the least worthiness of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I should endeavour to show it, sir, with more than common regard, sir.

Cri. O, here's rare motley, sir. [*Aside.*

Amo. Both your desert, and your endeavours are plentiful, suspect them not : but your sweet disposition to travel, I assure you, hath made you another myself

in mine eye, and struck me enamoured on your beauties.

Aso. I would I were the fairest lady of France for your sake, sir ! and yet I would travel too.

Amo. O, you should digress from yourself else : for, believe it, your travel is your only thing that rectifies, or, as the Italian says, *vi rendi pronto all' attioni*, makes you fit for action.

Aso. I think it be great charge though, sir.

Amo. Charge ! why, 'tis nothing for a gentleman that goes private, as yourself, or so ; my intelligence shall quit my charge at all time. Good faith, this hat hath possest mine eye exceedingly ; 'tis so pretty and fantastic ; what ! is it a beaver ?

Aso. Ay, sir, I'll assure you 'tis a beaver, it cost me eight crowns but this morning.

Amo. After your French account ?

Aso. Yes, sir.

Cri. And so near his head ! beshrew me, dangerous. [*Aside.*

Amo. A very pretty fashion, believe me, and a most novel kind of trim : your band is conceited too !

Aso. Sir, it is all at your service.

Amo. O, pardon me.

Aso. I beseech you, sir, if you please to wear it, you shall do me a most infinite grace.

Cri. 'Slight, will he be praised out of his clothes ?

Aso. By heaven, sir, I do not offer it you after the Italian manner ; I would you should conceive so of me.

Amo. Sir, I shall fear to appear rude in denying your courtesies, especially being invited by so proper a distinction. May I pray your name, sir ?

Aso. My name is Asotus, sir.

Amo. I take your love, gentle Asotus ; but let me win you to receive this, in exchange——

[*They exchange beavers.*]

Cri. Heart ! they'll change doublets anon. [*Aside.*]

Amo. And, from this time esteem yourself in the first rank of those few whom I profess to love. What make you in company of this scholar here ? I will bring you known to gallants, as Anaides of the ordinary, Hedon the courtier, and others, whose society shall render you graced and respected : this is a trivial fellow, too mean, too cheap, too coarse for you to converse with.

Aso. 'Slid, this is not worth a crown, and mine cost me eight but this morning.

Cri. I looked when he would repent him, he has begun to be sad a good while.

Amo. Sir, shall I say to you for that hat ? Be not so sad, be not so sad. It is a relic I could not so easily have departed with, but as the hieroglyphic of my affection ; you shall alter it to what form you please, it will take any block ; I have received it varied on record to the three thousandth time, and not so few. It hath these virtues beside ; your head shall not ache under it, nor your brain leave you, without licence ; it will preserve your complexion to eternity ; for no beam of the sun, should you wear it under *zona torrida*, hath power to approach it by two ells. It is proof against thunder and enchantment ; and was given me by a great man in Russia, as an especial prized present ; and constantly affirmed to be the hat that accompanied the politic Ulysses in his tedious and ten years travels.

Aso. By Jove, I will not depart withal, whosoever would give me a million.

Enter COS and PROSAITES.

Cos. Save you, sweet bloods ! does any of you want a creature, or a dependent ?

Cri. Beshrew me, a fine blunt slave !

Amo. A page of good timber ! it will now be my grace to entertain him first, though I cashier him again in private.—How art thou called ?

Cos. Cos, sir, Cos.

Cri. Cos ! how happily hath fortune furnished him with a whetstone ?

Amo. I do entertain you, Cos ; conceal your quality till we be private ; if your parts be worthy of me, I will countenance you ; if not, catechize you.—Gentles, shall we go ?

Aso. Stay, sir ; I'll but entertain this other fellow, and then—I have a great humour to taste of this water too, but I'll come again alone for that—mark the place.—What's your name, youth ?

Pros. Prosaites, sir.

Aso. Prosaites ! a very fine name ; Crites, is it not ?

Cri. Yes, and a very ancient one, sir, the Beggar.

Aso. Follow me, good Prosaites ; let's talk.

[Exeunt all but CRITES.]

Cri. He will rank even with you, ere't be long,
If you hold on your course. O vanity,
How are thy painted beauties doted on,
By light and empty idoits ! how pursued
With open and extended appetite !
How they do sweat, and run themselves from breath,
Raised on their toes, to catch thy airy forms,
Still turning giddy, till they reel like drunkards,
That buy the merry madness of one hour
With the long irksomeness of following time !

O how despised and base a thing is man,
If he not strive t'erect his grovelling thoughts
Above the strain of flesh ! but how more cheap,
When, ev'n his best and understanding part,
The crown and strength of all his faculties,
Floats, like a dead drowned body, on the stream
Of vulgar humour, mixt with common'st dregs !
I suffer for their guilt now, and my soul,
Like one that looks on ill-affected eyes,
Is hurt with mere intention on their follies.
Why will I view them then, my sense might ask me ?
Or is't a rarity, or some new object,
That strains my strict observance to this point ?
O, would it were ! therein I could afford
My spirit should draw a little near to theirs,
To gaze on novelties ; so vice were one.
Tut, she is stale, rank, foul ; and were it not
That those who woo her greet her with locked eyes,
In spite of all th' impostures, paintings, drugs,
Which her bawd, Custom, dawbs her cheeks withal,
She would betray her loathed and leprous face,
And fright the enamoured dotards from themselves :
But such is the perverseness of our nature,
That if we once but fancy levity,
How antic and ridiculous soe'er
It suit with us, yet will our muffled thought
Choose rather not to see it, than avoid it :
And if we can but banish our own sense,
We act our mimic tricks with that free licence,
That lust, that pleasure, that security,
As if we practised in a paste-board case,
And no one saw the motion, but the motion.
Well, check thy passion, lest it grow too loud :
While fools are pitied, they wax fat and proud.



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

Enter CUPID and MERCURY, disguised as pages.



UP. Why, this was most unexpectedly followed, my divine delicate Mercury; by the beard of Jove, thou art a precious deity.

Mer. Nay, Cupid, leave to speak improperly; since we are turned cracks, let's study to be like cracks; practise their language and behaviours, and not with a dead imitation: Act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if our veins ran with quicksilver, and not utter a phrase but what shall come forth steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire.

Cup. That's not every one's happiness, Hermes: Though you can presume upon the easiness and dexterity of your wit, you shall give me leave to be a little jealous of mine; and not desperately to hazard it after your capering humour.

Mer. Nay, then, Cupid, I think we must have you hoodwinked again; for you are grown too provident since your eyes were at liberty.

Cup. Not so, Mercury, I am still blind Cupid to thee.

Mer. And what to the lady nymph you serve?

Cup. Troth, page, boy, and sirrah : these are all my titles.

Mer. Then thou hast not altered thy name, with thy disguise ?

Cup. O no, that had been supererogation ; you shall never hear your courtier call but by one of these three.

Mer. Faith, then both our fortunes are the same.

Cup. Why, what parcel of man hast thou lighted on for a master ?

Mer. Such a one as, before I begin to decipher him, I dare not affirm to be anything less than a courtier. So much he is during this open time of revels, and would be longer, but that his means are to leave him shortly after. His name is Hedon, a gallant wholly consecrated to his pleasures.

Cup. Hedon ! he uses much to my lady's chamber, I think.

Mer. How is she called, and then I can show thee ?

Cup. Madam Philautia.

Mer. O ay, he affects her very particularly indeed. These are his graces. He doth (besides me) keep a barber and a monkey ; he has a rich wrought waist-coat to entertain his visitants in, with a cap almost suitable. His curtains and bedding are thought to be his own : his bathing-tub is not suspected. He loves to have a fencer, a pedant,¹ and a musician seen in his lodging a-mornings.

Cup. And not a poet ?

Mer. Fie, no : himself is a rhymer, and that's thought better than a poet. He is not lightly² within to his mercer, no, though he come when he takes physic, which is commonly after his play. He

¹ *I.e.*, a teacher of the languages. ² Commonly, in ordinary cases.

beats a tailor very well, but a stocking-seller admirably : and so consequently any one he owes money to, that dares not resist him. He never makes general invitement, but against the publishing of a new suit ; marry, then you shall have more drawn to his lodging, than come to the launching of some three ships ; especially if he be furnished with supplies for the retiring of his old wardrobe from pawn : if not, he does hire a stock of apparel, and some forty or fifty pound in gold, for that forenoon, to show. He is thought a very necessary perfume for the presence, and for that only cause welcome thither : six milliners' shops afford you not the like scent. He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or half the pommado¹ in a seven-night before : and sometimes ventures so far upon the virtue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'em how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that week ; but wisely conceals so many dozen of balls he is on the score. Here he comes, that is all this.

Enter HEDON, ANAIDES, and GELAIA.

Hed. Boy !

Mer. Sir.

Hed. Are any of the ladies in the presence ?

Mer. None yet, sir.

Hed. Give me some gold,—more.

Ana. Is that thy boy, Hedon ?

Hed. Ay, what think'st thou of him ?

Ana. I'd geld him ; I warrant he has the philosopher's stone.

Hed. Well said, my good melancholy devil ! sirrah,

¹ Vaulting on a horse, without the aid of stirrups, by resting one hand on the saddle-bow.

I have devised one or two of the prettiest oaths, this morning in my bed, as ever thou heard'st, to protest withal in the presence.

Ana. Prithee, let's hear them.

Hed. Soft, thou'lt use them afore me.

Ana. No, d—mn me then—I have more oaths than I know how to utter, by this air.

Hed. Faith, one is, *By the tip of your ear, sweet lady.* Is it not pretty, and genteel?

Ana. Yes, for the person 'tis applied to, a lady. It should be light and——

Hed. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much : the invention is farther fet too. *By the white valley that lies between the Alpine hills of your bosom, I protest——*

Ana. Well, you travelled for that, Hedon.

Mer. Ay, in a map, where his eyes were but blind guides to his understanding, it seems.

Hed. And then I have a salutation will nick all, by this caper : hay !

Ana. How is that ?

Hed. You know I call Madam Philautia, my Honour ; and she calls me, her Ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her, and say, *Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip ;* and withal, kiss her : to which she cannot but blushing answer, *Nay, now you are too ambitious.* And then do I reply : *I cannot be too Ambitious of Honour, sweet lady.* Will't not be good ? ha ? ha ?

Ana. O, assure your soul.

Hed. By heaven, I think 'twill be excellent ; and a very politic achievement of a kiss.

Ana. I have thought upon one for Moria of a sudden too, if it take.

Hed. What is't, my dear Invention?

Ana. Marry, I will come to her (and she always wears a muff, if you be remembered), and I will tell her, *Madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise ; for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm.*

Hed. Now, before Jove, admirable! [*GELAIA laughs.*] Look, thy page takes it too. By Phœbus, my sweet facetious rascal, I could eat water-gruel with thee a month for this jest, my dear rogue.

Ana. O, by Hercules, 'tis your only dish ; above all your potatoes or oyster-pies in the world.

Hed. I have ruminated upon a most rare wish too, and the prophecy to it ; but I'll have some friend to be the prophet ; as thus : I do wish myself one of my mistress's cioppini.¹ Another demands, Why would he be one of his mistress's cioppini ? a third answers, Because he would make her higher : a fourth shall say, That will make her proud ! and a fifth shall conclude, Then do I prophesy pride will have a fall ;—and he shall give it her.

Ana. I will be your prophet. Gods so, it will be most exquisite ; thou art a fine inventious rogue, sirrah.

Hed. Nay, and I have poesies for rings too, and riddles that they dream not of.

Ana. Tut, they'll do that, when they come to sleep on them, time enough. But were thy devices never in the presence yet, Hedon ?

Hed. O no, I disdain that.

¹ A high shoe, or rather clog, worn by the Spanish and Italian ladies.

Ana. 'Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the room where they shall act, lest the strangeness of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

[*Exeunt HEDON and ANAIDES.*]

Cup. Is that a courtier too?

Mer. Troth, no; he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride and ignorance; marry, the rest come somewhat after the ordinary gallant. 'Tis Impudence itself, Anaides; one that speaks all that comes in his cheeks, and will blush no more than a sackbut. He lightly occupies the jester's room at the table, and keeps laughter, Gelaia, a wench in page's attire, following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuff, uttered as his land came to him, by chance. He will censure or discourse of anything, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinks below the salt.¹ He does naturally admire his wit that wears gold lace or tissue; stabs any man that speaks more contemptibly of the scholar than he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: never kneels but to pledge healths, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding-tobacco. He will blaspheme in his shirt. The oaths which he vomits at one supper would maintain a town of garrison in good swearing a twelvemonth. One other genuine quality he has which crowns all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a soldered groat, lest the world might censure him prodigal, or report him a gull: marry, to his cocka-

¹ He never *drinks* to those at the lower end of the table.

trice, or punquetto, half a dozen taffata gowns or satin kirtles in a pair or two of months, why, they are nothing.

Cup. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

[They retire to the back of the stage.]

Enter AMORPHUS, ASOTUS, and COS.

Amo. Come, sir. You are now within regard of the presence, and see, the privacy of this room how sweetly it offers itself to our retired intendments.—Page, cast a vigilant and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surprised by the approach of some ruder stranger.

Cos. I warrant you, sir. I'll tell you when the wolf enters, fear nothing.

Mer. O what a mass of benefit shall we possess, in being the invisible spectators of this strange show now to be acted!

Amo. Plant yourself there, sir; and observe me. You shall now, as well be the ocular, as the ear-witness, how clearly I can refel that paradox, or rather pseudodox, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which, I assure you, is not so in any politic creature: for instance; I will now give you the particular and distinct face of every your most noted species of persons, as your merchant, your scholar, your soldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c., and each of these so truly, as you would swear, but that your eye shall see the variation of the lineament, it were my most proper and genuine aspect. First, for your merchant, or city-face, 'tis thus; a dull, plodding face, still looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then have you your student's, or academic face, which is here an honest,

simple, and methodical face ; but somewhat more spread than the former. The third is your soldier's face, a menacing and astounding face, that looks broad and big : the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard. The anti-face to this is your lawyer's face, a contracted, subtile, and intricate face, full of quirks and turnings, a labyrinthean face, now angularly, now circularly, every way aspected. Next is your statist's face, a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity : the eye for the most part deeply and artificially shadowed : there is great judgment required in the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtier's face ; 'tis of three sorts, according to our subdivision of a courtier, elementary, practic, and theoric. Your courtier theoric, is he that hath arrived to his farthest, and doth now know the court rather by speculation than practice ; and this is his face : a fastidious and oblique face ; that looks as it went with a vice, and were screwed thus. Your courtier practic, is he that is yet in his path, his course, his way, and hath not touched the punctilio or point of his hopes ; his face is here ; a most promising, open, smooth, and overflowing face, that seems as it would run and pour itself into you : somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementary, is one but newly entered, or as it were in the alphabet, or *ut-re-mi-fa-sol-la* of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practise.

Aso. I'll practise them all, if you please, sir.

Amo. Ay, hereafter you may : and it will not be altogether an ungrateful study. For, let your soul be assured of this, in any rank or profession whatever, the more general or major part of opinion goes with

the face, and simply respects nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly, it is enough : but for the present you shall only apply yourself to this face of the elementary courtier, a light, revelling, and protesting face, now blushing, now smiling, which you may help much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach you,) or with kissing your finger that hath the ruby, or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kind of melancholy besides : or, if among ladies, laughing loud, and crying up your own wit, though perhaps borrowed, it is not amiss. Where is your page ? call for your casting-bottle, and place your mirror in your hat, as I told you : so ! Come, look not pale, observe me, set your face, and enter.

Mer. O for some excellent painter, to have taken the copy of all these faces ! [*Aside.*

Aso. Prosaites !

Amo. Fie ! I premonish you of that : in the court, boy, lacquey, or sirrah.

Cos. Master, *lupus in*——. O, 'tis Prosaites.

Enter PROSAITES.

Aso. Sirrah, prepare my casting-bottle ; I think I must be enforced to purchase me another page ; you see how at hand Cos waits here.

[*Exeunt AMORPHUS, ASOTUS, COS, and PROSAITES.*

Mer. So will he too, in time.

Cup. What's he, Mercury ?

Mer. A notable smelt.¹ One that hath newly entertained the beggar to follow him, but cannot get

¹ The quarto reads *finch*. *Smelt*, like *gudgeon*, is used by our old writers for a gull, a simpleton.

him to wait near enough. 'Tis Asotus, the heir of Philargyrus ; but first I'll give ye the other's character, which may make his the clearer. He that is with him is Amorphus, a traveller, one so made out of the mixture of shreds of forms, that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth, he is the very mint of compliment, all his behaviours are printed, his face is another volume of essays, and his beard is an Aristarchus. He speaks all cream-skimmed, and more affected than a dozen waiting-women. He is his own promoter in every place. The wife of the ordinary gives him his diet to maintain her table in discourse ; which, indeed, is a mere tyranny over her other guests, for he will usurp all the talk : ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter ; once a year his apparel is ready to revolt. He doth use much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himself, exceeding well, out at a window. He will lie cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks : for which he is right properly accommodated to the Whetstone, his page. The other gallant is his Zany, and doth most of these tricks after him ; sweats to imitate him in everything to a hair, except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, maccaroni, bovioli, fagioli,¹ and cavaire, because he loves them ; speaks as he speaks, looks, walks, goes so in clothes and fashion : is in all as if he were moulded of him. Marry, before they met, he had other very pretty sufficiencies, which yet he retains some light impression of ; as frequenting a dancing school, and grievously torturing

¹ Bovioli were snails, or rather cockles ; and fagioli, French beans.

strangers with inquisition after his grace in his galliard. He buys a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eyes and his raiment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treads nicely like the fellow that walks upon ropes, especially the first Sunday of his silk stockings ; and when he is most neat and new, you shall strip him with commendations.

Cup. Here comes another.

[CRITES *passes over the stage.*

Mer. Ay, but one of another strain, Cupid ; this fellow weighs somewhat.

Cup. His name, Hermes ?

Mer. Crites. A creature of a most perfect and divine temper : one in whom the humours and elements are peacefully met, without emulation of precedency ; he is neither too fantastically melancholy, too slowly phlegmatic, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly choleric ; but in all so composed and ordered, as it is clear Nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse is like his behaviour, uncommon, but not unpleasing ; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judicious, than to be thought so ; and is so truly learned, that he affects not to show it. He will think and speak his thoughts both freely ; but as distant from depraving another man's merit, as proclaiming his own. For his valour, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer an injury as receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenuous and sweet spirit, a sharp and seasoned wit, a straight judgment and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him, nor make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to

him that he can be virtuous. He doth neither covet nor fear ; he hath too much reason to do either ; and that commends all things to him.

Cup. Not better than Mercury commends him.

Mer. O, Cupid, 'tis beyond my deity to give him his due praises : I could leave my place in heaven to live among mortals, so I were sure to be no other than he.

Cup. 'Slight, I believe he is your minion, you seem to be so ravished with him.

Mer. He's one I would not have a wry thought darted against, willingly.

Cup. No, but a straight shaft in his bosom I'll promise him, if I am Cytherea's son.

Mer. Shall we go, Cupid ?

Cup. Stay, and see the ladies now : they'll come presently. I'll help to paint them.

Mer. What, lay colour upon colour ! that affords but an ill blazon.

Cup. Here comes metal to help it, the Lady Argurion. [ARGURION *passes over the stage.*

Mer. Money, money.

Cup. The same. A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, humorous as the air, she'll run from gallant to gallant, as they sit at primero in the presence, most strangely, and seldom stays with any. She spreads as she goes. To-day you shall have her look as clear and fresh as the morning, and to-morrow as melancholic as midnight. She takes special pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and for that cause visits the city so often, where she has many secret true concealing favourites. When she comes abroad, she's more loose and scattering than dust, and will fly from place to place, as she were wrapped with

a whirlwind. Your young student, for the most part, she affects not, only salutes him, and away : a poet, nor a philosopher, she is hardly brought to take any notice of ; no, though he be some part of an alchemist. She loves a player well, and a lawyer infinitely ; but your fool above all. She can do much in court for the obtaining of any suit whatsoever, no door but flies open to her, her presence is above a charm. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices ; she's for any coarse employment you will put upon her, as to be your procurer, or pander.

Mer. Peace, Cupid, here comes more work for you, another character or two.

Enter PHANTASTE, MORIA, and PHILAUTIA.

Phan. Stay, sweet Philautia, I'll but change my fan, and go presently.

Mor. Now, in very good serious, ladies, I will have this order reversed, the presence must be better maintained from you : a quarter past eleven, and ne'er a nymph in prospective ! Beshrew my hand, there must be a reformed discipline. Is that your new ruff, sweet lady-bird ? By my truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

Mer. Good Jove, what reverend gentlewoman in years might this be ?

Cup. 'Tis Madam Moria, guardian of the nymphs ; one that is not now to be persuaded of her wit ; she will think herself wise against all the judgments that come. A lady made all of voice and air, talks anything of anything. She is like one of your ignorant poetasters of the time, who, when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they

have wrung it in, though it loosen the whole fabric of their sense.

Mer. That was pretty and sharply noted, Cupid.

Cup. She will tell you, Philosophy was a fine reveller, when she was young, and a gallant, and that then, though she say it, she was thought to be the dame Dido and Helen of the court : as also, what a sweet dog she had this time four years, and how it was called Fortune ; and that, if the Fates had not cut his thread, he had been a dog to have given entertainment to any gallant in this kingdom ; and unless she had whelped it herself, she could not have loved a thing better in this world.

Mer. O, I prithee no more, I am full of her.

Cup. Yes, I must needs tell you she composes a sack-posset well ; and would court a young page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

Mer. Now, her breath or something more strong protect me from her ! The other, the other, Cupid ?

Cup. O, that's my lady and mistress, Madam Philautia. She admires not herself for any one particularity, but for all : she is fair, and she knows it ; she has a pretty light wit too, and she knows it ; she can dance, and she knows that too ; play at shuttlecock, and that too : no quality she has, but she shall take a very particular knowledge of, and most lady-like commend it to you. You shall have her at any time read you the history of herself, and very subtilely run over another lady's sufficiencies to come to her own. She has a good superficial judgment in painting, and would seem to have so in poetry. A most complete lady in the opinion of some three beside herself.

Phi. Faith, how liked you my quip to Hedon, about the garter? Was't not witty?

Mor. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did so aggravate the jest withal.

Phi. And did I not dance movingly the last night?

Mor. Movingly! out of measure, in troth, sweet charge.

Mer. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure!

Mor. Save only you wanted the swim in the turn: O! when I was at fourteen——

Phi. Nay, that's mine own from any nymph in the court, I'm sure on't; therefore you mistake me in that, guardian: both the swim and the trip are properly mine; everybody will affirm it that has any judgment in dancing, I assure you.

Pha. Come now, Philautia. I am for you; shall we go?

Phi. Ay, good Phantaste. What! have you changed your head-tire?

Pha. Yes, faith, the other was so near the common, it had no extraordinary grace; besides, I had worn it almost a day, in good troth.

Phi. I'll be sworn, this is most excellent—for the device, and rare; 'tis after the Italian print we looked on t'other night.

Pha. 'Tis so: by this fan, I cannot abide anything that savours the poor over-worn cut, that has any kindred with it; I must have variety, I: this mixing in fashion, I hate it worse than to burn juniper in my chamber, I protest.

Phi. And yet we cannot have a new peculiar court-tire, but these retainers will have it; these suburb

Sunday-waiters ; these courtiers for high days ; I know not what I should call 'em——

Pha. O, ay, they do most pitifully imitate ; but I have a tire a coming, i' faith, shall——

Mor. In good certain, madam, it makes you look most heavenly ; but, lay your hand on your heart, you never skinned a new beauty more prosperously in your life, nor more metaphysically : look, good lady ; sweet lady, look.

Phi. 'Tis very clear and well, believe me. But if you had seen mine yesterday, when 'twas young, you would have——Who's your doctor, Phantaste ?

Pha. Nay, that's counsel, Philautia ; you shall pardon me : yet I'll assure you he's the most dainty, sweet, absolute, rare man of the whole college. O ! his very looks, his discourse, his behaviour, all he does is physic, I protest.

Phi. For heaven's sake, his name, good dear Phantaste.

Pha. No, no, no, no, no, no, believe me, not for a million of heavens : I will not make him cheap. Fie——

[*Exeunt* PHANTASTE, MORIA, *and* PHILAUTIA.]

Cup. There is a nymph too of a most curious and elaborate strain, light, all motion, an ubiquitary, she is everywhere, Phantaste——

Mer. Her very name speaks her, let her pass. But are these, Cupid, the stars of Cynthia's court ? Do these nymphs attend upon Diana ?

Cup. They are in her court, Mercury, but not as stars ; these never come in the presence of Cynthia. The nymphs that make her train are the divine Arete, Timè, Phronesis, Thaumà, and others of that high sort. These are privately brought in by Moria in this

licentious time, against her knowledge : and, like so many meteors, will vanish when she appears.

Enter PROSAITES, singing, followed by GELAIA and Cos, with bottles.

"Come follow me, my wags, and say, as I say,
There's no riches but in rags, hey day, hey day :
You that profess this art, come away, come away,
And help to bear a part. Hey day, hey day," &c.

[MERCURY and CUPID come forward.

Mer. What, those that were our fellow pages but now, so soon preferred to be yeomen of the bottles !
The mystery, the mystery, good wags ?

Cup. Some diet-drink they have the guard of.

Pro. No, sir, we are going in quest of a strange fountain, lately found out.

Cup. By whom ?

Cos. My master, or the great discoverer, Amorphus.

Mer. Thou hast well intitled him, Cos, for he will discover all he knows.

Gel. Ay, and a little more too, when the spirit is upon him.

Pro. O, the good travelling gentleman yonder has caused such a drought in the presence, with reporting the wonders of this new water, that all the ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the rushes, like so many pounded cattle in the midst of harvest, sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them expected a cock from the fountain to be brought into his mouth ; and without we return quickly, they are all, as a youth would say, no better than a few trouts cast ashore, or a dish of eels in a sand-bag.

Mer. Well, then, you were best dispatch, and have a care of them. Come, Cupid, thou and I'll go peruse this dry wonder.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at the Court.*

Enter AMORPHUS and ASOTUS.



MO. Sir, let not this discountenance or disgallant you a whit ; you must not sink under the first disaster. It is with your young grammatical courtier, as with your neophyte player, a thing usual to be daunted at the first presence or interview : you saw, there was Hedon, and Anaides, far more practised gallants than yourself, who were both out, to comfort you. It is no disgrace, no more than for your adventurous reveller to fall by some inauspicious chance in his galliard, or for some subtile politic to undertake the bastinado, that the state might think worthily of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What ! hath your tailor provided the property we spake of at your chamber, or no ?

Aso. I think he has.

Amo. Nay, I intreat you, be not so flat and melancholic. Erect your mind : you shall redeem this with the courtship I will teach you against the afternoon. Where eat you to-day ?

Aso. Where you please, sir ; anywhere, I.

Amo. Come, let us go and taste some light dinner, a dish of sliced caviare, or so ; and after, you shall practise an hour at your lodging some few forms that I have recalled. If you had but so far gathered your spirits to you, as to have taken up a rush when you were out, and wagged it thus, or cleansed your teeth with it ; or but turned aside, and feigned some business to whisper with your page, till you had recovered yourself, or but found some slight stain in your stocking, or any other pretty invention, so it had been sudden, you might have come off with a most clear and courtly grace.

Aso. A poison of all ! I think I was forespoke, I.

Amo. No, I must tell you, you are not audacious enough ; you must frequent ordinaries a month more, to initiate yourself : in which time, it will not be amiss, if, in private, you keep good your acquaintance with Crites, or some other of his poor coat ; visit his lodging secretly and often ; become an earnest suitor to hear some of his labours.

Aso. O Jove ! sir, I could never get him to read a line to me.

Amo. You must then wisely mix yourself in rank with such as you know can ; and, as your ears do meet with a new phrase, or an acute jest, take it in : a quick nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your next public meal, it is your own.

Aso. But I shall never utter it perfectly, sir.

Amo. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talk you shall play it away, as you do your light crowns at primero : it will pass.

Aso. I shall attempt, sir.

Amo. Do. It is your shifting age for wit, and, I

assure you, men must be prudent. After this you may to court, and there fall in, first with the waiting-woman, then with the lady. Put case they do retain you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some pair of months, or so ; or to read them asleep in afternoons upon some pretty pamphlet, to breathe you ; why, it shall in time embolden you to some farther achievement : in the interim, you may fashion yourself to be careless and impudent.

Aso. How if they would have me to make verses ? I heard Hedon spoke to for some.

Amo. Why, you must prove the aptitude of your genius ; if you find none, you must hearken out a vein, and buy ; provided you pay for the silence as for the work, then you may securely call it your own.

Aso. Yes, and I'll give out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

Amo. Rather seem not to know them, it is your best. Ay, be wise, that you never so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mentioned ; but if they be offered to you in discourse, shake your light head, make between a sad and a smiling face, pity some, rail at all, and commend yourself : 'tis your only safe and unsuspected course. Come, you shall look back upon the court again to-day, and be restored to your colours : I do now partly aim at the cause of your repulse—which was ominous indeed—for as you enter at the door, there is opposed to you the frame of a wolf in the hangings, which, surprising your eye suddenly, gave a false alarm to the heart ; and that was it called your blood out of your face, and so routed the whole rank of your spirits : I beseech you labour to forget it. And remember, as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort, Hedon and Anaides. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter HEDON and ANAIDES.

Hed. Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a whore-son bookworm, a candle-waster?

Ana. Nay, be not impatient, Hedon.

Hed. 'Slight, I would fain know his name.

Ana. Hang him, poor grogran rascal! prithee think not of him: I'll send for him to my lodging, and have him blanketed when thou wilt, man.

Hed. Ods so, I would thou couldst. Look, here he comes.

Enter CRITES, and walks in a musing posture at the back of the stage.

Laugh at him, laugh at him; ha, ha, ha!

Ana. Fough! he smells all lamp-oil with studying by candle-light.

Hed. How confidently he went by us, and carelessly! Never moved, nor stirred at anything! Did you observe him?

Ana. Ay, a pox on him, let him go, dormouse: he is in a dream now. He has no other time to sleep, but thus when he walks abroad to take the air.

Hed. 'Sprecious, this afflicts me more than all the rest, that we should so particularly direct our hate and contempt against him, and he to carry it thus without wound or passion! 'tis insufferable.

Ana. 'Slid, my dear Envy, if thou but say'st the word now, I'll undo him eternally for thee.

Hed. How, sweet Anaides?

Ana. Marry, half a score of us get him in, one night, and make him pawn his wit for a supper.

Hed. Away, thou hast such unseasonable jests ! By this heaven, I wonder at nothing more than our gentlemen ushers, that will suffer a piece of serge or perpetuana to come into the presence : methinks they should, out of their experience, better distinguish the silken disposition of courtiers, than to let such terrible coarse rags mix with us, able to fret any smooth or gentle society to the threads with their rubbing devices.

Ana. Unless 'twere Lent, Ember-weeks, or fasting-days, when the place is most penuriously empty of all other good outsides. D——n me, if I should adventure on his company once more, without a suit of buff to defend my wit ! he does nothing but stab, the slave ! How mischievously he crossed thy device of the prophecy there ? and Moria, she comes without her muff too, and there my invention was lost.

Hed. Well, I am resolved what I'll do.

Ana. What, my good spirituous spark ?

Hed. Marry, speak all the venom I can of him ; and poison his reputation in every place where I come.

Ana. 'Fore God, most courtly.

Hed. And if I chance to be present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or if anything he hath done private or public, I'll censure it slightly and ridiculously.

Ana. At any hand beware of that ; so thou mayst draw thine own judgment in suspect. No, I'll instruct thee what thou shalt do, and by a safer means : approve anything thou hearest of his, to the received opinion of it ; but if it be extraordinary, give it from him to some other whom thou more particularly affect'st ; that's the way to plague him, and he shall never come to defend himself. 'Slud, I'll give out all

he does is dictated from other men, and swear it too, if thou'lt have me, and that I know the time and place where he stole it, though my soul be guilty of no such thing ; and that I think, out of my heart, he hates such barren shifts : yet to do thee a pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'll damn myself, or do anything.

Hed. Gramercy, my dear devil ; we'll put it seriously in practice, i' faith. [*Exeunt HEDON and ANAIDES.*]

Cri. [*coming forward.*] Do, good Detraction, do, and I the while

Shall shake thy spite off with a careless smile.
Poor piteous gallants ! what lean idle slights
Their thoughts suggest to flatter their starved hopes !
As if I knew not how to entertain
These straw-devices ; but of force must yield
To the weak stroke of their calumnious tongues.
What should I care what every dor doth buz
In credulous ears ? It is a crown to me
That the best judgments can report me wronged ;
Them liars, and their slanders impudent.
Perhaps, upon the rumour of their speeches,
Some grieved friend will whisper to me ; Crites,
Men speak ill of thee. So they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better : for of such
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.
What can his censure hurt me whom the world
Hath censured vile before me ! If good Chrestus,
Euthus, or Phronimus, had spoke the words,
They would have moved me, and I should have called
My thoughts and actions to a strict account
Upon the hearing : but when I remember,
'Tis Hedon and Anaides, alas, then,
I think but what they are, and am not stirred.
The one a light voluptuous reveller,

The other, a strange arrogating puff,
Both impudent, and ignorant enough ;
That talk as they are wont, not as I merit :
Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark,
Do nothing out of judgment, but disease,
Speak ill, because they never could speak well.
And who'd be angry with this race of creatures ?
What wise physician have we ever seen
Moved with a frantic man ? the same affects¹
That he doth bear to his sick patient,
Should a right mind carry to such as these :
And I do count it a most rare revenge,
That I can thus, with such a sweet neglect,
Pluck from them all the pleasure of their malice,
For that's the mark of all their ingenious drifts,
To wound my patience, howsoe'er they seem
To aim at other objects ; which if missed,
Their envy's like an arrow shot upright,
That, in the fall, endangers their own heads.

Enter ARETE.

Are. What, Crites ! where have you drawn forth
the day,

You have not visited your jealous friends ?

Cri. Where I have seen, most honoured Arete,
The strangest pageant, fashioned like a court,
(At least I dreamt I saw it) so diffused,
So painted, pied, and full of rainbow strains,
As never yet, either by time, or place,
Was made the food to my distasted sense :
Nor can my weak imperfect memory
Now render half the forms unto my tongue,
That were convolved within this thrifty room.

¹ *I.e.*, affections, dispositions.

Here stalks me by a proud and spangled sir,
That looks three handfuls higher than his foretop ;
Savours himself alone, is only kind
And loving to himself ; one that will speak
More dark and doubtful than six oracles ;
Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch ;
Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat
For registring himself ; is waited on
By mimics, jesters, panders, parasites,
And other such like prodigies of men.
He past, appears some mincing marmoset
Made all of clothes and face ; his limbs so set
As if they had some voluntary act
Without man's motion, and must move just so
In spite of their creation : one that weighs
His breath between his teeth, and dares not smile
Beyond a point, for fear t'unstarch his look ;
Hath travelled to make legs, and seen the cringe
Of several courts, and courtiers ; knows the time
Of giving titles, and of taking walls ;
Hath read court-common-places ; made them his :
Studied the grammar of state, and all the rules
Each formal usher in that politic school
Can teach a man. A third comes, giving nods
To his repenting creditors, protests
To weeping suitors, takes the coming gold
Of insolent and base ambition,
That hourly rubs his dry and itchy palms ;
Which griped, like burning coals, he hurls away
Into the laps of bawds, and buffoons' mouths.
With him there meets some subtle Proteus, one
Can change, and vary with all forms he sees ;
Be anything but honest ; serves the time ;
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores

The drifts of both ; which, with cross face, he bears
To the divided heads, and is received
With mutual grace of either : one that dares
Do deeds worthy the hurdle or the wheel,
To be thought somebody : and is in sooth
Such as the satirist points truly forth,
That only to his crimes owes all his worth.

Are. You tell us wonders, Crites.

Cri. This is nothing.

There stands a neophite glazing of his face,
Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his hair,
Against his idol enters ; and repeats,
Like an unperfect prologue, at third music,
His part of speeches, and confederate jests,
In passion to himself. Another swears
His scene of courtship over ; bids, believe him,
Twenty times ere they will ; anon, doth seem
As he would kiss away his hand in kindness ;
Then walks off melancholic, and stands wreathed,
As he were pinned up to the arras, thus.
A third is most in action, swims and frisks,
Plays with his mistress's paps, salutes her pumps,
Adores her hems, her skirts, her knots, her curls,
Will spend his patrimony for a garter,
Or the least feather in her bounteous fan.
A fourth, he only comes in for a mute ;
Divides the act with a dumb show, and exit.
Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes their
scene,
A sixth times worse confusion than the rest.
Where you shall hear one talk of this man's eye,
Another of his lip, a third, his nose,
A fourth commend his leg, a fifth, his foot,
A sixth, his hand, and every one a limb ;

That you would think the poor distorted gallant
Must there expire. Then fall they in discourse
Of tires and fashions, how they must take place,
Where they may kiss, and whom, when to sit down,
And with what grace to rise ; if they salute,
What court'sy they must use : such cobweb stuff
As would enforce the common'st sense abhor
Th' Arachnean workers.

Are. Patience, gentle Crites.

This knot of spiders will be soon dissolved,
And all their webs swept out of Cynthia's court,
When once her glorious deity appears,
And but presents itself in her full light :
Till when, go in, and spend your hours with us,
Your honoured friends, Timè and Phronesis,
In contemplation of our goddess' name.
Think on some sweet and choice invention now,
Worthy her serious and illustrious eyes,
That from the merit of it we may take
Desired occasion to prefer your worth,
And make your service known to Cynthia.
It is the pride of Arete to grace
Her studious lovers ; and, in scorn of time,
Envy, and ignorance, to lift their state
Above a vulgar height. True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue :
Let them be good that love me, though but few.

Cri. I kiss thy hands, divinest Arete,
And vow myself to thee and Cynthia.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter AMORPHUS, followed by ASOTUS and his Tailor.

Amo. A little more forward : so, sir. Now go in, discloak yourself, and come forth. [*Exit ASOTUS.* Tailor, bestow thy absence upon us ; and be not prodigal of this secret, but to a dear customer. [*Exit Tailor.*

Re-enter ASOTUS.

'Tis well entered, sir. Stay, you come on too fast ; your pace is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the palace of your pleasure, or place where your lady is pleased to be seen. First, you present yourself, thus : and spying her, you fall off, and walk some two turns ; in which time, it is to be supposed, your passion hath sufficiently whited your face, then, stifling a sigh or two, and closing your lips, with a trembling boldness, and bold terror, you advance yourself forward. Prove thus much, I pray you.

Aso. Yes, sir ;—pray Jove I can light on it ! Here, I come in, you say, and present myself ?

Amo. Good.

Aso. And then I spy her, and walk off ?

Amo. Very good.

Aso. Now, sir, I stifle, and advance forward ?

Amo. Trembling.

Aso. Yes, sir, trembling : I shall do it better when I come to it. And what must I speak now ?

Amo. Marry, you shall say : "Dear Beauty," or "Sweet Honour," (or by what other title you please to remember her), "methinks you are melancholy." This is, if she be alone now, and discompanied.

Aso. Well, sir, I'll enter again ; her title shall be, "My dear Lindabrides."

Amo. Lindabrides !

Aso. Ay, sir, the Emperor Alicandroe's daughter, and the Prince Meridian's sister, in *The Knight of the Sun* ; she should have been married to him, but that the Princess Claridiana——

Amo. O, you betray your reading.

Aso. Nay, sir, I have read history, I am a little humanitian. Interrupt me not, good sir. "My dear Lindabrides,—my dear Lindabrides,—my dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy."

Amo. Ay, and take her by the rosy-fingered hand.

Aso. Must I so : O !—"My dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy."

Amo. Or thus, sir. "All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty."

Aso. Believe me, that's pretty. "All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty."

Amo. And then, offering to kiss her hand, if she shall coyly recoil, and signify your repulse ; you are to re-enforce yourself with him,

"More than most fair lady,

Let not the rigour of your just disdain

Thus coarsely censure of your servant's zeal."

And withal, protest her to be the only and absolute unparalleled creature you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Aso. This is hard, by my faith. I'll begin it all again

Amo. Do so, and I will act it for your lady.

Aso. Will you vouchsafe, sir? "All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty."

Amo. So, sir, pray you away.

Aso. "More than most fair lady,
Let not the rigour of your just disdain
Thus coarsely censure of your servant's zeal ;
I protest you are the only, and absolute, unap-
paralleled——"

Amo. Unparalleled.

Aso. "Unparalleled creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom."

Amo. This is, if she abide you. But now, put the case she should be passant when you enter, as thus : you are to frame your gait thereafter, and call upon her, "lady, nymph, sweet refuge, star of our court." Then, if she be guardant, here ; you are to come on, and, laterally disposing yourself, swear by her blushing and well-coloured cheek, the bright dye of her hair, her ivory teeth (though they be ebony), or some such white and innocent oath, to induce you. If regardant, then maintain your station, brisk and irpe, show the supple motion of your pliant body, but in chief of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

Aso. I conceive you, sir, I shall perform all these things in good time, I doubt not, they do so hit me.

Amo. Well, sir, I am your lady ; make use of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your own invention ; and prove how you can hold up, and follow it. Say, say.

Aso. Yes, sir. "My dear Lindabrides."

Amo. No, you affect that Lindabrides too much ; and let me tell you it is not so courtly. Your pedant should provide you some parcels of French, or some pretty commodity of Italian, to commence with, if you would be exotic and exquisite.

Aso. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gave him a doublet.

Amo. Double your benevolence, and give him the hose too ; clothe you his body, he will help to apparel your mind. But now, see what your proper genius can perform alone, without adjection of any other Minerva.

Aso. I comprehend you, sir.

Amo. I do stand you, sir: fall back to your first place. Good, passing well ; very properly pursued.

Aso. "Beautiful, ambiguous, and sufficient lady, what ! are you all alone ?"

Amo. "We would be, sir, if you would leave us."

Aso. "I am at your beauty's appointment, bright angel ; but——"

Amo. "What but ?"

Aso. "No harm, more than most fair feature."

Amo. That touch relished well.

Aso. "But, I protest——"

Amo. "And why should you protest ?"

Aso. "For good will, dear esteemed madam, and I hope your ladyship will so conceive of it :

'And will, in time, return from your disdain,
And rue the suffrance of our friendly pain.'"

Amo. O, that piece was excellent ! If you could pick out more of these play-particles, and, as occasion

shall salute you, embroider or damask your discourse with them, persuade your soul, it would most judiciously commend you. Come, this was a well-discharged and auspicious bout. Prove the second.

Aso. "Lady, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow."

Amo. "Why, if you can revel it in white, sir, 'tis sufficient."

Aso. "Say you so, sweet lady! Lan, tede, de, de, de, dant, dant, dant, dante. [*Sings and dances.*] No, in good faith, madam, whosoever told your ladyship so, abused you; but I would be glad to meet your ladyship in a measure."

Amo. "Me, sir! Belike you measure me by yourself, then?"

Aso. "Would I might, fair feature."

Amo. "And what were you the better, if you might?"

Aso. "The better it please you to ask, fair lady."

Amo. Why, this was ravishing, and most acutely continued. Well, spend not your humour too much, you have now competently exercised your conceit: this, once or twice a day will render you an accomplished, elaborate, and well-levelled gallant. Convey in your courting-stock, we will in the heat of this go visit the nymphs' chamber. [*Exeunt.*]





ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PHANTASTE, PHILAUTIA, ARGURION, MORIA, and CUPID.



HA. I would this water would arrive once, our travelling friend so commended to us.

Arg. So would I, for he has left all us in travail with expectation of it.

Pha. Pray Jove, I never rise from this couch, if ever I thirsted more for a thing in my whole time of being a courtier.

Phi. Nor I, I'll be sworn : the very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heat, than if he had sprinkled them with mercury. Reach me the glass, sirrah.

Cup. Here, lady.

Mor. They do not peel, sweet charge, do they ?

Phi. Yes, a little, guardian.

Mor. O, 'tis an eminent good sign. Ever when my lips do so, I am sure to have some delicious good drink or other approaching.

Arg. Marry, and this may be good for us ladies ; for it seems 'tis far fet by their stay.

Mor. My palate for yours, dear Honour, it shall prove most elegant, I warrant you. O, I do fancy

this gear that's long a coming, with unmeasurable strain.

Pha. Pray thee sit down, Philautia ; that rebatu¹ becomes thee singularly.

Phi. Is it not quaint ?

Pha. Yes, faith. Methinks, thy servant Hedon is nothing so obsequious to thee as he was won't to be : I know not how, he is grown out of his garb a-late, he's warped.

Mor. In trueness, and so methinks too : he is much converted.

Phi. Tut, let him be what he will, 'tis an animal I dream not of. This tire, methinks, makes me look very ingeniously, quick, and spirited ; I should be some Laura, or some Delia, methinks.

Mor. As I am wise, fair Honours, that title she gave him, to be her Ambition, spoiled him : before, he was the most propitious and observant young novice——

Pha. No, no, you are the whole heaven awry guardian ; 'tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides draws with him there, has been the diverter of him.

Phi. For Cupid's sake speak no more of him, would I might never dare to look in a mirror again, if I respect ever a marmoset of 'em all, otherwise than I would a feather, or my shuttlecock, to make sport with now and then.

Pha. Come, sit down ; troth, an you be good beauties, let's run over them all now. Which is the properest man amongst them ? I say, the traveller, Amorphus.

Phi. O, fie on him, he looks like a Venetian

¹ A kind of ruff or collar-band, which turned back, and lay in plaits, on the shoulders.

trumpeter in the battle of Lepanto, in the gallery yonder ; and speaks to the tune of a country lady, that comes ever in the rearward or train of a fashion.

Mor. I should have judgment in a feature, sweet beauties.

Pha. A body would think so, at these years.

Mor. And I prefer another now, far before him, a million at least.

Pha. Who might that be, guardian ?

Mor. Marry, fair charge, Anaides.

Pha. Anaides ! you talked of a tune, Philautia : there's one speaks in a key, like the opening of some justice's gate, or a postboy's horn, as if his voice feared an arrest for some ill words it should give, and were loth to come forth.

Phi. Ay, and he has a very imperfect face.

Pha. Like a sea-monster, that were to ravish Andromeda from the rock.

Phi. His hands too great too, by at least a straw's breadth.

Pha. Nay, he has a worse fault than that too.

Phi. A long heel ?

Pha. That were a fault in a lady, rather than him : no, they say he puts off the calves of his legs, with his stockings, every night.

Phi. Out upon him ! Turn to another of the pictures, for love's sake. What says Argurion ? Whom does she commend after the rest ?

Cup. I hope I have instructed her sufficiently for an answer. [Aside.

Mor. Troth, I made the motion to her ladyship for one to-day, i' the presence, but it appeared she was otherways furnished before : she would none.

Pha. Who was that, Argurion ?

Mor. Marry, the poor plain gentleman in the black there.

Pha. Who, Crites?

Arg. Ay, ay, he : a fellow that nobody so much as looked upon, or regarded ; and she would have had me done him particular grace.

Pha. That was a true trick of yourself, Moria, to persuade Argurion to affect the scholar.

Arg. Tut, but she shall be no chooser for me. In good faith, I like the citizen's son there, Asotus ; methinks none of them all come near him.

Pha. Not Hedon ?

Arg. Hedon ! in troth, no. Hedon's a pretty slight courtier, and he wears his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion ; marry, his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, the other is a most delicate youth ; a sweet face, a straight body, a well-proportioned leg and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

Phi. How now, Argurion ?

Pha. O, you should have let her alone, she was bestowing a copy of him upon us. Such a nose were enough to make me love a man, now.

Phi. And then his several colours, he wears ; wherein he flourishes changeably, every day.

Pha. O, but his short hair, and his narrow eyes !

Phi. Why she doats more palpably upon him than ever his father did upon her.

Pha. Believe me, the young gentleman deserves it. If she could doat more, 'twere not amiss. He is an exceeding proper youth, and would have made a most neat barber-surgeon, if he had been put to it in time.

Phi. Say you so ! Methinks he looks like a tailor already.

Pha. Ay, that had sayed on one of his customer's suits. His face is like a squeezed orange, or——

Arg. Well, ladies, jest on : the best of you both would be glad of such a servant.

Mor. Ay, I'll be sworn would they, though he be a little shame-faced.

Pha. Shame-faced, Moria ! out upon him. Your shame-faced servant is your only gull.

Mor. Go to, beauties, make much of time, and place, and occasion, and opportunity, and favourites, and things that belong to them, for I'll ensure you they will all relinquish ; they cannot endure above another year ; I know it out of future experience ; and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reveller myself, and though I speak it, as mine own trumpet, I was then esteemed——

Phi. The very march-pane of the court I warrant you.

Pha. And all the gallants came about you like flies, did they not ?

Mor. Go to, they did somewhat ; that's no matter now.

Pha. Nay, good Moria, be not angry. Put case, that we four now had the grant from Juno, to wish ourselves into what happy estate we could, what would you wish to be, Moria ?

Mor. Who, I ! let me see now. I would wish to be a wise woman, and know all the secrets of court, city, and country. I would know what were done behind the arras, what upon the stairs, what in the garden, what in the nymphs' chamber, what by barge, and what by coach. I would tell you which courtier were scabbed and which not ; which lady had her own face to lie with her a-nights and which not ; who

put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their hair, who their complexion ; and in which box they put it. There should not a nymph, or a widow, be got with child in the Verge, but I would guess, within one or two, who was the right father, and in what month it was gotten ; with what words, and which way. I would tell you which madam loved a monsieur, which a player, which a page ; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-usher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkey, and who with all ; yes, and who jigged the cock too.

Pha. Fie, you'd tell all, Moria ! If I should wish now, it should be to have your tongue out. But what says Philautia ? Who should she be ?

Phi. Troth, the very same I am. Only I would wish myself a little more command and sovereignty ; that all the court were subject to my absolute beck, and all things in it depending on my look ; as if there were no other heaven but in my smile, nor other hell but in my frown ; that I might send for any man I list, and have his head cut off when I have done with him, or made an eunuch if he denied me ; and if I saw a better face than mine own, I might have my doctor to poison it. What would you wish, Phantaste ?

Pha. Faith, I cannot readily tell you what : but methinks I should wish myself all manner of creatures. Now I would be an empress, and by and by a duchess ; then a great lady of state, then one of your miscellany madams, then a waiting-woman, then your citizen's wife, then a coarse country gentlewoman, then a dairy-maid, then a shepherd's lass, then an empress again, or the queen of fairies : and thus I would prove

the vicissitudes and whirl of pleasures about and again. As I were a shepherdess, I would be piped and sung to ; as a dairy-wench, I would dance at maypoles, and make syllabubs ; as a country gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come up to term to see motions ; as a citizen's wife, be troubled with a jealous husband, and put to my shifts ; others' miseries should be my pleasures. As a waiting-woman I would taste my lady's delights to her ; as a miscellany madam, invent new tires, and go visit courtiers ; as a great lady, lie a-bed, and have courtiers visit me ; as a duchess, I would keep my state ; and as an empress, I would do anything. And, in all these shapes, I would ever be followed with the affections of all that see me. Marry, I myself would affect none : or if I did, it should not be heartily, but so as I might save myself in them still, and take pride in tormenting the poor wretches. Or, now I think on't, I would, for one year, wish myself one woman ; but the richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdom, the very centre of wealth and beauty, wherein all lines of love should meet ; and in that person I would prove all manner of suitors, of all humours, and of all complexions, and never have any two of a sort. I would see how love, by the power of his object, could work inwardly alike, in a choleric man and a sanguine, in a melancholic and a phlegmatic, in a fool and a wise man, in a clown and a courtier, in a valiant man and a coward ; and how he could vary outward, by letting this gallant express himself in dumb gaze ; another with sighing and rubbing his fingers ; a third, with play-ends and pitiful verses ; a fourth with stabbing himself, and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his blood ; a fifth, in coloured ribands and good clothes ;

with this lord to smile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to dote, and one lord to hang himself. And, then, I to have a book made of all this, which I would call the *Book of Humours*, and every night read a little piece ere I slept, and laugh at it.—Here comes Hedon.

Enter HEDON, ANAIDES, and MERCURY, who retires with CUPID to the back of the stage, where they converse together.

Hed. Save you, sweet and clear beauties ! By the spirit that moves in me, you are all most pleasingly bestowed, ladies. Only I can take it for no good omen, to find mine Honour so dejected.

Phi. You need not fear, sir ; I did of purpose humble myself against your coming, to decline the pride of my Ambition.

Hed. Fair Honour, Ambition dares not stoop ; but if it be your sweet pleasure I shall lose that title, I will, as I am Hedon, apply myself to your bounties.

Phi. That were the next way to dis-title myself of honour. O no, rather be still Ambitious, I pray you.

Hed. I will be anything that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to be yourself, lady. Sweet Phantaste, dear Moria, most beautiful Argurion——

Ana. Farewell, Hedon.

Hed. Anaides, stay, whither go you ?

Ana. 'Slight, what should I do here ? an you engross them all for your own use, 'tis time for me to seek out.

Hed. I engross them ! Away, mischief ; this is one of your extravagant jests now, because I began to salute them by their names.

Ana. Faith, you might have spared us Madam

Prudence, the guardian there, though you had more covetously aimed at the rest.

Hed. 'Sheart, take them all, man : what speak you to me of aiming or covetous ?

Ana. Ay, say you so ! nay, then, have at them :— Ladies, here's one hath distinguished you by your names already. It shall only become me to ask how you do.

Hed. Ods so, was this the design you travailed with ?

Pha. Who answers the brazen head ? it spoke to somebody.

Ana. Lady Wisdom, do you interpret for these puppets ?

Mor. In truth and sadness, honours, you are in great offence for this. Go to ; the gentleman (I'll undertake with him) is a man of fair living, and able to maintain a lady in her two coaches a day, besides pages, monkeys, and paraquettoes, with such attendants as she shall think meet for her turn ; and therefore there is more respect requirable, howsoe'er you seem to connive. Hark you, sir, let me discourse a syllable with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close-and-open behaviour as haply you may suspend ; their carriage is well known to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinary.

Mer. O, here comes the other pair.

Enter AMORPHUS and ASOTUS.

Amo. That was your father's love, the nymph Argurion. I would have you direct all your courtship thither : if you could but endear yourself to her affection, you were eternally engallanted.

Aso. In truth, sir ! pray Phœbus I prove favoursome in her fair eyes.

Amo. All divine mixture, and increase of beauty to this bright bevy of ladies ; and to the male courtiers, compliment and courtesy.

Hed. In the behalf of the males, I gratify you, Amorphus.

Pha. And I of the females.

Amo. Succinctly returned. I do vail to both your thanks, and kiss them ; but primarily to yours, most ingenious, acute, and polite lady.

Phi. Ods my life, how he does all-to-be-qualify her ! *ingenious, acute, and polite !* as if there was not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite as she.

Hed. Yes, but you must know, lady, he cannot speak out of a dictionary method.

Pha. Sit down, sweet Amorphus. When will this water come, think you ?

Amo. It cannot now be long, fair lady.

Cup. Now observe, Mercury.

Aso. How, most ambiguous beauty ! love you ? that I will by this handkerchief.

Mer. 'Slid, he draws his oaths out of his pocket.

Arg. But will you be constant ?

Aso. Constant, madam ! I will not say for constantness ; but by this purse, which I would be loth to swear by, unless it were embroidered, I protest, more than most fair lady, you are the only absolute and unparalleled creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom. Methinks you are melancholy.

Arg. Does your heart speak all this ?

Aso. Say you ?

Mer. O, he is groping for another oath.

Aso. Now by this watch—I marle how forward the day is—I do unfeignedly vow myself—'sight, 'tis

deeper than I took it, past five—yours entirely addicted, madam.

Arg. I require no more, dearest Asotus ; henceforth let me call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to wear this chain and this diamond.

Aso. O lord, sweet lady !

Cup. There are new oaths for him. What ! doth Hermes taste no alteration in all this ?

Mer. Yes, thou hast strook Argurion enamoured on Asotus, methinks.

Cup. Alas, no ; I am nobody, I ; I can do nothing in this disguise.

Mer. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, Cupid.

Cup. Not yet ; it is enough that I have begun so prosperously.

Arg. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourly bestow upon thee ; be but faithful and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties ; behold, here my bracelets from mine arms

Aso. Not so, good lady, by this diamond.

Arg. Take 'em, wear 'em ; my jewels, chain of pearl, pendants, all I have.

Aso. Nay, then, by this pearl you make me a wanton.

Cup. Shall she not answer for this, to maintain him thus in swearing ?

Mer. O no, there is a way to wean him from this, the gentleman may be reclaimed.

Cup. Ay, if you had the airing of his apparel, coz, I think.

Aso. Loving ! 'twere pity an I should be living else, believe me. Save you, sir, save you, sweet lady, save you, Monsieur Anaides, save you, dear madam.

Ana. Dost thou know him that saluted thee, Hedon?

Hed. No, some idle Fungoso, that hath got above the cupboard since yesterday.

Ana. 'Slud, I never saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly as if we had known together since the deluge, or the first year of Troy action.

Amo. A most right-handed and auspicious encounter. Confine yourself to your fortunes.

Phi. For sport's sake let's have some Riddles or Purposes, ho!

Pha. No, faith, your Prophecies are best, the t'other are stale.

Phi. Prophecies! we cannot all sit in at them; we shall make a confusion. No; what called you that we had in the forenoon?

Pha. Substantives and adjectives, is it not, Hedon?

Phi. Ay, that. Who begins?

Pha. I have thought; speak your adjectives, sirs.

Phi. But do not you change then.

Pha. Not I. Who says?

Mor. Odoriferous.

Phi. Popular.

Arg. Humble.

Ana. White-livered.

Hed. Barbarous.

Amo. Pythagorical.

Hed. Yours, signior?

Aso. What must I do, sir?

Amo. Give forth your adjective with the rest; as preposterous, good, fair, sweet, well——

Hed. Anything that hath not been spoken.

Aso. Yes, sir, well-spoken shall be mine.

Pha. What, have you all done?

All. Ay.

Pha. Then the substantive is Breeches. Why *odoriferous* breeches, guardian?

Mor. Odoriferous,—because odoriferous: that which contains most variety of savour and smell we say is most odoriferous; now breeches, I presume, are incident to that variety, and therefore odoriferous breeches.

Pha. Well, we must take it howsoever. Who's next? Philautia?

Phi. Popular.

Pha. Why *popular* breeches?

Phi. Marry, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will press forth on common stages and brokers' stalls, to the public view of the world.

Pha. Good. Why *humble* breeches, Argurion?

Arg. Humble! because they use to be sat upon; besides, if you tie them not up, their property is to fall down about your heels.

Mer. She has worn the breeches, it seems, which have done so.

Pha. But why *white-livered*?

Ana. Why! are not their linings white? Besides, when they come in swaggering company, and will pocket up anything, may they not properly be said to be white-livered?

Pha. O yes, we must not deny it. And why *barbarous*, Hedon?

Hed. Barbarous! because commonly, when you have worn your breeches sufficiently, you give them to your barber.

Amo. That's good; but how *Pythagorical*?

Phi. Ay, Amorphus, why Pythagorical breeches?

Amo. O most kindly of all ; 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my brain for.

Pha. How is it, exquisite Amorphus ?

Amo. O, I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy——

Phi. Nay, do not rack us thus.

Amo. I never truly relished myself before. Give me your ears. Breeches Pythagorical, by reason of their transmigration into several shapes.

Mor. Most rare, in sweet troth. Marry this young gentleman, for his well-spoken——

Pha. Ay, why *well-spoken* breeches ?

Aso. Well-spoken ! Marry, well-spoken, because— whatsoever they speak is well taken ; and whatsoever is well taken is well spoken.

Mor. Excellent ! believe me.

Aso. Not so, ladies, neither.

Hed. But why breeches, now ?

Pha. Breeches, *quasi* bear-riches ; when a gallant bears all his riches in his breeches.

Amo. Most fortunately etymologised.

Pha. Nay, we have another sport afore this, of A thing done, and who did it, &c.

Phi. Ay, good Phantaste, let's have that : distribute the places.

Pha. Why, I imagine, A thing done ; Hedon thinks, who did it ; Moria, with what it was done ; Anaides, where it was done ; Argurion, when it was done ; Amorphus, for what cause was it done ; you, Philautia, what followed upon the doing of it ; and this gentleman, who would have done it better ? What ? is it conceived about ?

All. Yes, yes.

Pha. Then speak you, sir. *Who would have done it better ?*

Aso. How ! does it begin at me ?

Pha. Yes, sir : this play is called the Crab, it goes backward.

Aso. May I not name myself ?

Phi. If you please, sir, and dare abide the venture of it.

Aso. Then I would have done it better, whatever it is.

Pha. No doubt on't, sir : a good confidence. *What followed upon the act, Philautia ?*

Phi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth:

Pha. *For what cause, Amorphus ?*

Amo. For the delight of ladies.

Pha. *When, Argurion ?*

Arg. Last progress.

Pha. *Where, Anaides ?*

Ana. Why, in a pair of pained slops.¹

Pha. *With what, Moria ?*

Mor. With a glyster.

Pha. *Who, Hedon ?*

Hed. A traveller.

Pha. Then the thing done was, *An oration was made.* Rehearse. An oration was made—

Hed. By a traveller—

Mor. With a glyster—

Ana. In a pair of pained slops—

Arg. Last progress—

Amo. For the delight of ladies—

Phi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth followed.

Pha. And, this silent gentleman would have done it better.

¹ Large and loose breeches, which were the fashionable dress of the age, and seem to have been made of *panes* or partitions, perhaps of different colours.

Aso. This was not so good, now.

Phi. In good faith, these unhappy pages would be whipped for staying thus.

Mor. Beshrew my hand and my heart else.

Amo. I do wonder at their protraction.

Ana. Pray Venus my whore have not discovered herself to the rascally boys, and that be the cause of their stay.

Aso. I must suit myself with another page : this idle Prosaites will never be brought to wait well.

Mor. Sir, I have a kinsman I could willingly wish to your service, if you will deign to accept of him.

Aso. And I shall be glad, most sweet lady, to embrace him. Where is he ?

Mor. I can fetch him, sir, but I would be loth to make you to turn away your other page.

Aso. You shall not, most sufficient lady ; I will keep both : pray you let's go see him.

Arg. Whither goes my love ?

Aso. I'll return presently, I go but to see a page with this lady. [*Exeunt ASOTUS and MORIA.*]

Ana. As sure as fate, 'tis so ; she has opened all : a pox of all cockatrices ! D—n me, if she have played loose with me, I'll cut her throat, within a hair's breadth, so it may be healed again.

Mer. What, is he jealous of his hermaphrodite ?

Cup. O, ay, this will be excellent sport.

Phi. Phantaste, Argurion ! what, you are suddenly struck, methinks ! For love's sake let's have some music till they come : Ambition, reach the lyra, I pray you.

Hed. Anything to which my Honour shall direct me.

Phi. Come, Amorphus, cheer up Phantaste.

Amo. It shall be my pride, fair lady, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that alone is able to infuse soul into the most melancholic and dull-disposed creature upon earth. O, let me kiss thy fair knees. Beauteous ears, attend it.

Hed. Will you have "*the Kiss*," Honour?

Phi. Ay, good Ambition.

HEDON *sings.*

O, that joy so soon should waste !

Or so sweet a bliss

As a kiss

Might not for ever last !

So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,

The dew that lies on roses,

When the morn herself discloses,

Is not so precious.

O rather than I would it smother,

Were I to taste such another ;

It should be my wishing

That I might die with kissing.

Hed. I made this ditty, and the note to it, upon a kiss that my Honour gave me ; how like you it, sir ?

Amo. A pretty air ; in general, I like it well : but in particular, your long die-note did arride me most, but it was somewhat too long. I can show one almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long, in a composition of mine own. I think I have both the note and ditty about me.

Hed. Pray you, sir, see.

Amo. Yes, there is the note ; and all the parts if I misthink not. I will read the ditty to your beauties here ; but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents itself thus. Upon a time,

going to take my leave of the emperor, and kiss his great hands, there being then present the kings of France and Arragon, the dukes of Savoy, Florence, Orleans, Bourbon, Brunswick, the Landgrave, Count Palatine ; all which had severally feasted me ; besides infinite more of inferior persons, as counts and others ; it was my chance (the emperor detained by some exorbitant affair) to wait him the fifth part of an hour, or much near it. In which time, retiring myself into a bay-window, the beauteous lady Annabel, niece to the empress, and sister to the king of Arragon, who having never before eyed me, but only heard the common report of my virtue, learning, and travel, fell into that extremity of passion for my love, that she immediately swooned : physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed ; where, languishing some few days, after many times calling upon me, with my name in her lips, she expired. As that (I must mourningly say) is the only fault of my fortune, that, as it hath ever been my hap to be sued to, by all ladies and beauties, where I have come ; so I never yet sojourned or rested in that place or part of the world, where some high-born, admirable, fair feature died not for my love.

Mer. O, the sweet power of travel !—Are you guilty of this, Cupid ?

Cup. No, Mercury, and that his page Cos knows, if he were here present to be sworn.

Phi. But how doth this draw on the ditty, sir ?

Mer. O, she is too quick with him ; he hath not devised that yet.

Amo. Marry, some hour before she departed, she bequeathed to me this glove : which golden legacy, the emperor himself took care to send after me, in six

coaches, covered all with black velvet, attended by the state of his empire ; all which he freely presented me with : and I reciprocally (out of the same bounty) gave to the lords that brought it : only reserving the gift of the deceased lady, upon which I composed this ode, and set it to my most affected instrument, the lyra.

Thou more than most sweet glove,
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging, that now misses
The pure rosy hand, that wear thee,
Whiter than the kid that bare thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer ;
Cupid's self hath kissed it oft
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves,
That was thy mistress, BEST OF GLOVES.

Mer. Blasphemy, blasphemy, Cupid !

Cup. I'll revenge it time enough, Hermes.

Phi. Good Amorphus, let's hear it sung.

Amo. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth Philautia to request it.

Hed. Here, sir.

Amo. Nay, play it, I pray you ; you do well, you do well. [*He sings it.*] How like you it, sir ?

Hed. Very well, in troth.

Amo. But very well ! O, you are a mere mammothrept¹ in judgment, then. Why, do you not observe how excellently the ditty is affected in every place ? that I do not marry a word of short quantity to a long note ? nor an ascending syllable to a descending

¹ A spoiled child, a delicate nursling.

tone? Besides, upon the word *best* there, you see how I do enter with an odd minum, and drive it through the brief; which no intelligent musician, I know, but will affirm to be very rare, extraordinary, and pleasing.

Mer. And yet not fit to lament the death of a lady, for all this.

Cup. Tut, here be they will swallow anything.

Pha. Pray you, let me have a copy of it, Amorphus.

Phi. And me too; in troth, I like it exceedingly.

Amo. I have denied it to princes; nevertheless, to you, the true female twins of perfection, I am won to depart withal.

Hed. I hope, I shall have my Honour's copy.

Pha. You are ambitious in that, Hedon.

Re-enter ANAIDES.

Amo. How now, Anaides? what is it hath conjured up this distemperature in the circle of your face?

Ana. Why, what have you to do? A pox upon your filthy travelling face! hold your tongue.

Hed. Nay, dost hear, Mischief?

Ana. Away, musk-cat!

Amo. I say to thee thou art rude, debauched, impudent, coarse, unpolished, a frapler,¹ and base.

Hed. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has half a year's haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a tufftaffata jerkin to town but the other day, and a pair of pennyless hose, and now he is turned Hercules, he wants but a club.

Ana. Sir, you with the pencil on your chin; I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all.

[*Exit.*

¹ One who quarrels, a bully.

Mer. 'Slid, what rare fireworks be here? flash, flash.

Pha. What's the matter, Hedon? can you tell?

Hed. Nothing, but that he lacks crowns, and thinks we'll lend him some to be friends.

Re-enter ASOTUS and MORIA, with MORUS.

Aso. Come, sweet lady, in good truth I'll have it, you shall not deny me. Morus, persuade your aunt I may have her picture, by any means.

Morus. Yea, sir: good aunt now, let him have it, he will use me the better; if you love me, do, good aunt.

Mor. Well, tell him he shall have it.

Morus. Master, you shall have it, she says.

Aso. Shall I? thank her, good page.

Cup. What, has he entertained the fool?

Mer. Ay, he'll wait close, you shall see, though the beggar hang off a while.

Morus. Aunt, my master thanks you.

Mor. Call him hither.

Morus. Yes; master.

Mor. Yes, in verity, and gave me this purse, and he has promised me a most fine dog; which he will have drawn with my picture, he says: and desires most vehemently to be known to your ladyships.

Pha. Call him hither, 'tis good groping such a gull.

Morus. Master Asotus, Master Asotus!

Aso. For love's sake, let me go: you see I am called to the ladies.

Arg. Wilt thou forsake me, then?

Aso. Od so! what would you have me do?

Mer. Come hither, Master Asotus.—I do ensure your ladyships, he is a gentleman of a very worthy

desert : and of a most bountiful nature.—You must show and insinuate yourself responsible, and equivalent now to my commendment.—Good honours, grace him.

Aso. I protest, more than most fair ladies, “I do wish all variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend these fair beauties.” Will it please your ladyship to wear this chain of pearl, and this diamond, for my sake ?

Arg. O !

Aso. And you, madam, this jewel and pendants ?

Arg. O !

Pha. We know not how to deserve these bounties, out of so slight merit, Asotus.

Phi. No, in faith, but there's my glove for a favour.

Pha. And soon after the revels, I will bestow a garter on you.

Aso. O lord, ladies ! it is more grace than ever I could have hoped, but that it pleaseth your ladyships to extend. I protest it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my —— if your ladyship want embroidered gowns, tires of any fashion, rebatoes, jewels, or carcanets, anything whatsoever, if you vouchsafe to accept——

Cup. And for it they will help you to shoe-ties and devices.

Aso. I cannot utter myself, dear beauties, but you can conceive——

Arg. O !

Pha. Sir, we will acknowledge your service, doubt not—henceforth, you shall be no more Asotus to us, but our goldfinch, and we your cages.

Aso. O Venus ! madams ! how shall I deserve this ?

if I were but made acquainted with Hedon, now—
I'll try ; pray you, away. [To ARGURION.

Mor. How he prays money to go away from him !

Aso. Amorphus, a word with you ; here's a watch
I would bestow upon you, pray you make me known
to that gallant.

Amo. That I will, sir.—Monsieur Hedon, I must
entreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis a thing, next to the water we expect, I
thirst after, sir. Good Monsieur Asotus.

Aso. Good Monsieur Hedon, I would be glad to be
loved of men of your rank and spirit, I protest. Please
you to accept this pair of bracelets, sir ; they are not
worth the bestowing——

Mer. O Hercules, how the gentleman purchases !
this must needs bring Argurion to a consumption.

Hed. Sir, I shall never stand in the merit of such
bounty, I fear.

Aso. O Venus, sir ; your acquaintance shall be
sufficient. And, if at any time you need my bill,
or my bond——

Arg. O, O ! [Swoons.

Amo. Help the lady there !

Mor. Gods-dear, Argurion ! madam, how do you ?

Arg. Sick.

Pha. Have her forth, and give her air

Aso. I come again straight, ladies.

[*Exeunt* ASOTUS, MORUS, and ARGURION.

Mer. Well, I doubt all the physic he has will scarce
recover her ; she's too far spent.

Re-enter ANAIDES with GELAIA, PROSAITES and
COS, with the bottles.

Phi. O, here's the water come ; fetch glasses, page.

Gel. Heart of my body, here's a coil, indeed, with your jealous humours ! nothing but whore and bitch, and all the villainous swaggering names you can think on ! 'Slid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'll see you poxed ere I follow you any longer.

Ana. Nay, good punk, sweet rascal ; d—n me, if I am jealous now.

Gel. That's true, indeed ; pray let's go.

Mor. What's the matter, there ?

Gel. 'Slight, he has me upon interrogatories (nay, my mother shall know how you use me), where I have been ? and why I should stay so long, and, how is't possible ? and withal calls me at his pleasure I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

Mor. In truth and sadness, these are no good epitaphs, Anaides, to bestow upon any gentlewoman ; and I'll ensure you if I had known you would have dealt thus with my daughter, she would never have fancied you so deeply as she has done. Go to.

Ana. Why, do you hear, Mother Moria ? heart !

Mor. Nay, I pray you, sir, do not swear.

Ana. Swear ! why ? 'sblood, I have sworn afore now, I hope. Both you and your daughter mistake me. I have not honoured Arete, that is held the worthiest lady in court, next to Cynthia, with half that observance and respect as I have done her in private, howsoever outwardly I have carried myself careless and negligent. Come, you are a foolish punk, and know not when you are well employed. Kiss me, come on ! do it, I say.

Mor. Nay, indeed, I must confess, she is apt to misprision. But I must have you leave it, minion.

Re-enter ASOTUS.

Amo. How now, Asotus ? how does the lady ?

Aso. Faith, ill. I have left my page with her, at her lodging.

Hed. O, here's the rarest water that ever was tasted : fill him some.

Pro. What ! has my master a new page ?

Mer. Yes, a kinsman of the Lady Moria's : you must wait better now, or you are cashiered, Prosaites.

Ana. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour ; when I am angry, that anything crosses me, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drink to you.

Phi. O, that we had five or six bottles more of this liquor !

Pha. Now I commend your judgment, Amorphus :
[*knocking within.*] Who's that knocks ? look page.

[*Exit Cos.*

Mor. O, most delicious ; a little of this would make Argurion well.

Pha. O, no, give her no cold drink by any means.

Ana. 'Sblood, this water is the spirit of wine, I'll be hanged else.

Re-enter COS with ARETE.

Cos. Here's the Lady Arete, madam.

Are. What, at your bever, gallants ?

Mor. Will't please your ladyship to drink ? 'tis of the New Fountain water.

Are. Not I, Moria, I thank you.—Gallants, you are for this night free to your peculiar delights ; Cynthia will have no sports : when she is pleased to come forth, you shall have knowledge. In the meantime, I could wish you did provide for solemn revels, and some unlooked-for device of wit, to entertain her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

Amo. What say you to a masque ?

Hed. Nothing better, if the project were new and rare.

Are. Why, I'll send for Crites, and have his advice : be you ready in your endeavours : he shall discharge you of the inventive part.

Pha. But will not your ladyship stay ?

Are. Not now, Phantaste.

[*Exit.*

Phi. Let her go, I pray you good Lady Sobriety, I am glad we are rid of her.

Pha. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as she were still going to a sacrifice !

Phi. O, she is the extraction of a dozen of Puritans, for a look.

Mor. Of all nymphs i' the court, I cannot away with her ; 'tis the coarsest thing !

Phi. I wonder how Cynthia can affect her so above the rest. Here be they are every way as fair as she, and a thought fairer, I trow.

Pha. Ay, and as ingenious and conceited as she.

Mor. Ay, and as politic as she, for all she sets such a forehead on't.

Phi. Would I were dead, if I would change to be Cynthia.

Pha. Or I.

Mor. Or I.

Amo. And there's her minion, Crites : why his advice more than Amorphus ? Have not I invention afore him ? learning to better that invention above him ? and infanted with pleasant travel——

Ana. Death, what talk you of his learning ? he understands no more than a schoolboy ; I have put him down myself a thousand times, by this air, and yet I never talked with him but twice in my life : you

never saw his like. I could never get him to argue with me but once; and then, because I could not construe an author I quoted at first sight, he went away and laughed at me. By Hercules, I scorn him, as I do the sodden nymph that was here even now, his mistress, Arete? and I love myself for nothing else.

Hed. I wonder the fellow does not hang himself, being thus scorned and contemned of us that are held the most accomplished society of gallants.

Mer. By yourselves, none else.

Hed. I protest, if I had no music in me, no courtship, that I were not a reveller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that give a man life and perfection, but a mere poor scholar as he is, I think I should make some desperate way with myself; whereas now—would I might never breathe more, if I do know that creature in this kingdom with whom I would change.

Cup. This is excellent! Well, I must alter all this soon.

Mer. Look you do, Cupid. The bottles have wrought, it seems.

Aso. O, I am sorry the revels are crost. I should have tickled it soon. I did never appear till then. 'Slid, I am the neatliest-made gallant i' the company, and have the best presence; and my dancing—well, I know what our usher said to me last time I was at the school. Would I might have let Philautia in the measures, an it had been the gods' will! I am most worthy, I am sure.

Re-enter MORUS.

Morus. Master, I can tell you news; the lady kissed

me yonder, and played with me, and says she loved you once as well as she does me, but that you cast her off.

Aso. Peace, my most esteemed page.

Morus. Yes.

Aso. What luck is this, that our revels are dashed ! now was I beginning to glister in the very highway of preferment. An Cynthia had but seen me dance a strain, or do but one trick, I had been kept in court, I should never have needed to look towards my friends again.

Amo. Contain yourself, you were a fortunate young man, if you knew your own good ; which I have now projected, and will presently multiply upon you. Beauties and valours, your vouchsafed applause to a motion. The humorous Cynthia hath, for this night, withdrawn the light of your delight.

Pha. 'Tis true, Amorphus : what may we do to redeem it ?

Amo. Redeem that we cannot, but to create a new flame is in our power. Here is a gentleman, my scholar, whom, for some private reasons me specially moving, I am covetous to gratify with title of master in the noble and subtile science of courtship : for which grace he shall this night, in court, and in the long gallery, hold his public act, by open challenge, to all masters of the mystery whatsoever, to play at the four choice and principal weapons thereof, viz., *the Bare Accost, the Better Regard, the Solemn Address, and the Perfect Close.* What say you ?

All. Excellent, excellent, Amorphus.

Amo. Well, let us then take our time by the forehead : I will instantly have bills drawn, and advanced in every angle of the court.—Sir, betray not your

too much joy.—Anaides, we must mix this gentleman with you in acquaintance, Monsieur Asotus.

Ana. I am easily entreated to grace any of your friends, Amorphus.

Aso. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to know myself now.

Amo. O, you must continue your bounties.

Aso. Must I! Why, I'll give him this ruby on my finger. Do you hear, sir? I do heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know myself worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poor ruby in a ring, sir. The poesy is of my own device, *Let this blush for me*, sir.

Ana. So it must for me too, for I am not ashamed to take it.

Morus. Sweet man! By my troth, master, I love you; will you love me too, for my aunt's sake? I'll wait well, you shall see. I'll still be here. Would I might never stir, but you are a fine man in these clothes; master, shall I have them when you have done with them?

Aso. As for that, Morus, thou shalt see more hereafter, in the meantime, by this air, or by this feather, I'll do as much for thee, as any gallant shall do for his page, whatsoever, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

[*Exeunt all but the Pages.*]

Mer. I wonder this gentleman should affect to keep a fool: methinks he makes sport enough with himself.

Cup. Well, Prosaites, 'twere good you did wait closer.

Pro. Ay, I'll look to it; 'tis time.

Cos. The revels would have been most sumptuous to-night, if they had gone forward.

[*Exit.*]

Mer. They must needs, when all the choicest

singularities of the court were up in pantofles ; ne'er a one of them but was able to make a whole show of itself.

Aso. [*within.*] Sirrah, a torch, a torch !

Pro. O, what a call is there ! I will have a canzonet made, with nothing in it but sirrah ; and the burthen shall be, I come. [*Exit.*

Mer. How now, Cupid, how do you like this change ?

Cup. Faith, the thread of my device is cracked, I may go sleep till the revelling music awake me.

Mer. And then too, Cupid, without you had prevented the fountain. Alas, poor god, that remembers not self-love to be proof against the violence of his quiver ! Well, I have a plot upon these prizers, for which I must presently find out Crites, and with his assistance pursue it to a high strain of laughter, or Mercury hath lost of his metal. [*Exeunt.*





ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter MERCURY and CRITES.



ER. It is resolved on, Crites, you must do it.

Cri. The grace divinest Mercury have done me,
In this vouchsafed discovery of himself,

Binds my observance in the utmost term

Of satisfaction to his godly will :
Though I profess, without the affectation
Of an enforced and formed austerity,
I could be willing to enjoy no place
With so unequal natures.

Mer. We believe it.

But for our sake, and to inflict just pains
On their prodigious follies, aid us now :
No man is presently made bad with ill.
And good men, like the sea, should still maintain
Their noble taste in midst of all fresh humours
That flow about them, to corrupt their streams,
Bearing no season, much less salt of goodness.

It is our purpose, Crites, to correct,
And punish, with our laughter, this night's sport,
Which our court-dors so heartily intend :
And by that worthy scorn, to make them know
How far beneath the dignity of man
Their serious and most practised actions are.

Cri. Ay, but though Mercury can warrant out
His undertakings, and make all things good,
Out of the powers of his divinity,
Th' offence will be returned with weight on me,
That am a creature so despised and poor ;
When the whole court shall take itself abused
By our ironical confederacy.

Mer. You are deceived. The better race in court,
That have the true nobility called virtue,
Will apprehend it, as a grateful right
Done to their separate merit ; and approve
The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads,
Who with their apish customs and forced garbs
Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,
Did it not live unblemished in some few,
Whom equal Jove hath loved, and Phœbus formed
Of better metal, and in better mould.

Cri. Well, since my leader-on is Mercury,
I shall not fear to follow. If I fall,
My proper virtue shall be my relief,
That followed such a cause, and such a chief. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter ASOTUS and AMORPHUS.

Aso. No more, if you love me, good master ; you

are incompatible to live withal: send me for the ladies!

Amo. Nay, but intend me.¹

Aso. Fear me not; I warrant you, sir.

Amo. Render not yourself a refractory on the sudden. I can allow well, you should repute highly, heartily, and to the most, of your own endowments; it gives you forth to the world the more assured: but with reservation of an eye, to be always turned dutifully back upon your teacher.

Aso. Nay, good sir, leave it to me. Trust me with trussing all the points of this action, I pray. 'Slid, I hope we shall find wit to perform the science as well as another.

Amo. I confess you to be of an apted and docible humour. Yet there are certain punctilios, or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them), certain intrinsecate strokes and wards, to which your activity is not yet amounted, as your gentile dor in colours. For supposition, your mistress appears here in prize, ribanded with green and yellow; now, it is the part of every obsequious servant, to be sure to have daily about him copy and variety of colours, to be presently answerable to any hourly or half hourly change in his mistress's revolution——

Aso. I know it, sir.

Amo. Give leave, I pray you—which, if your antagonist, or player against you, shall ignorantly be without, and yourself can produce, you give him the dor.

Aso. Ay, ay, sir.

Amo. Or, if you can possess your opposite, that the green your mistress wears, is her rejoicing or exulta-

¹ Note me heedfully.

tion in his service ; the yellow, suspicion of his truth, from her height of affection : and that he, greenly credulous, shall withdraw thus, in private, and from the abundance of his pocket (to displace her jealous conceit) steal into his hat the colour, whose blueness doth express trueness, she being not so, nor so affected ; you give him the dor.¹

Aso. Do not I know it, sir ?

Amo. Nay, good——swell not above your understanding. There is yet a third dor in colours.

Aso. I know it too, I know it.

Amo. Do you know it too ? what is it ? make good your knowledge.

Aso. Why, it is——no matter for that.

Amo. Do it, on pain of the dor.

Aso. Why ; what is't, say you ?

Amo. Lo, you have given yourself the dor. But I will remonstrate to you the third dor, which is not, as the two former dors, indicative, but deliberative : as how ? as thus. Your rivalis, with a dutiful and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to observe his mistress, dispatcheth his lacquey to the chamber early, to know what her colours are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly : you lay wait before, preoccupy the chambermaid, corrupt her to return false colours ; he follows the fallacy, comes out accoutred to his believed instructions ; your mistress smiles, and you give him the dor.

Aso. Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

Amo. Told me ! It is a strange outrecuidance :² your humour too much redoundeth.

Aso. Why, sir, what, do you think you know more ?

¹ *I.e.*, baffle, subject to scorn. ² Pride, arrogance, or presumption.

Amo. I know that a cook may as soon and properly be said to smell well, as you to be wise. I know these are most clear and clean strokes. But then, you have your passages and imbroglios in courtship ; as the bitter bob in wit ; the reverse in face or wry-mouth ; and these more subtile and secure offenders. I will example unto you : your opponent makes entry as you are engaged with your mistress. You seeing him, close in her ear with this whisper, *Here comes your baboon, disgrace him* ; and withal stepping off, fall on his bosom, and turning to her, politicly, aloud say, Lady, regard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court ; and then, stooping over his shoulder, your hand on his breast, your mouth on his backside, you give him the reverse stroke, with this sanna, or stork's-bill, which makes up your wit's bob most bitter.

Aso. Nay, for heaven's sake, teach me no more. I know all as well——'Slid, if I did not, why was I nominated ? why did you choose me ? why did the ladies prick out me ? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest ! By that light, and, as I am a courtier, would I might never stir, but 'tis strange. Would to the lord the ladies would come once !

Enter MORPHIDES.

Morp. Signior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you ready, sir ?

Amo. Instantly. Go, accomplish your attire. [*Exit ASOTUS.*] Cousin Morphides, assist me to make good the door with your officious tyranny.

Citizen [within.] By your leave, my masters there, pray you let's come by.

Pages [*within.*] You by! why should you come by more than we?

Citizen's Wife [*within.*] Why, sir! because he is my brother that plays the prizes.

Morp. Your brother!

Citizen [*within.*] Ay, her brother, sir, and we must come in.

Tailor [*within.*] Why, what are you?

Citizen [*within.*] I am her husband, sir.

Tailor [*within.*] Then thrust forward your head.

Amo. What tumult is there?

Morp. Who's there? bear back there! Stand from the door!

Amo. Enter none but the ladies and their hang-byes.

Enter PHANTASTE, PHILAUTIA, ARGURION, MORIA, HEDON, and ANAIDES, *introducing two Ladies.*

Welcome, beauties, and your kind shadows.

Hed. This country lady, my friend, good Signior Amorphus.

Ana. And my cockatrice here.

Amo. She is welcome.

The Citizen and his Wife, Pages, &c., appear at the door.

Morp. Knock those same pages there; and, good-man coxcomb the citizen, who would you speak withal?

Wife. My brother.

Amo. With whom? Your brother!

Morp. Who is your brother?

Wife. Master Asotus.

Amo. Master Asotus! is he your brother? he is

taken up with great persons ; he is not to know you to-night.

Re-enter ASOTUS, hastily.

Aso. O Jove, master ! an there come e'er a citizen gentlewoman in my name, let her have entrance, I pray you : it is my sister.

Wife. Brother !

Cit. [*thrusting in.*] Brother, Master Asotus !

Aso. Who's there ?

Wife. 'Tis I, brother.

Aso. Gods me, there she is ! good master, intrude her.

Morp. Make place ! bear back there !

Enter CITIZEN'S WIFE.

Amo. Knock that simple fellow there.

Wife. Nay, good sir, it is my husband.

Morp. The simpler fellow he.—Away ! back with your head, sir ! [*Pushes the Citizen back.*]

Aso. Brother, you must pardon your non-entry : husbands are not allowed here, in truth. I'll come home soon with my sister ; pray you meet us with a lantern, brother. Be merry, sister ; I shall make you laugh anon. [*Exit*]

Pha. Your prizer is not ready, Amorphus.

Amo. Apprehend your places ; he shall be soon and at all points.

Ana. Is there anybody come to answer him ? shall we have any sport ?

Amo. Sport of importance ; howsoever, give me the gloves.

Hed. Gloves ! why gloves, signior ?

Phi. What's the ceremony ?

Amo. [*distributing gloves.*] Beside their received fitness, at all prizes, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my scholar's 'haviour to the lady Courtship. Please you apparel your hands. Madam Phantaste, Madam Philautia, guardian, Signior Hedon, Signior Anaides, gentlemen all, ladies.

All. Thanks, good Amorphus.

Amo. I will now call forth my provost, and present him. [*Exii.*]

Ana. Heart ! why should not we be masters as well as he ?

Hed. That's true, and play our masters' prizes as well as the t'other ?

Mor. In sadness, for using your court-weapons, methinks you may.

Pha. Nay, but why should not we ladies play our prizes, I pray ? I see no reason but we should take them down at their own weapons.

Phi. Troth, and so we may, if we handle them well.

Wife. Ay, indeed, forsooth, madam, if 'twere in the city, we would think foul scorn but we would, forsooth.

Pha. Pray you, what should we call your name ?

Wife. My name is Downfall.

Hed. Good Mistress Downfall ! I am sorry your husband could not get in.

Wife. 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

Ana. No, no, she has the more liberty for herself.

[*A flourish.*]

Pha. Peace, peace ! they come.

Re-enter AMORPHUS, introducing ASOTUS in a full-dress suit.

Amo. So, keep up your ruff ; the tincture of your

neck is not all so pure, but it will ask it. Maintain your sprig upright ! your cloak on your half-shoulder falling ; so : I will read your bill, advance it, and present you.—Silence !

“ Be it known to all that profess courtship, by these presents (from the white satin reveller, to the cloth of tissue and bodkin) that we, Ulysses-Polytropus-Amorphus, master of the noble and subtile science of courtship, do give leave and licence to our provost, Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, to play his master's prize, against all masters whatsoever, in this subtile mystery, at these four, the choice and most cunning weapons of court-compliment, viz., the BARE ACCOST ; the BETTER REGARD ; the SOLEMN ADDRESS ; and the PERFECT CLOSE. These are therefore to give notice to all comers, that he, the said Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, is here present (by the help of his mercer, tailor, milliner, sempster, and so forth) at his designed hour, in this fair gallery, the present day of this present month, to perform and do his uttermost for the achievement and bearing away of the prizes, which are these : viz. For the Bare Accost, two wall-eyes in a face forced : for the Better Regard, a face favourably simpering, with a fan waving : for the Solemn Address, two lips wagging, and never a wise word : for the Perfect Close, a wring by the hand, with a banquet in a corner. And Phœbus save Cynthia ! ”

Appeareth no man yet, to answer the prizer ? no voice?—Music, give them their summons. [*Music.*

Pha. The solemnity of this is excellent.

Amo. Silence ! Well, I perceive your name is their terror, and keepeth them back.

Aso. I 'faith, master, let's go ; nobody comes. *Victus, victa, victum ; victi, victæ, victi*—let's be retrograde.

Amo. Stay. That were dispunt to the ladies. Rather ourself shall be your encounter. Take your state up to the wall ; and, lady [*leading MORIA to the state*] may we implore you to stand forth, as first term or bound to our courtship.

Hed. 'Fore heaven, 'twill show rarely.

Amo. Sound a charge.

[*A charge.*]

Ana. A pox on't ! Your vulgar will count this fabulous and impudent now ! by that candle, they'll never conceit it.

[*They act their Accost severally to MORIA.*]

Pha. Excellent well ! admirable !

Phi. Peace !

Hed. Most fashionably, believe it.

Phi. O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.

Pha. Now the other.

Phi. Very good.

Hed. For a scholar, Honour.

Ana. O, 'tis too Dutch. He reels too much.

[*A flourish.*]

Hed. This weapon is done.

Amo. No, we have our two bouts at every weapon ; expect.

Cri. [*within.*] Where be these gallants, and their brave prizer here ?

Morp. Who's there ? bear back : keep the door.

Enter CRITES, introducing MERCURY, fantastically dressed.

Amo. What are you, sir ?

Cri. By your licence, grand-master.—Come forward, sir. [To MERCURY.]

Ana. Heart ! who let in that rag there amongst us ? Put him out, an impecunious creature.

Hed. Out with him !

Morp. Come, sir.

Amo. You must be retrograde.

Cri. Soft, sir, I am truchman,¹ and do flourish before this monsieur, or French-behaved gentleman, here ; who is drawn hither by report of your chartels, advanced in court, to prove his fortune with your prizer, so he may have fair play shown him, and the liberty to choose his stickler.

Amo. Is he a master ?

Cri. That, sir, he has to show here ; and confirmed under the hands of the most skilful and cunning complimentaries² alive : Please you read, sir.

[Gives him a certificate.]

Amo. What shall we do ?

Ana. Death ! disgrace this fellow in the black stuff, whatever you do.

Amo. Why, but he comes with the stranger.

Hed. That's no matter : he is our own countryman.

Ana. Ay, and he is a scholar besides. You may disgrace him here with authority.

Amo. Well, see these first.

Aso. Now shall I be observed by yon scholar till I sweat again ; I would to Jove it were over.

Cri. [to MERCURY.] Sir, this is the wight of worth that dares you to the encounter. A gentleman of so pleasing and ridiculous a carriage ; as, even standing, carries meat in the mouth, you see ; and, I assure you, although no bred courtling, yet a most particular

¹ Interpreter.

² Masters of defence.

man, of goodly havings, well fashioned 'haviour, and of as hardened and excellent a bark as the most naturally qualified amongst them, informed, reformed, and transformed from his original citycism ; by this elixir, or mere magazine of man. And, for your spectators, you behold them what they are : the most choice particulars in court : this tells tales well : this provides coaches ; this repeats jests ; this presents gifts ; this holds up the arras ; this takes down from horse ; this protests by this light ; this swears by that candle ; this delighteth ; this adareth : yet all but three men. Then, for your ladies, the most proud, witty creatures, all things app ehending, nothing understanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintainers of fools, mercers, and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably keeping, all disdaining but their painter and apothecary, 'twixt whom and them there is this reciproock commerce, their beauties maintain their painters, and their painters their beauties.

Mer. Sir, you have played the painter yourself, and limned them to the life. I desire to deserve before them.

Amo. [*returning the certificate.*] This is authentic. We must resolve to entertain the monsieur, howsoever we neglect him.

Hed. Come, let's all go together, and salute him.

Ana. Content, and not look on the other.

Amo. Well devised ; and a most punishing disgrace.

Hed. On.

Amo. Monsieur, we must not so much betray ourselves to discourthship, as to suffer you to be longer unsaluted : please you to use the state ordained for the opponent ; in which nature, without envy, we receive you.

Hed. And embrace you.

Ana. And commend us to you, sir.

Phi. Believe it, he is a man of excellent silence.

Pha. He keeps all his wit for action.

Ana. This hath discountenanced our scholaris, most richly.

Hed. Out of all emphasis. The monsieur sees we regard him not.

Amo. Hold on ; make it known how bitter a thing it is not to looked on in court.

Hed. 'Slud, will he call him to him yet ! Does not monsieur perceive our disgrace ?

Ana. Heart ! he is a fool, I see. We have done ourselves wrong to grace him.

Hed. 'Slight, what an ass was I to embrace him !

Cri. Illustrious and fearful judges——

Hed. Turn away, turn away.

Cri. It is the suit of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not to turn your tails, and whose noses I must follow) that he may have the justice, before he encounter his respected adversary, to see some light stroke of his play, commenced with some other.

Hed. Answer not him, but the stranger ; we will not believe him.

Amo. I will demand him myself.

Cri. O dreadful disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feel it !

Amo. Is it your suit, monsieur, to see some prelude of my scholar ? Now, sure the monsieur wants language——

Hed. And take upon him to be one of the accomplished ! 'Slight, that's a good jest ; would we could

take him with that nullity.—*Non sapete voi parlar' Italiano !*

Ana. 'Sfoot, the carp has no tongue.

Cri. Signior, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbear, and satisfy the monsieur's request.

Amo. Well, I will strike him more silent with admiration, and terrify his daring hither. He shall behold my own play with my scholar. Lady, with the touch of your white hand, let me reinstate you. [*Leads MORIA back to the state.*] Provost, [*to ASOTUS,*] begin to me at the *Bare Accost*. [*A charge.*] Now, for the honour of my discipline.

Hed. Signior Amorphus, reflect, reflect : what means he by that mouthed wave ?

Cri. He is in some distaste of your fellow disciple.

Mer. Signior, your scholar might have played well still, if he could have kept his seat longer : I have enough of him now. He is a mere piece of glass, I see through him by this time.

Amo. You come not to give us the scorn, monsieur ?

Mer. Nor to be frightened with a face, signior. I have seen the lions. You must pardon me. I shall be loth to hazard a reputation with one that has not a reputation to lose.

Amo. How !

Cri. Meaning your pupil, sir.

Ana. This is that black devil there.

Amo. You do offer a strange affront, monsieur.

Cri. Sir, he shall yield you all the honour of a competent adversary, if you please to undertake him.

Mer. I am prest for the encounter.

Amo. Me ! challenge me !

Aso. What, my master, sir ! 'Slight, monsieur,

meddle with me, do you hear : but do not meddle with my master.

Mer. Peace, good squib, go out.

Cri. And stink, he bids you.

Aso. Master !

Amo. Silence ! I do accept him. Sit you down and observe. Me ! he never profest a thing at more charges.—Prepare yourself, sir.—Challenge me ! I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

Cri. How tender a traveller's spleen is ! Comparison to men that deserve least, is ever most offensive.

Amo. You are instructed in our chartel, and know our weapons ?

Mer. I appear not without their notice, sir.

Aso. But must I lose the prizes, master ?

Amo. I will win them for you ; be patient.—Lady, [to MORIA] vouchsafe the tenure of this ensign.—Who shall be your stickler ?

Mer. Behold him.

[Points to CRITES.

Amo. I would not wish you a weaker.—Sound, musics.—I provoke you at the Bare Accost.

[A charge.

Pha. Excellent comely !

Cri. And worthily studied. This is the exalted foretop.

L'ed. O, his leg was too much produced.

Ana. And his hat was carried scurvily.

Phi. Peace ; let's see the monsieur's Accost. Rare !

Pha. Sprightly and short.

Ana. True, it is the French courteau :¹ he lacks but to have his nose slit.

¹ *I.e.*, a little active horse : whence our curtal.

Hed. He does hop. He does bound too much.

[*A flourish.*]

Amo. The second bout, to conclude this weapon.

[*A charge.*]

Pha. Good, believe it !

Phi. An excellent offer !

Cri. This is called the solemn band-string.

Hed. Foh, that cringe was not put home.

Ana. He makes a face like a stabbed Lucrece.

Aso. Well, he would needs take it upon him, but would I had done it for all this. He makes me sit still here, like a baboon as I am.

Cri. Making villainous faces.

Phi. See, the French prepares it richly.

Cri. Ay, this is ycleped the Serious Trifle.

Ana. 'Slud, 'tis the horse-start out o' the brown study.

Cri. Rather the bird-eyed stroke, sir. Your observance is too blunt, sir. [*A flourish.*]

Amo. Judges, award the prize. Take breath, sir. This bout hath been laborious.

Aso. And yet your critic, or your bisogno,¹ will think these things foppery, and easy, now !

Cri. Or rather mere lunacy. For would any reasonable creature make these his serious studies and perfections, much less, only live to these ends ? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true love of none, and the just laughter of all ?

Hed. We must prefer the monsieur, we courtiers must be partial.

Ana. Speak, guardian. Name the prize, at the Bare Accost.

Mor. A pair of wall eyes in a face forced.

¹ Beggar.

Ana. Give the monsieur. Amorphus has lost his eyes.

Amo. I! Is the palate of your judgment down? Gentles, I do appeal.

Aso. Yes, master, to me: the judges be fools.

Ana. How now, sir! tie up your tongue, mungrel. He cannot appeal.

Aso. Say you, sir?

Ana. Sit you still, sir.

Aso. Why, so I do; do not I, I pray you?

Mer. Remercie, madame, and these honourable censors.

Amo. Well, to the second weapon, the *Better Regard*. I will encounter you better. Attempt.

Hed. Sweet Honour.

Phi. What says my good Ambition?

Hed. Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a Discretion with you on Amorphus's head.

Phi. Why, I take the French behaved gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis done, a Discretion.

Cri. A Discretion! A pretty court-wager! Would any discreet person hazard his wit so?

Pha. I'll lay a Discretion with you, Anaides.

Ana. Hang 'em, I'll not venture a doit of Discretion on either of their heads.

Cri. No, he should venture all then.

Ana. I like none of their plays. [A charge.

Hed. See, see! this is strange play!

Ana. 'Tis too full of uncertain motion. He hobbles too much.

Cri. 'Tis called your court-staggers, sir.

Hed. That same fellow talks so now he has a place!

Ana. Hang him! neglect him.

Mer. "Your good ladyship's affectioned."

Wife. Ods so ! they speak at this weapon, brother.

Aso. They must do so, sister ; how should it be the Better Regard, else ?

Pha. Methinks he did not this respectively enough.

Phi. Why, the monsieur but dallies with him.

Hed. Dallies ! 'Slight, see ! he'll put him to 't in earnest.—Well, done, Amorphus !

Ana. That puff was good indeed.

Cri. Ods me ! this is desperate play : he hits himself o' the shins.

Hed. An he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

Cri. Indeed he displays his feet rarely.

Hed. See, see ! he does the respective leer damnably well.

Amo. "The true idolater of your beauties shall never pass their deities unadored : I rest your poor knight."

Hed. See, now the oblique leer, or the Janus : he satisfies all with that aspect most nobly. [*A flourish.*]

Cri. And most terribly he comes off ; like your rodomontado.

Pha. How like you this play, Anaides ?

Ana. Good play ; but 'tis too rough and boisterous.

Amo. I will second it with a stroke easier, wherein I will prove his language. [*A charge.*]

Ana. This is filthy, and grave, now.

Hed. O, 'tis cool and wary play. We must not disgrace our own camerade too much.

Amo. "Signora, ho tanto obbligo per le favore rescuito da lei ; che veramente desidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte : e sicurative, signora mea cara, chè io sera sempre pronto à servirla, e honorarla. Bascio le mane de vo' signoria."

Cri. The Venetian dop this.¹

Pha. Most unexpectedly excellent ! The French goes down certain.

Aso. " As buckets are put down into a well ;
Or as a school-boy——"

Cri. Truss up your simile, jackdaw, and observe.

Hed. Now the monsieur is moved.

Ana. Bo-peep !

Hed. O, most antick.

Cri. The French quirk, this, sir.

Ana. Heart, he will over-run her.

Mer. " Madamoyselle, Je voudroy que pouvoy monstrer mon affection, mais je suis tant malheureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci—Je ne scay qui de dire—excuse moi, Je suis tout vostre." [A flourish.

Phi. O brave and spirited ! he's a right Jovialist.

Pha. No, no : Amorphus's gravity outweighs it.

Cri. And yet your lady, or your feather, would outweigh both.

Ana. What's the prize, lady, at this Better Regard ?

Mor. A face favourably simpering, and a fan waving.

Ana. They have done doubtfully. Divide. Give the favourable face to the signior, and the light wave to the monsieur.

Amo. You become the simper well, lady.

Mer. And the wag better.

Amo. Now to our *Solemn Address*. Please the well-graced Philautia to relieve the lady sentinel ; she hath stood long.

Phi. With all my heart ; come, guardian, resign your place. [MORIA comes from the state.

Amo. Monsieur, furnish yourself with what solem-

¹ The *dop* is the dip, a very low bow, or curtesy.

nity of ornament you think fit for this third weapon ; at which you are to show all the cunning of stroke your devotion can possibly devise.

Mer. Let me alone, sir. I'll sufficiently decipher your amorous solemnities.—Crites, have patience. See, if I hit not all their practic observance, with which they lime twigs to catch their fantastic lady-birds.

Cri. Ay, but you should do more charitably to do it more openly, that they might discover themselves mocked in these monstrous affections. [*A charge.*]

Mer. Lackey, where's the tailor ?

Enter Tailor, Barber, Perfumer, Milliner, Jeweller,
and Feather-maker.

Tai. Here, sir.

Hed. See, they have their tailor, barber, perfumer, milliner, jeweller, feather-maker, all in common !

[*They make themselves ready on the stage*]

Ana. Ay, this is pretty.

Amo. Here is a hair too much, take it off. Where are thy mullets ?¹

Mer. Is this pink of equal proportion to this cut, standing off this distance from it ?

Tai. That it is, sir.

Mer. Is it so, sir ? You impudent poltroon, you slave, you list, you shreds, you——

[*Beats the Tailor.*]

Hed. Excellent ! This was the best yet.

Ana. Why, we must use our tailors thus : this is our true magnanimity.

Mer. Come, go to, put on ; we must bear with you for the times' sake.

¹ Small pincers.

Amo. Is the perfume rich in this jerkin?

Per. Taste, smell; I assure you, sir, pure benjamin,¹ the only spirited scent that ever awaked a Neapolitan nostril. You would wish yourself all nose for the love on't. I frotted a jerkin for a new-revenued gentleman yielded me threescore crowns but this morning, and the same titillation.

Amo. I savour no sampsuchine in it.²

Per. I am a Nulli-fidian, if there be not three-thirds of a scruple more of sampsuchinum in this confection than ever I put in any. I'll tell you all the ingredients, sir.

Amo. You shall be simple to discover your simples.

Per. Simple! why, sir? What reck I to whom I discover? I have in it musk, civet, amber, Phœnicobalanus, the decoction of turmerick, sesana, nard, spikenard, calamus odoratus, stacte, opobalsamum, amomum, storax, ladanum, aspalathum, opoponax, œnanthe. And what of all these now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the dividing, and the mixing, and the tempering, and the searching, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation and the suffumigation.

Amo. Well, indue me with it.

Per. I will, sir.

Hed. An excellent confection.

Cri. And most worthy a true voluptuary. Jove! what a coil these musk-worms take to purchase another's delight? for themselves, who bear the odours, have ever the least sense of them. Yet I do like better the prodigality of jewels and clothes, whereof one passeth to a man's heirs: the other at least wears out time. This presently expires, and,

¹ An aromatic gum.

² Sweet marjoram.

without continual riot in reparation, is lost : which whoso strives to keep, it is one special argument to me, that, affecting to smell better than other men, he doth indeed smell far worse.

Mer. I know you will say, it sits well, sir.

Tai. Good faith, if it do not, sir, let your mistress be judge.

Mer. By heaven, if my mistress do not like it, I'll make no more conscience to undo thee than to undo an oyster.

Tai. Believe it, there's ne'er a mistress in the world can mislike it.

Mer. No, not goodwife tailor, your mistress ; that has only the judgment to heat your pressing-tool. But for a court-mistress that studies these decorums, and knows the proportion of every cut to a hair, knows why such a colour is cut upon such a colour, and when a satin is cut upon six taffataes, will look that we should dive into the depth of the cut——Give me my scarf. Show some ribands, sirrah. Have you the feather ?

Feat. Ay, sir.

Mer. Have you the jewel ?

Jew. Yes, sir.

Mer. What must I give for the hire on't ?

Jew. You shall give me six crowns, sir.

Mer. Six crowns ! By heaven 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee to show, and never let thee have it again.

Jew. I hope your worship will not do so, sir.

Mer. By Jove, sir, there be such tricks stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaves, that live by these court-decorums, and yet——What's your jewel worth, I pray ?

Jew. A hundred crowns, sir.

Mer. A hundred crowns, and six for the loan on't an hour! what's that in the hundred for the year? These impostors would not be hanged! Your thief is not comparable to them, by Hercules. Well, put it in, and the feather; you will have it an you shall, and the pox give you good on't!

Amo. Give me my confects, my moscadini, and place those colours in my hat.

Mer. These are Bolognian ribands, I warrant you.

Mil. In truth, sir, if they be not right Granado silk——

Mer. A pox on you, you'll all say so.

Mil. You give me not a penny, sir.

Mer. Come, sir, perfume my devant;

“May it ascend, like solemn sacrifice,
Into the nostrils of the Queen of Love!”

Hed. Your French ceremonies are the best.

Ana. Monsieur, signior, your Solemn Address is too long; the ladies long to have you come on.

Amo. Soft, sir, our coming on is not so easily prepared. Signior Fig!

Per. Ay, sir.

Amo. Can you help my complexion, here?

Per. O yes, sir, I have an excellent mineral fucus for the purpose. The gloves are right, sir; you shall bury them in a muck-hill, a draught, seven years, and take them out, and wash them, they shall still retain their first scent, true Spanish. There's ambre in the umbre.

Mer. Your price, sweet Fig?

Per. Give me what you will, sir; the signior pays me two crowns a pair; you shall give me your love, sir.

Mer. My love! with a pox to you, goodman Sassafras.

Per. I come, sir. There's an excellent diapasm in a chain too, if you like it.

Amo. Stay, what are the ingredients to your fucus?

Per. Nought but sublimate and crude mercury, sir, well prepared and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.¹

Amo. I approve it. Lay it on.

Mer. I'll have your chain of pomander, sirrah; what's your price?

Per. We'll agree, monsieur; I'll assure you it was both decocted and dried where no sun came, and kept in an onyx ever since it was balled.

Mer. Come, invert my mustachio, and we have done.

Amo. 'Tis good.

Bar. Hold still, I pray you, sir.

Per. Nay, the fucus is exorbitant, sir.

Mer. Death, dost thou burn me, harlot!

Bar. I beseech you, sir.

Mer. Beggar, varlet, poltroon. [Beats him.

Hed. Excellent, excellent!

Ana. Your French beat is the most natural beat of the world.

Aso. O that I had played at this weapon!

[A charge.

Pha. Peace, now they come on; the second part.

Amo. "Madam, your beauties being so attractive, I muse you are left thus alone."

Phi. "Better be alone, sir, than ill-accompanied."

Amo. "Nought can be ill, lady, that can come near your goodness."

¹ Finely sifted.

Mer. "Sweet madam, on what part of you soever a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection ; you are the lively image of Venus throughout ; all the graces smile in your cheeks ; your beauty nourishes as well as delights ; you have a tongue steeped in honey, and a breath like a panther, your breasts and forehead are whiter than goat's milk or May blossoms ; a cloud is not so soft as your skin——"

Hed. Well strook, monsieur ! He charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly.

Mer. "Your cheeks are Cupid's baths, wherein he uses to steep himself in milk and nectar : he does light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot and wound with their beams. Yet I love nothing in you more than your innocence ; you retain so native a simplicity, so unblamed a behaviour ! Methinks, with such a love, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure ; you are the very spirit of a lady."

Ana. Fair play, monsieur, you are too hot on the quarry ; give your competitor audience.

Amo. "Lady, how stirring soever the monsieur's tongue is, he will lie by your side more dull than your eunuch."

Ana. A good stroke ; that mouth was excellently put over.

Amo. "You are fair, lady——"

Cri. You offer foul, signior, to close ; keep your distance ; for all your bravo rampant here.

Amo. "I say you are fair, lady, let your choice be fit, as you are fair."

Mer. "I say ladies do never believe they are fair, till some fool begins to doat upon them."

Phi. You play too rough, gentlemen.

Amo. "Your Frenchified fool is your only fool, lady : I do yield to this honourable monsieur in all civil and humane courtesy." [A flourish.]

Mer. Buz !

Ana. Admirable. Give him the prize, give him the prize : that mouth again was most courtly hit, and rare.

Amo. I knew I should pass upon him with the bitter bob.

Hed. O, but the reverse was singular.

Pha. It was most subtile, Amorphus.

Aso. If I had done 't, it should have been better.

Mer. How heartily they applaud this, Crites !

Cri. You suffer them too long.

Mer. I'll take off their edge instantly.

Ana. Name the prize, at the *Solemn Address*.

Phi. Two lips wagging.

Cri. And never a wise word, I take it.

Ana. Give to Amorphus. And, upon him again ; let him not draw free breath.

Amo. Thanks, fair deliverer, and my honourable judges. Madam Phantaste, you are our worthy object at this next weapon.

Pha. Most covetingly ready, Amorphus.

[*She takes the state instead of PHILAUTIA.*]

Hed. Your monsieur is crest-fallen.

Ana. So are most of them once a year.

Amo. You will see, I shall now give him the gentle Dor presently, he forgetting to shift the colours, which are now changed with alteration of the mistress. At your last weapon, sir. *The Perfect Close.* Set forward. [*A charge.*] Intend your approach, monsieur.

Mer. 'Tis yours, signior.

Amo. With your example, sir.

Mer. Not I, sir.

Amo. It is your right.

Mer. By no possible means.

Amo. You have the way.

Mer. As I am noble——

Amo. As I am virtuous——

Mer. Pardon me, sir.

Amo. I will die first.

Mer. You are a tyrant in courtesy.

Amo. He is removed. [*Stays MERCURY on his moving.*] Judges, bear witness.

Mer. What of that, sir?

Amo. You are removed, sir.

Mer. Well.

Amo. I challenge you ; you have received the Dor. Give me the prize.

Mer. Soft, sir. How, the Dor?

Amo. The common mistress, you see, is changed.

Mer. Right, sir.

Amo. And you have still in your hat the former colours.

Mer. You lie, sir, I have none : I have pulled them out. I meant to play discoloured.

[*A flourish.*]

Cri. The Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the palpable Dor !

Ana. Heart of my blood, Amorphus, what have you done ? stuck a disgrace upon us all, and at your last weapon !

Aso. I could have done no more.

Hed. By heaven, it was most unfortunate luck.

Ana. Luck ! by that candle, it was mere rashness, and oversight ; would any man have ventured to play so open, and forsake his ward ? D—n me, if he have

not eternally undone himself in court, and discountenanced us that were his main countenance, by it.

Amo. Forgive it now : it was the solecism of my stars.

Cri. The Wring by the hand, and the Banquet, is ours.

Mer. O, here's a lady feels like a wench of the first year ; you would think her hand did melt in your touch ; and the bones of her fingers ran out at length when you prest 'em, they are so gently delicate ! He that had the grace to print a kiss on these lips, should taste wine and rose-leaves. O, she kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take them down, as deep as our hearts, wench, till our very souls mix. Adieu, signior : good faith, I shall drink to you at supper, sir.

Ana. Stay, monsieur. Who awards you the prize ?

Cri. Why, his proper merit, sir ; you see he has played down your grand garb-master here.

Ana. That's not in your logic to determine, sir : you are no courtier. This is none of your seven or nine beggarly sciences, but a certain mystery above them, wherein we that have skill must pronounce, and not such fresh men as you are.

Cri. Indeed, I must declare myself to you no profest courtling ; nor to have any excellent stroke at your subtile weapons ; yet if you please, I dare venture a hit with you, or your fellow, Sir Dagonet, here.

Ana. With me ?

Cri. Yes, sir.

Ana. Heart, I shall never have such a fortune to save myself in a fellow again, and your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'll undertake him.

Hed. Do, and swinge him soundly, good Anaides.

Ana. Let me alone ; I'll play other manner of play

than has been seen yet. I would the prize lay on't !

Mer. It shall if you will, I forgive my right.

Ana. Are you so confident ! what's your weapon ?

Cri. At any, I, sir.

Mer. The Perfect Close, that's now the best.

Ana. Content, I'll pay your scholarship. Who offers ?

Cri. Marry, that will I : I dare give you that advantage too.

Ana. You dare ! well, look to your liberal sconce.

Amo. Make your play still, upon the answer, sir.

Ana. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

Aso. Sit by me, master.

Mer. Now, Crites, strike home. [*A charge.*

Cri. You shall see me undo the assured swaggerer with a trick, instantly : I will play all his own play before him ; court the wench in his garb, in his phrase, with his face ; leave him not so much as a look, an eye, a stalk, or an imperfect oath, to express himself by, after me. [*Aside to MERCURY.*

Mer. Excellent, Crites.

Ana. When begin you, sir ? have you consulted ?

Cri. To your cost, sir. Which is the piece stands forth to be courted ? O, are you she ? [*To PHILAUTIA.*] "Well, madam, or sweet lady, it is so, I do love you in some sort, do you conceive ? and though I am no monsieur, nor no signior, and do want, as they say, logic and sophistry, and good words, to tell you why it is so ; yet by this hand and by that candle it is so ; and though I be no book-worm, nor one that deals by art, to give you rhetoric and causes why it should be so, or make it good it is so ; yet d—n me, but I know it is so, and am assured it is so, and I and my sword

shall make it appear it is so, and give you reason sufficient how it can be no otherwise but so——”

Hed. 'Slight, Anaides, you are mocked, and so we are all.

Mer. How now, signior ! what, suffer yourself to be cozened of your courtship before your face ?

Hed. This is plain confederacy to disgrace us : let's be gone, and plot some revenge.

Amo. “ When men disgraces share,
The lesser is the care.”

Cri. Nay, stay, my dear Ambition. [*To HEDON.*] I can do you over too. You that tell your mistress, her beauty is all composed of theft ; her hair stole from Apollo's goldy-locks ; her white and red, lilies and roses stolen out of paradise ; her eyes two stars, plucked from the sky ; her nose the gnomon of Love's dial, that tells you how the clock of your heart goes ; and for her other parts, as you cannot reckon them, they are so many ; so you cannot recount them, they are so manifest. Yours, if his own, unfortunate Hoyden, instead of Hedon. [*A flourish.*]

Aso. Sister, come away, I cannot endure them longer. [*Exeunt all but MERCURY and CRITES.*]

Mer. Go, Dors, and you, my madam Courtingstocks, Follow your scorned and derided mates ;
Tell to your guilty breasts, what mere guilt blocks
You are, and how unworthy human states.

Cri. Now, sacred God of Wit, if you can make
Those, whom our sports tax in these apish graces,
Kiss, like the fighting snakes, your peaceful rod ;
These times shall canonize you for a god.

Mer. Why, Crites, think you any noble spirit,
Or any, worth the title of a man,
Will be incensed to see the enchanted veils

Of self-conceit, and servile flattery,
Wrapt in so many folds by time and custom,
Drawn from his wronged and bewitched eyes ?
Who sees not now their shape and nakedness,
Is blinder than the son of earth, the mole ;
Crowned with no more humanity, nor soul.

Cri. Though they may see it, yet the huge estate,
Fancy, and form, and sensual pride have gotten,
Will make them blush for anger, not for shame,
And turn shown nakedness to impudence.
Humour is now the test we try things in :
All power is just : nought that delights is sin.
And yet the zeal of every knowing man
Opprest with hills of tyranny, cast on virtue
By the light fancies of fools, thus transported,
Cannot but vent the Ætna of his fires,
T'inflame best bosoms with much worthier love
Than of these outward and effeminate shades ;
That these vain joys, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit and soul as are of force
To rise their beings to eternity,
May be converted on works fitting men :
And, for the practice of a forced look,
An antic gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Study the native frame of a true heart,
An inward comeliness of bounty, knowledge,
And spirit that may conform them actually
To God's high figures, which they have in power ;
Which to neglect for a self-loving neatness,
Is sacrilege of an unpardoned greatness.

Mer. Then let the truth of these things strengthen
thee,
In thy exempt and only man-like course ;
Like it the more, the less it is respected :

Though men fail, virtue is by gods protected.—
See, here comes Arete ; I'll withdraw myself. [Exit.]

Enter ARETE.

Are. Crites, you must provide straight for a masque,
'Tis Cynthia's pleasure.

Cri. How, bright Arete !

Why, 'twere a labour more for Hercules :
Better and sooner durst I undertake
To make the different seasons of the year,
The winds or elements, to sympathize,
Than their unmeasurable vanity
Dance truly in a measure. They agree !
What though all concord's born of contraries ;
So many follies will confusion prove,
And like a sort of jarring instruments,
All out of tune : because, indeed, we see
There is not that analogy 'twixt discords,
As between things but merely opposite.

Are. There is your error : for as Hermes' wand
Charms the disorders of tumultuous ghosts ;
And as the strife of Chaos then did cease,
When better light than Nature's did arrive :
So what could never in itself agree,
Forgetteth the eccentric property,
And at her sight turns forthwith regular,
Whose sceptre guides the flowing ocean :
And though it did not, yet the most of them
Being either courtiers, or not wholly rude,
Respect of majesty, the place, and presence,
Will keep them within ring, especially
When they are not presented as themselves,
But masqued like others : for, in troth, not so
To incorporate them, could be nothing else,

Than like a state ungoverned, without laws,
Or body made of nothing but diseases :
The one, through impotency, poor and wretched ;
The other, for the anarchy, absurd.

Cri. But, lady, for the revellers themselves,
It would be better, in my poor conceit,
That others were employed ; for such as are
Unfit to be in Cynthia's court, can seem
No less unfit to be in Cynthia's sports.

Are. That, Crites, is not purposed without
Particular knowledge of the goddess' mind ;
Who holding true intelligence, what follies
Had crept into her palace, she resolved
Of sports and triumphs, under that pretext,
To have them muster in their pomp and fulness,
That so she might more strictly, and to root,
Effect the reformation she intends.

Cri. I now conceive her heavenly drift in all,
And will apply my spirits to serve her will.
O thou, the very power by which I am,
And but for which it were in vain to be,
Chief next Diana, virgin heavenly fair,
Admired Arete, of them admired
Whose souls are not enkindled by the sense,
Disdain not my chaste fire, but feed the flame
Devoted truly to thy gracious name.

Are. Leave to suspect us : Crites well shall find,
As we are now most dear, we'll prove most kind.

[*Within.*] Arete !

Are. Hark, I'm called. [Exit.

Cri. I follow instantly.

Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient rites,
And due devotions, I have ever hung
Elaborate Pæans on thy golden shrine,

Or sung thy triumphs in a lofty strain,
Fit for a theatre of gods to hear ;
And thou, the other son of mighty Jove,
Cyllenian Mercury, sweet Maia's joy,
If in the busy tumults of the mind
My path thou ever hast illumined,
For which thine altars I have oft perfumed,
And decked thy statues with discoloured flowers :
Now thrive invention in this glorious court,
That not of bounty only, but of right,
Cynthia may grace, and give it life by sight. [Exit.



SCENE III.

Enter HESPERUS, CYNTHIA, ARETE, TIMÈ, PHRONESIS,
and THAUMA.

Music accompanied. HESPERUS sings.

Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear, when day did close :
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night
Goddess excellently bright.

Cyn. When hath Diana, like an envious wretch,
That glitters only to his soothed self,
Denying to the world the precious use
Of hoarded wealth, withheld her friendly aid ?
Monthly we spend our still-repaired shine,
And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
To burn and blaze while nutriment doth last :
That once consumed, out of Jove's treasury
A new we take, and stick it in our sphere,
To give the mutinous kind of wanting men
Their looked-for light. Yet what is their desert ?
Bounty is wronged, interpreted as due ;
Mortals can challenge not a ray, by right,
Yet do expect the whole of Cynthia's light.
But if that deities withdrew their gifts
For human follies, what could men deserve
But death and darkness ? It behoves the high,
For their own sakes, to do things worthily.

Are. Most true, most sacred goddess ; for the
heavens
Receive no good of all the good they do :
Nor Jove, nor you, nor other heavenly Powers,
Are fed with fumes which do from incense rise,
Or sacrifices reeking in their gore ;
Yet for the care which you of mortals have,
(Whose proper good it is that they be so,)
You well are pleased with odours redolent :

But ignorant is all the race of men,
Which still complains, not knowing why, or when.

Cyn. Else, noble Arete, they would not blame,
And tax, or for unjust, or for as proud,
Thy Cynthia, in the things which are indeed
The greatest glories in our starry crown ;
Such is our chastity, which safely scorns,
Not love, for who more fervently doth love
Immortal honour, and divine renown ?
But giddy Cupid, Venus' frantic son.
Yet, Arete, if by this veiled light
We but discovered (what we not discern)
Any the least of imputations stand
Ready to sprinkle our unspotted fame
With note of lightness, from these revels near ;
Not, for the empire of the universe,
Should night, or court, this whatsoever shine,
Or grace of ours, unhappily enjoy.
Place and occasion are two privy thieves,
And from poor innocent ladies often steal
The best of things, an honourable name ;
To stay with follies, or where faults may be
Infers a crime, although the party free.

Are. How Cynthianly, that is, how worthily
And like herself, the matchless Cynthia speaks !
Infinite jealousies, infinite regards,
Do watch about the true virginity :
But Phœbe lives from all, not only fault,
But as from thought, so from suspicion free.
Thy presence broad-seals our delights for pure ;
What's done in Cynthia's sight is done secure.

Cyn. That then so answered, dearest Arete,
What th' argument, or of what sort our sports
Are like to be this night, I not demand.

Nothing which duty, and desire to please,
Bears written in the forehead, comes amiss.
But unto whose invention must we owe
The complement of this night's furniture?

Are. Excellent goddess, to a man's, whose worth,
Without hyperbole, I thus may praise ;
One at least studious of deserving well,
And, to speak truth, indeed deserving well.
Potential merit stands for actual,
Where only opportunity doth want,
Not will, nor power ; both which in him abound.
One whom the Muses and Minerva love ;
For whom should they, than Crites, more esteem,
Whom Phœbus, though not Fortune, holdeth dear ?
And, which convinceth excellence in him,
A principal admirer of yourself.
Even through the ungentle injuries of Fate,
And difficulties, which do virtue choke,
Thus much of him appears. What other things
Of farther note do lie unborn in him,
Them I do leave for cherishment to show,
And for a goddess graciously to judge.

Cyn. We have already judged him, Arete ;
Nor are we ignorant how noble minds
Suffer too much through those indignities
Which times and vicious persons cast on them.
Ourself have ever vowed to esteem
As virtue for itself, so fortune, base ;
Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.
Nor farther notice, Arete, we crave
Than thine approval's sovereign warranty :
Let 't be thy care to make us known to him ;
Cynthia shall brighten what the world made dim.

[*Exit ARETE.*

The First Masque.

Enter CUPID, disguised as ANTEROS, followed by STORGÉ, AGLAIA, EUPHANTASTE, and APHELEIA.

Cup. "Clear pearl of heaven, and, not to be farther ambitious in titles, Cynthia! the fame of this illustrious night, among others, hath also drawn these four fair virgins from the palace of their queen Perfection, (a word which makes no sufficient difference betwixt hers and thine,) to visit thy imperial court: for she, their sovereign, not finding where to dwell among men, before her return to heaven, advised them wholly to consecrate themselves to thy celestial service, as in whose clear spirit (the proper element and sphere of virtue) they should behold not her alone, their ever-honoured mistress, but themselves (more truly themselves) to live enthronized. Herself would have commended them unto thy favour more particularly, but that she knows no commendation is more available with thee than that of proper virtue. Nevertheless she willed them to present this crystal mound,¹ a note of monarchy, and symbol of perfection, to thy more worthy deity; which, as here by me they most humbly do, so amongst the rarities thereof, that is the chief, to show whatsoever the world hath excellent, howsoever remote and various. But your irradiate judgment will soon discover the secrets of this little crystal world. Themselves, to appear more plainly, because they know nothing more odious than false pretexts, have chosen to express their several qualities thus in several colours.

"The first, in citron colour, is natural affection, which, given us to procure our good, is sometime

¹ Mound is an orb or globe: and by this name particularly the globe is called which the king carries at his coronation.

called Storgé ; and as every one is nearest to himself, so this handmaid of reason, allowable Self-love, as it is without harm, so are none without it : her place in the court of Perfection was to quicken minds in the pursuit of honour. Her device is a perpendicular level, upon a cube or square ; the word *se suo modulo* ; alluding to that true measure of one's self, which, as every one ought to make, so is it most conspicuous in thy divine example.

“The second, in green, is Aglaia, delectable and pleasant conversation, whose property is to move a kindly delight, and sometime not without laughter : her office to entertain assemblies, and keep societies together with fair familiarity. Her device, within a ring of clouds, a heart with shine about it ; the word, *curarum nubila pello* : an allegory of Cynthia's light, which no less clears the sky than her fair mirth the heart.

“The third, in the discoloured mantle spangled all over, is Euphantaste, a well-conceited Wittiness, and employed in honouring the court with the riches of her pure invention. Her device, upon a Petasus, or Mercurial hat, a crescent ; the word, *sic laus ingenii* ; inferring that the praise and glory of wit doth ever increase, as doth thy growing moon.

“The fourth, in white, is Apheleia, a nymph as pure and simple as the soul, or as an abrase table, and is therefore called Simplicity ; without folds, without plaits, without colour, without counterfeit ; and, (to speak plainly) plainness itself. Her device is no device. The word under her silver shield, *omnis abest fucus* ; alluding to thy spotless self, who art as far from impurity as from mortality.

“Myself, celestial goddess, more fit for the court of

Cynthia than the arbours of Cytherea, am called Anteros, or Love's enemy ; the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this quaternion, who, as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause adversities to Love, yet thee, perpetual virgin, they both love, and vow to love eternally."

Re-enter ARETE, with CRITES.

Cyn. Not without wonder, nor without delight,
Mine eyes have viewed, in contemplation's depth,
This work of wit, divine and excellent :
What shape, what substance, or what unknown power,
In virgin's habit, crowned with laurel leaves,
And olive-branches woven in between,
On sea-girt rocks, like to a goddess shines !
O front ! O face ! O all celestial, sure,
And more than mortal ! Arete, behold
Another Cynthia, and another queen,
Whose glory, like a lasting plenilune,
Seems ignorant of what it is to wane.
Nor under heaven an object could be found
More fit to please. Let Crites make approach.
Bounty forbids to pall our thanks with stay,
Or to defer our favour, after view :
The time of grace is, when the cause is new.

Are. Lo, here the man, celestial Delia,
Who (like a circle bounded in itself)
Contains as much as man in fulness may.
Lo, here the man, who not of usual earth,
But of that nobler and more precious mould
Which Phœbus self doth temper, is composed ;
And who, though all were wanting to reward,
Yet to himself he would not wanting be :
Thy favour's gain is his ambition's most,

And labour's best ; who (humble in his height)
Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.

Cyn. With no less pleasure than we have beheld
This precious crystal work of rarest wit,
Our eye doth read thee, now instilled, our Crites ;
Whom learning, virtue, and our favour last,
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.
With common eye the Supreme should not see :
Henceforth be ours, the more thyself to be.

Cri. Heaven's purest light, whose orb may be
eclipsed,
But not thy praise ; divinest Cynthia !
How much too narrow for so high a grace,
Thine (save therein) the most unworthy Crites
Doth find himself ! for ever shine thy fame ;
Thine honours ever, as thy beauties do.
In me they must, my dark world's chiefest lights,
By whose propitious beams my powers are raised
To hope some part of those most lofty points,
Which blessed Arete hath pleased to name,
As marks, to which my endeavour's steps should bend :
Mine, as begun at thee, in thee must end.

The Second Masque.

*Enter MERCURY as a page, introducing EUCOSMOS,
EUPATHES, EUTOLMOS, and EUCOLOS.*

Mer. " Sister of Phœbus, to whose bright orb we
owe, that we not complain of his absence : these four
brethren (for they are brethren, and sons of Eutaxia,
a lady known, and highly beloved of your resplendent
deity) not able to be absent, when Cynthia held a
solemnity, officiously insinuate themselves into thy
presence : for as there are four cardinal virtues, upon
which the whole frame of the court doth move, so are

these the four cardinal properties, without which the body of compliment moveth not. With these four silver javelins (which they bear in their hands) they support in princes' courts the state of the presence, as by office they are obliged ; which, though here they may seem superfluous, yet, for honour's sake, they thus presume to visit thee, having also been employed in the palace of Queen Perfection. And though to them that would make themselves gracious to a goddess, sacrifices were fitter than presents, or impresses, yet they both hope thy favour, and (in place of either) use several symbols, containing the titles of thy imperial dignity.

“ First, the hithermost, in the changeable blue and green robe, is a commendably-fashioned gallant, Eucosmos ; whose courtly habit is the grace of the presence, and delight of the surveying eye : whom ladies understand by the names of Neat and Elegant. His symbol is *divæ virginis*, in which he would express thy deity's principal story, which hath ever been virginity.

“ The second, in the rich accoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is Eupathes ; who entertains his mind with a harmless, but not incurious variety : all the objects of his senses are sumptuous, himself a gallant, that, without excess, can make use of superfluity, go richly in embroideries, jewels, and what not, without vanity, and fare delicately without gluttony ; and therefore (not without cause) is universally thought to be of fine humour. His symbol is *divæ optimæ* ; an attribute to express thy goodness, in which thou so resemblest Jove thy father.

“ The third, in the blush-coloured suit, is Eutolmos, as duly respecting others, as never neglecting himself ;

commonly known by the title of good Audacity ; to courts and courtly assemblies a guest most acceptable. His symbol to *divæ viragini* ; to express thy hardy courage in chase of savage beasts, which harbour in woods and wildernesses.

“The fourth, in watchet¹ tinsel, is the kind and truly benefique Eucolos, who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficulty, and hath the happiness to make every kindness seem double, by the timely and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chief of them, who by the vulgar are said to be of good nature. His symbol is *divæ maximæ* ; an adjunct to signify thy greatness, which in heaven, earth, and hell, is formidable.

Music. *A Dance by the two Masques joined, during which CUPID and MERCURY retire to the side of the stage.*

Cup. Is not that Amorphus, the traveller ?

Mer. As though it were not ! do you not see how his legs are in travail with a measure ?

Cup. Hedon, thy master, is next.

Mer. What, will Cupid turn nomenclator, and cry them ?

Cup. No, faith, but I have a comedy toward, that would not be lost for a kingdom.

Mer. In good time, for Cupid will prove the comedy.

Cup. Mercury, I am studying how to match them.

Mer. How to mismatch them were harder.

Cup. They are the nymphs must do it ; I shall sport myself with their passions above measure.

Mer. Those nymphs would be tamed a little indeed but I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose.

¹ Light sky-blue.

Cup. O yes, here be of all sorts—flights, rovers, and butt-shafts. But I can wound with a brandish, and never draw bow for the matter.

Mer. I cannot but believe it, my invisible archer, and yet methinks you are tedious.

Cup. It behoves me to be somewhat circumspect, Mercury; for if Cynthia hear the twang of my bow, she'll go near to whip me with the string: therefore, to prevent that, I thus discharge a brandish upon—it makes no matter which of the couples. Phantaste and Amorphus, at you. [*Waves his arrow at them.*]

Mer. Will the shaking of a shaft strike them into such a fever of affection?

Cup. As well as the wink of an eye: but, I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

Mer. Jove forbid I hinder thee! Marry, all that I fear is Cynthia's presence, which, with the cold of her chastity, casteth such an antiperistasis about the place, that no heat of thine will tarry with the patient.

Cup. It will tarry the rather, for the antiperistasis will keep it in.

Mer. I long to see the experiment.

Cup. Why, their marrow boils already, or they are all turned eunuchs.

Mer. Nay, an't be so, I'll give over speaking, and be a spectator only. [*The first dance ends.*]

Amo. Cynthia, by my bright soul, is a right exquisite and splendidious lady; yet Amorphus, I think, hath seen more fashions, I am sure more countries: but whether I have or not, what need we gaze on Cynthia, that have ourselves to admire?

Pha. O, excellent Cynthia! yet if Phantaste sat where she does, and had such attire on her head, (for

attire can do much,) I say no more—but goddesses are goddesses, and Phantaste is as she is! I would the revels were done once, I might go to my school of glass again, and learn to do myself right after all this ruffling.

[*Music : they begin the second dance.*

Mer. How now, Cupid? here's a wonderful change with your brandish! do you not hear how they dote?

Cup. What prodigy is this? no word of love, no mention, no motion!

Mer. Not a word, my little *ignis fatue*, not a word.

Cup. Are my darts enchanted? is their vigour gone? is their virtue——

Mer. What! Cupid turned jealous of himself? ha, ha, ha!

Cup. Laughs Mercury?

Mer. Is Cupid angry?

Cup. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

Mer. A rare comedy, it shall be entitled Cupid's.

Cup. Do not scorn us, Hermes.

Mer. Choler and Cupid are two fiery things; I scorn them not. But I see that come to pass, which I presaged in the beginning.

Cup. You cannot tell: perhaps the physic will not work so soon upon some as upon others. It may be the rest are not so resty.

Mer. *Ex ungue*; you know the old adage: as these, so are the remainder.

Cup. I'll try: this is the same shaft with which I wounded Argurion. [*Waves his arrow again.*

Mer. Ay, but let me save you a labour, Cupid: there were certain bottles of water fetched, and drunk off since that time, by these gallants.

Cup. Jove strike me into earth ! the Fountain of Self-love !

Mer. Nay, faint not, Cupid.

Cup. I remembered it not.

Mer. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of Anteros upon you ; you know not what charm or enchantment lies in the word : you saw I durst not venture upon any device in our presentment, but was content to be no other than a simple page. Your arrows' properties (to keep decorum), Cupid, are suited, it should seem, to the nature of him you personate.

Cup. Indignity not to be borne !

Mer. Nay, rather an attempt to have been forborne.

[*The second dance ends.*]

Cup. How might I revenge myself on this insulting Mercury ? there's Crites, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. [*Waves his arrow at CRITES.*] It shall be so. Is Crites turned dotard on himself too ?

Mer. That follows not, because the venom of your shafts cannot pierce him, Cupid.

Cup. As though there were one antidote for these, and another for him.

Mer. As though there were not ; or, as if one effect might not arise of divers causes ? What say you to Cynthia, Arete, Phronesis, Timè, and others there ?

Cup. They are divine.

Mer. And Crites aspires to be so.

[*Music : they begin the third dance.*]

Cup. But that shall not serve him.

Mer. 'Tis like to do it, at this time. But Cupid is grown too covetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

Cup. One is more than a multitude.

Mer. Arete's favour makes any one shot-proof against thee, Cupid. I pray thee, light honey-bee, remember thou art not now in Adonis' garden, but in Cynthia's presence, where thorns lie in garrison about the roses. Soft, Cynthia speaks.

Cyn. Ladies and gallants of our court, to end
And give a timely period to our sports,
Let us conclude them with declining night ;
Our empire is but of the darker half.
And if you judge it any recompense
For your fair pains, t' have earned Diana's thanks,
Diana grants them, and bestows their crown
To gratify your acceptable zeal.
For you are they, that not, as some have done,
Do censure us, as too severe and sour,
But as, more rightly, gracious to the good ;
Although we not deny, unto the proud,
Or the profane, perhaps indeed austere :
For so Actæon, by presuming far,
Did, to our grief, incur a fatal doom ;
And so, swoln Niobe, comparing more
Than he presumed, was trophæed into stone.
But are we therefore judged too extreme ?
Seems it no crime to enter sacred bowers,
And hallowed places, with impure aspect,
Most lewdly to pollute ? Seems it no crime
To brave a deity ? Let mortals learn
To make religion of offending heaven,
And not at all to censure powers divine.
To men this argument should stand for firm,
A goddess did it, therefore it was good :
We are not cruel, nor delight in blood,—
But what have serious repetitions

To do with revels, and the sports of court ?
We not intend to sour your late delights
With harsh expostulation. Let it suffice
That we take notice, and can take revenge
Of these calumnious and lewd blasphemies.
For we are no less Cynthia than we were,
Nor is our power, but as ourself, the same :
Though we have now put on no tire of shine,
But mortal eyes undazzled may endure.
Years are beneath the spheres, and time makes weak
Things under heaven, not powers which govern heaven.
And though ourself be in ourself secure,
Yet let not mortals challenge to themselves
Immunity from thence. Lo, this is all :
Honour hath store of spleen, but wanteth gall.
Once more we cast the slumber of our thanks
On your ta'en toil, which here let take an end.
And that we not mistake your several worths,
Nor you our favour, from yourselves remove
What makes you not yourselves, those clouds of
masque ;
Particular pains particular thanks do ask.

[*The dancers unmask.*]

How ! let me view you. Ha ! are we contemned ?
Is there so little awe of our disdain,
That any (under trust of their disguise)
Should mix themselves with others of the court,
And, without forehead, boldly press so far,
As farther none ? How apt is lenity
To be abused ! severity to be loathed !
And yet how much more doth the seeming face
Of neighbour virtues, and their borrowed names,
Add of lewd boldness to loose vanities !
Who would have thought that Philautia durst

Or have usurped noble Storgé's name,
Or with that theft have ventured on our eyes?
Who would have thought, that all of them should
hope

So much of our connivance, as to come
To grace themselves with titles not their own?
Instead of med'cines, have we maladies?
And such imposthumes as Phantaste is
Grow in our palace? We must lance these sores,
Or all will putrify. Nor are these all,
For we suspect a farther fraud than this:
Take off our veil, that shadows may depart,
And shapes appear, beloved Arete. So,
Another face of things presents itself,
Than did of late. What! feathered Cupid masqued,
And masqued like Anteros? And stay! more strange!
Dear Mercury, our brother, like a page,
To countenance the ambush of the boy!
Nor endeth our discovery as yet:
Gelaia, like a nymph, that but erewhile,
In male attire, did serve Anaides?—
Cupid came hither to find sport and game,
Who heretofore hath been too conversant
Among our train, but never felt revenge;
And Mercury bear Cupid company.
Cupid, we must confess, this time of mirth,
Proclaimed by us, gave opportunity
To thy attempts, although no privilege:
Tempt us no farther; we cannot endure
Thy presence longer; vanish hence, away!

[*Exit CUPID.*]

You, Mercury, we must entreat to stay,
And hear what we determine of the rest;
For in this plot we well perceive your hand.

But (for we mean not a censorian task,
And yet to lance these ulcers grown so ripe),
Dear Arete, and Crites, to you two
We give the charge ; impose what pains you please :
Th' incurable cut off, the rest reform,
Remembering ever what we first decreed,
Since revels were proclaimed, let now none bleed.

Are. How well Diana can distinguish times,
And sort her censures, keeping to herself
The doom of gods, leaving the rest to us !
Come, cite them, Crites, first, and then proceed.

Cri. First, Philautia, for she was the first,
Then light Gelaia in Aglaia's name,
Thirdly, Phantaste, and Moria next,
Main Follies all, and of the female crew :
Amorphus, or Eucosmos' counterfeit,
Voluptuous Hedon ta'en for Eupathes,
Brazen Anaides, and Asotus last,
With his two pages, Morus and Prosaites ;
And thou, the traveller's evil, Cos, approach,
Impostors all, and male deformities——

Are. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power,
And will that at thy mercy they do stand,
Whom they so oft, so plainly scorned before.
'Tis virtue which they want, and wanting it,
Honour no garment to their backs can fit.
Then Crites, practise thy discretion.

Cri. Adored Cynthia, and bright Arete,
Another might seem fitter for this task,
Than Crites far, but that you judge not so :
For I (not to appear vindictive,
Or mindful of contempts, which I contemned,
As done of impotence) must be remiss ;
Who, as I was the author, in some sort,

To work their knowledge into Cynthia's sight,
So should be much severer to revenge
The indignity hence issuing to her name :
But there's not one of these who are unpained,
Or by themselves unpunished ; for vice
Is like a fury to the vicious mind,
And turns delight itself to punishment.
But we must forward, to define their doom.
You are offenders, that must be confessed ;
Do you confess it ?

All. We do.

Cri. And that you merit sharp correction ?

All. Yes.

Cri. Then we (reserving unto Delia's grace
Her farther pleasure, and to Arete
What Delia granteth) thus do sentence you :
That from this place (for penance known of all,
Since you have drunk so deeply of Self-love)
You, two and two, singing a Palinode,
March to your several homes by Niobe's stone,
And offer up two tears apiece thereon,
That it may change the name, as you must change,
And of a stone be called Weeping-cross ;
Because it standeth cross of Cynthia's way,
One of whose names is sacred Trivia.
And, after penance thus performed, you pass
In like set order, not as Midas did,
To wash his gold off into Tagus' stream ;
But to the well of knowledge, Helicon ;
Where, purged of your present maladies,
Which are not few, nor slender, you become
Such as you fain would seem, and then return,
Offering your service to great Cynthia.
This is your sentence, if the goddess please

To ratify it with her high consent ;
The scope of wise mirth unto fruit is bent.

Cyn. We do approve thy censure, beloved Crites ;
Which Mercury, thy true propitious friend,
(A deity next Jove beloved of us,)
Will undertake to see exactly done.
And for this service of discovery,
Performed by thee, in honour of our name,
We vow to guerdon it with such due grace
As shall become our bounty, and thy place.
Princes that would their people should do well
Must at themselves begin, as at the head ;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws :
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.

[*Exeunt CYNTHIA and her Nymphs, followed by
ARETE and CRITES :—AMORPHUS, PHANTASTE,
&c., go off the stage in pairs, singing the
following*

PALINODE.

Amo. From Spanish shrugs, French faces, smirks,
irpes, and all affected humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From secret friends, sweet servants, loves,
doves, and such fantastic humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From stabbing of arms, flap-dragons, healths,
whiffs, and all such swaggering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From waving fans, coy glances, glicks, cringes,
and all such simpering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From making love by attorney, courting of
puppets, and paying for new acquaintance,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From perfumed dogs, monkeys, sparrows, dil-
does, and paraquettoes,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From wearing bracelets of hair, shoe-ties,
gloves, garters, and rings with poesies.

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing,
and renewing old rivelled faces,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From squiring to tilt-yards, play-houses,
pageants, and all such public places,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From entertaining one gallant to gull another,
and making fools of either,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From belying ladies' favours, noblemen's
countenance, coining counterfeit employments, vain-
glorious taking to them other men's services, and all
self loving humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

MERCURY and CRITES sing.

Now each one dry his weeping eyes,

And to the Well of Knowledge haste ;

Where purged of your maladies,

You may of sweeter waters taste .

And with refined voice report

The grace of Cynthia, and her court. [*Exeunt.*



THE EPILOGUE

Gentles, be 't known to you, since I went in
I am turned rhymers, and do thus begin.
The author (jealous how your sense doth take
His travails) hath enjoined me to make
Some short and ceremonious epilogue ;
But if I yet know what, I am a rogue :
He ties me to such laws as quite distract
My thoughts, and would a year of time exact.
I neither must be faint, remiss, nor sorry,
Sour, serious, confident, nor peremptory ;
But betwixt these. Let's see ; to lay the blame
Upon the children's action, that were lame.
To crave your favour with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
To promise better at the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not anything.
Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
The play, might tax the maker of Self-love.
I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
" By —— 'tis good, and if you like't, you may."

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.

Hoc volo : nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.





SEJANUS, HIS FALL.





HIS "Tragedy" was first acted in 1603, by the company at the Globe; and Shakspeare, Burbage, Lowin, Hemings, Condel, Philips, Cooke, and Sly, had parts in it. Though much applauded by the fashionable part of the audience, it proved "caviare to the general," and experienced considerable opposition. *Sejanus* was not published till 1605; when it appeared in quarto, without a dedication, but accompanied by several copies of commendatory verses. Subsequently it seems to have acquired some degree of popularity. Jonson says it had outlived the malice of its enemies, when he republished it in folio, in 1616; and it was one of the first plays revived after the Restoration. *Sejanus* is not divided into scenes in any of the editions; it has neither exits or entrances; and is, upon the whole, the most involved and puzzling drama, in its internal arrangement, that was ever produced. The motto both to the quarto and folio is the same:—

*Non hîc centauros, non gorgonas, harpyiasque
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

It is taken from Martial, and had already furnished the groundwork for the admirable prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*.





TO THE

NO LESS NOBLE BY VIRTUE THAN BLOOD,

ESME, LORD AUBIGNE.

“MY LORD,—If ever any ruin were so great as to survive, I think this be one I send you, *The Fall of Sejanus*. It is a poem, that, if I well remember, in your lordship’s sight, suffered no less violence from our people here, than the subject of it did from the rage of the people of Rome ; but with a different fate, as, I hope, merit ; for this hath outlived their malice, and begot itself a greater favour than he lost, the love of good men. Amongst whom, if I make your lordship the first it thanks, it is not without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me,

“Your Lordship’s most faithful honourer,

“BEN. JONSON.”





TO THE READERS.



THE following and voluntary labours of my friends, prefixed to my book, have relieved me in much whereat, without them, I should necessarily have touched. Now I will only use three or four short and needful notes, and so rest.

First, if it be objected, that what I publish is no true poem, in the strict laws of time, I confess it : as also in the want of a proper chorus ; whose habit and moods are such and so difficult, as not any, whom I have seen, since the ancients, no, not they who have most presently affected laws, have yet come in the way of. Nor is it needful, or almost possible in these our times, and to such auditors as commonly things are presented, to observe the old state and splendour of dramatic poems, with preservation of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause to speak, in my observations upon Horace his Art of Poetry, which, with the text translated, I intend shortly to publish. In the meantime, if in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fulness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, and without my boast, to think I could better prescribe, than omit the due use for want of a convenient knowledge.

The next is, lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know, that I abhor nothing

more ; and I have only done it to show my integrity in the story, and save myself in those common torturers that bring all wit to the rack ; whose noses are ever like swine spoiling and rooting up the Muses' gardens ; and their whole bodies like moles, as blindly working under earth, to cast any, the least, hills upon virtue.

Whereas they are in Latin, and the work in English, it was presupposed none but the learned would take the pains to confer them ; the authors themselves being all in the learned tongues, save one, with whose English side I have had little to do. To which it may be required, since I have quoted the page, to name what editions I followed : *Tacit. Lips. in quarto, Antwerp, edit. 1600. Dio. folio, Hen. Steph. 1592.* For the rest, as *Sueton. Seneca, &c.*, the chapter doth sufficiently direct, or the edition is not varied.

Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage ; wherein a second pen had good share : in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.

Fare you well, and if you read farther of me, and like, I shall not be afraid of it, though you praise me out.

Neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.

But that I should plant my felicity in your general saying, *good, or well, &c.*, were a weakness which the better sort of you might worthily contemn, if not absolutely hate me for.

BEN. JONSON ;
and no such,

Quem

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.





THE ARGUMENT.



ELIUS SEJANUS, son to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulsinium; after his long service in court, first under Augustus; afterward, Tiberius; grew into that favour with the latter, and won him by those arts, as there wanted nothing but the name to make him a co-partner of the Empire. Which greatness of his, Drusus, the Emperor's son, not brooking; after many smothered dislikes, it one day breaking out, the prince struck him publicly on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Livia, the wife of Drusus (being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husband's counsels) Sejanus practiseth with, together with her physician, called Eudemus, and one Lygdus, an eunuch, to poison Drusus. This their inhuman act having successful and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Sejanus to further and more insolent projects, even the ambition of the Empire; where finding the lets he must encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus, who were next in hope for the succession, he deviseth to make Tiberius' self his means and instils into his ears many doubts and suspicions, both against the princes, and their mother Agrippina; which Cæsar jealously hearkening to, as covetously consenteth to their ruin, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his design, Sejanus labours to marry Livia, and worketh with all his ingine, to remove Tiberius from the knowledge of public business, with allurements of

a quiet and retired life ; the latter of which, Tiberius, out of a proneness to lust, and a desire to hide those unnatural pleasures which he could not so publicly practise, embraceth : the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him first cause of doubt or suspect towards Sejanus : against whom he raiseth in private a new instrument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him underworketh, discovers the other's counsels, his means, his ends, sounds the affections of the senators, divides, distracts them : at last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure ; with pretext of doing him an unwonted honour in the senate, he trains him from his guards, and with a long doubtful letter, in one day hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torn in pieces by the rage of the people.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIBERIUS.
DRUSUS SENIOR.
NERO.
DRUSUS JUNIOR.
CALIGULA.
LUCIUS ARRUNTIUS.
CAIUS SILIUS.
TITIUS SABINUS.
MARCUS LEPIDUS.
CREMUTIUS CORDUS.
ASINIUS GALLUS.
REGULUS.
TERENTIUS.
GRACINUS LACO.
EUEMUS.
RUFUS.
SEJANUS.
LATIARIS.
VARRO.
SERTORIUS MACRO.
COTTA.
DOMITIUS AFER.
HATERIUS.

SANQUINIUS.
POMPONIUS.
JULIUS POSTHUMUS.
FULCINIUS TRIO.
MINUTIUS.
SATRIUS SECUNDUS.
PINNARIUS NATTA.
OPSIUS.

Tribuni.
Præcones
Flamen.
Tubicines.
Nuntius.
Lictores.
Ministri.
Tibicines.
Servi, &c.

AGRIPPINA.
LIVIA.
SOSIA.

THE SCENE—Rome.





SEJANUS.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A State Room in the Palace.*

Enter SABINUS and SILIUS, followed by LATIARIS.



AB. Hail, Caius Silius !

Sil. Titius Sabinus, hail !
You're rarely met in court.

Sab. Therefore, well met.

Sil. 'Tis true : indeed, this place
is not our sphere.

Sab. No, Silius, we are no good inginers.
We want their fine arts, and their thriving use
Should make us graced, or favoured of the times :
We have no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,
No soft and glutinous bodies, that can stick,
Like snails on painted walls ; or, on our breasts,
Creep up, to fall from that proud height, to which
We did by slavery, not by service climb.
We are no guilty men, and then no great ;
We have no place in court, office in state,
That we can say, we owe unto our crimes :
We burn with no black secrets, which can make

Us dear to the pale authors ; or live feared
Of their still waking jealousies, to raise
Ourselves a fortune, by subverting theirs.
We stand not in the lines, that do advance
To that so courted point.

Enter SATRIUS and NATTA at a distance.

Sil. But yonder lean
A pair that do.

Sab. [*salutes LATIARIS.*] Good cousin Latiaris.

Sil. Satrius Secundus, and Pinnarius Natta,
The great Sejanus' clients : there be two,
Know more than honest counsels ; whose close breasts,
Were they ripped up to light, it would be found
A poor and idle sin, to which their trunks
Had not been made fit organs. These can lie,
Flatter, and swear, forswear, deprave, inform,
Smile, and betray ; make guilty men ; then beg
The forfeit lives, to get their livings ; cut
Men's throats with whisperings ; sell to gaping suitors
The empty smoke, that flies about the palace ;
Laugh when their patron laughs ; sweat when he
sweats ;

Be hot and cold with him ; change every mood,
Habit, and garb, as often as he varies ;
Observe him, as his watch observes his clock ;
And, true as turquoise in the dear lord's ring,
Look well or ill with him : ready to praise
His lordship, if he spit, or but p—fair,
Have an indifferent stool, or break wind well ;
Nothing can scape their catch.

Sab. Alas ! these things
Deserve no note, conferred with other vile
And filthier flatteries, that corrupt the times :

When, not alone our gentries chief are fain
To make their safety from such sordid acts ;
But all our consuls, and no little part
Of such as have been prætors, yea, the most
Of senators, that else not use their voices,
Start up in public senate, and there strive
Who shall propound most abject things, and base.
So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard,
Leaving the court, to cry, O race of men,
Prepared for servitude !—which showed that he,
Who least the public liberty could like,
As lothly brooked their flat servility.

Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
Who with our riots, pride, and civil hate,
Have so provoked the justice of the gods :
We, that, within these fourscore years, were born
Free, equal lords of the triumphed world,
And knew no masters but affections ;
To which betraying first our liberties,
We since became the slaves to one man's lusts ;
And now to many : every minist'ring spy
That will accuse and swear, is lord of you,
Of me, of all our fortunes and our lives.
Our looks are called to question, and our words,
How innocent soever, are made crimes ;
We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams,
Or think, but 'twill be treason.

Sab. Tyrants' arts
Are to give flatterers grace ; accusers, power ;
That those may seem to kill whom they devour.

Enter CORDUS and ARRUNTIVS.

Now, good Cremutius Cordus.

Cor. [*salutes SABINUS.*] Hail to your lordship !

Nat. [*whispers LATIARIS.*] Who's that salutes your cousin?

Lat. 'Tis one Cordus,
A gentleman of Rome : one that has writ
Annals of late, they say, and very well.

Nat. Annals ! of what times ?

Lat. I think of Pompey's,
And Caius Cæsar's ; and so down to these.

Nat. How stands he affected to the present state ?
Is he or Drusian, or Germanican,
Or ours, or neutral ?

Lat. I know him not so far.

Nat. Those times are somewhat queasy to be
touched.

Have you or seen, or heard part of his work ?

Lat. Not I ; he means they shall be public shortly.

Nat. O, Cordus do you call him ?

Lat. Ay. [*Exeunt NATTA and SATRIUS.*]

Sab. But these our times
Are not the same, Arruntius.

Arr. Times ! the men,
The men are not the same ! 'tis we are base,
Poor, and degenerate from the exalted strain
Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul
Of god-like Cato ? he, that durst be good,
When Cæsar durst be evil ; and had power,
As not to live his slave, to die his master ?
Or where's the constant Brutus, that being proof
Against all charm of benefits, did strike
So brave a blow into the monster's heart
That sought unkindly to captive his country ?
O, they are fled the light ! Those mighty spirits
Lie raked up with their ashes in their urns,
And not a spark of their eternal fire

Glow in a present bosom. All's but blaze,
Flashes and smoke, wherewith we labour so,
There's nothing Roman in us ; nothing good,
Gallant, or great : 'tis true that Cordus says,
"Brave Cassius was the last of all that race."

[*DRUSUS passes over the stage, attended by*

HATERIUS, &c.

Sab. Stand by ! Lord Drusus.

Hat. The emperor's son ! give place.

Sil. I like the prince well.

Arr. A riotous youth ;

There's little hope of him.

Sab. That fault his age

Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears

Himself each day more nobly than other ;

And wins no less on men's affections,

Than doth his father lose. Believe me, I love him ;

And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus.

Sil. And I, for gracing his young kinsmen so,

The sons of prince Germanicus : it shows

A gallant clearness in him, a straight mind,

That envies not, in them, their father's name.

Arr. His name was, while he lived, above all envy ;

And, being dead, without it. O, that man !

If there were seeds of the old virtue left,

They lived in him.

Sil. He had the fruits, Arruntius,

More than the seeds : Sabinus, and myself

Had means to know him within ; and can report him

We were his followers, he would call us friends ;

He was a man most like to virtue ; in all,

And every action, nearer to the gods,

Than men, in nature ; of a body as fair

As was his mind ; and no less reverend

In face than fame : he could so use his states,
Tempering his greatness with his gravity,
As it avoided all self-love in him,
And spite in others. What his funerals lacked
In images and pomp, they had supplied
With honourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,
A kind of silent mourning, such as men,
Who know no tears but from their captives, use
To show in so great losses.

Cor. I thought once,
Considering their forms, age, manner of deaths,
The nearness of the places where they fell,
To have paralleled him with great Alexander :
For both were of best feature, of high race,
Yeared but to thirty, and, in foreign lands,
By their own people alike made away.

Sab. I know not, for his death, how you might
wrest it :

But, for his life, it did as much disdain
Comparison with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine
Doth with my bondman's. All the good in him
His valour, and his fortune, he made his ;
But he had other touches of late Romans,
That more did speak him : Pompey's dignity,
The innocence of Cato, Cæsar's spirit,
Wise Brutus' temperance : and every virtue,
Which, parted unto others, gave them name,
Flowed mixed in him. He was the soul of goodness ;
And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest.

Arr. I am sure
He was too great for us, and that they knew

Who did remove him hence.

Sab. When men grow fast
Honoured and loved, there is a trick in state,
Which jealous princes never fail to use,
How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassy, the war, or such,
To shift them forth into another air,
Where they may purge, and lessen ; so was he :
And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius,
And his more subtile dam, to discontent him ;
To breed and cherish mutinies ; detract
His greatest actions ; give audacious check
To his commands ; and work to put him out
In open act of treason. All which snares
When his wise cares prevented, a fine poison
Was thought on, to mature their practices.

*Enter SEJANUS, talking to TERENCE ; followed by
SATRIUS, NATTA, &c.*

Cor. Here comes Sejanus.

Sil. Now observe the stoops,
The bendings, and the falls.

Arr. Most creeping base !

Sej. [to NATTA.] I note them well : no more.
Say you ?

Sat. My lord,
There is a gentleman of Rome would buy——

Sej. How call you him you talked with ?

Sat. Please your worship,
It is Eudemus, the physician
To Livia, Drusus' wife.

Sej. On with your suit.
Would buy, you said——

Sat. A tribune's place, my lord.

Sej. What will he give?

Sat. Fifty sestertia.

Sej. Livia's physician, say you, is that fellow?

Sat. It is, my lord. Your lordship's answer.

Sej. To what?

Sat. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman
Your lordship will well like of, when you see him,
And one that you may make yours, by the grant.

Sej. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.

Sat. 'Thank your lordship. He shall, my lord.

Sej. Come hither.

Know you this same Eudemus? is he learned?

Sat. Reputed so, my lord, and of deep practice.

Sej. Bring him in to me, in the gallery;

And take you cause to leave us there together:

I would confer with him, about a grief—

On. [Exeunt SEJANUS, SATRIUS, TERENTIUS, &c.]

Arr. So! yet another? yet? O desperate state
Of grovelling honour! seest thou this, O sun,
And do we see thee after? Methinks, day
Should lose his light, when men do lose their shames,
And for the empty circumstance of life,
Betray their cause of living.

Sil. Nothing so.

Sejanus can repair, if Jove should ruin.
He is now the court god; and well applied
With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and cringes;
He will do more than all the house of heaven
Can for a thousand hecatombs. 'Tis he
Makes us our day, or night; hell and elysium
Are in his look: we talk of Rhadamanth,
Furies, and firebrands; but it is his frown
That is all these; where, on the adverse part,

His smile is more than e'er yet poets feigned
Of bliss, and shades, nectar——

Arr. A serving boy!

I knew him, at Caius' trencher, when for hire
He prostituted his abused body
To that great gormond, fat Apicius :
And was the noted pathic of the time.

Sab. And, now, the second face of the whole world !
The partner of the empire, hath his image
Reared equal with Tiberius, born in ensigns ;
Commands, disposes every dignity.
Centurions, tribunes, heads of provinces,
Prætors, and consuls ; all that heretofore
Rome's general suffrage gave, is now his sale.
The gain, or rather spoil of all the earth,
One, and his house, receives.

Sil. He hath of late
Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing
All the prætorian bands into one camp,
Which he commands : pretending that the soldiers,
By living loose and scattered, fell to riot ;
And that if any sudden enterprise
Should be attempted, their united strength
Would be far more than severed ; and their life
More strict, if from the city more removed.

Sab. Where now he builds what kind of forts he
please,
Is heard to court the soldier by his name,
Woos, feasts the chiefest men of action,
Whose wants, nor loves, compel them to be his.
And though he ne'er were liberal by kind,
Yet to his own dark ends, he's most profuse,
Lavish, and letting fly, he cares not what
To his ambition.

Arr. Yet, hath he ambition ?

Is there that step in state can make him higher,
Or more, or anything he is, but less ?

Sil. Nothing but emperor.

Arr. The name Tiberius,
I hope, will keep, howe'er he hath foregone
The dignity and power.

Sil. Sure, while he lives.

Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should he
fail,

To the brave issue of Germanicus ;
And they are three : too many—ha ? for him
To have a plot upon ?

Sil. I do not know

The heart of his designs ; but sure their face
Looks farther than the present.

Arr. By the gods,

If I could guess he had but such a thought,
My sword should cleave him down from head to
heart,

But I would find it out : and with my hand
I'd hurl his panting brain about the air
In mites as small as atoms, to undo
The knotted bed—

Sab. You are observed, Arruntius.

Arr. [*turns to NATTA, TERENTIUS, &c.*] Death !

I dare tell him so ; and all his spies :
You, sir, I would, do you look ? and you.

Sab. Forbear.



SCENE II.—(*The former Scene continued.*)

A Gallery discovered opening into the State Room.

Enter SATRIUS with EUDEMUS.

Sat. Here he will instant be ; let's walk a turn ;
You're in a muse, Eudemus ?

Eud. Not I, sir.

I wonder he should mark me out so ! well,
Jove and Apollo form it for the best [Aside.

Sat. Your fortune's made unto you now, Eudemus,
If you can but lay hold upon the means ;
Do but observe his humour, and—believe it—
He is the noblest Roman, where he takes—

Enter SEJANUS.

Here comes his lordship.

Sej. Now, good Satrius.

Sat. This is the gentleman, my lord.

Sej. Is this ?

Give me your hand, we must be more acquainted.
Report, sir, hath spoke out your art and learning :
And I am glad I have so needful cause,
However in itself painful and hard,
To make me known to so great virtue.—Look,
Who is that, Satrius ? [*Exit SAT.*] I have a grief,
sir,

That will desire your help. Your name's Eudemus ?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. Sir ?

Eud. It is, my lord.

Sej. I hear you are

Physician to Livia, the princess.

Eud. I minister unto her, my good lord.

Sej. You minister to a royal lady, then.

Eud. She is, my lord, and fair.

Sej. That's understood

Of all their sex, who are or would be so ;

And those that would be, physic soon can make
them :

For those that are, their beauties fear no colours.

Eud. Your lordship is conceited.

Sej. Sir, you know it,

And can, if need be, read a learned lecture

On this, and other secrets. 'Pray you, tell me,

What more of ladies, besides Livia,

Have you your patients ?

Eud. Many, my good lord.

The great Augusta, Urgulania,

Mutillia Prisca, and Plancina : divers—

Sej. And, all these tell you the particulars

Of every several grief ? how first it grew,

And then increased ; what action caused that ;

What passion that ; and answer to each point

That you will put them ?

Eud. Else, my lord, we know not

How to prescribe the remedies.

Sej. Go to,

You are a subtile nation, you physicians !

And grown the only cabinets in court,

To ladies' privacies. Faith, which of these

Is the most pleasant lady in her physic ?

Come, you are modest now.

Eud. 'Tis fit, my lord.

Sej. Why, sir, I do not ask you of their urines,

Whose smell's most violet, or whose siege is best,

Or who makes hardest faces on her stool ?

Which lady sleeps with her own face a nights ?

Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court ?
Or, which her hair, which her complexion,
And, in which box she puts it ? These were questions
That might, perhaps, have put your gravity
To some defence of blush. But, I inquired,
Which was the wittiest, merriest, wantonest ?
Harmless interrogatories, but conceits.—
Methinks Augusta should be most perverse,
And froward in her fit.

Eud. She's so, my lord.

Sej. I knew it : and Mutilia the most jocund.

Eud. 'Tis very true, my lord.

Sej. And why would you

Conceal this from me, now ? Come, what is Livia ?
I know she's quick and quaintly spirited,
And will have strange thoughts, when she is at
leisure :

She tells them all to you.

Eud. My noblest lord,

He breathes not in the Empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serve
In any act, that may preserve mine honour,
Before your lordship.

Sej. Sir, you can lose no honour,
By trusting aught to me. The coarsest act
Done to my service, I can so requite,
As all the world shall style it honourable :
Your idle, virtuous definitions,
Keep honour poor, and are as scorned as vain :
Those deeds breathe honour that do suck in gain.

Eud. But, good my lord, if I should thus betray
The counsels of my patient, and a lady's
Of her high place and worth ; what might your lord-
ship,

Who presently are to trust me with your own,
Judge of my faith?

Sej. Only the best, I swear.

Say now that I should utter you my grief,
And with it the true cause; that it were love,
And love to Livia, you should tell her this:
Should she suspect your faith? I would you could
Tell me as much from her; see if my brain
Could be turned jealous.

Eud. Happily, my lord,
I could in time tell you as much and more;
So I might safely promise but the first
To her from you.

Sej. As safely, my Eudemus,
I now dare call thee so, as I have put
The secret into thee.

Eud. My lord——

Sej. Protest not,
Thy looks are vows to me; use only speed,
And but affect her with Sejanus' love,
Thou art a man, made to make consuls. Go.

Eud. My lord, I'll promise you a private meeting
This day together.

Sej. Canst thou?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. The place?

Eud. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lord-
ship.

Sej. Let me adore my Æsculapius.
Why, this indeed is physic! and outspeaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,
Magistral syrups, or——Begone, my friend,

Not barely styled, but created so ;
Expect things greater than thy largest hopes,
To overtake thee : Fortune shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deserved thus long,
To come behind thy wishes. Go, and speed.

[*Exit EUDEMUS.*]

Ambition makes more trusty slaves than need.
These fellows, by the favour of their art,
Have still the means to tempt ; oft-times the power.
If Livia will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way, Sejanus, to work out
His secrets, who, thou know'st, endures thee not,
Her husband, Drusus : and to work against them.
Prosper it, Pallas, thou that betterest wit ;
For Venus hath the smallest share in it.

Enter TIBERIUS and DRUSUS, attended.

Tib. [to HATERIUS, who kneels to him.] We not endure these flatteries ; let him stand ;
Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods, and state
Take not away our human nature from us :
Look up on us, and fall before the gods.

Sej. How like a god speaks Cæsar !

Arr. There, observe !

He can endure that second, that's no flattery.
O, what is it, proud slime will not believe
Of his own worth, to hear it equal praised
Thus with the gods !

Cor. He did not hear it, sir.

Arr. He did not ! Tut, he must not, we think meanly.

'Tis your most courtly known confederacy,
To have your private parasite redeem
What he, in public, subtilely will lose,

To making him a name.

Hat. Right mighty lord—— [*Gives him letters.*

Tib. We must make up our ears 'gainst these assaults

Of charming tongues ; we pray you use no more
These contumelies to us ; style not us
Or lord, or mighty, who profess ourself
The servant of the senate, and are proud
T' enjoy them our good, just, and favouring lords.

Cor. Rarely dissembled !

Arr. Prince-like to the life.

Sab. When power that may command, so much
descends,

Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends.

Tib. Whence are these letters ?

Hat. From the senate.

Tib. So.

[*LAT. gives him letters*

Whence these ?

Lat. From thence too.

Tib. Are they sitting now ?

Lat. They stay thy answer, Cæsar.

Sil. If this man

Hath but a mind allied unto his words,
How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome !
We could not think that state for which to change,
Although the aim were our old liberty :
The ghosts of those that fell for that, would grieve
Their bodies lived not, now, again to serve.
Men are deceived, who think there can be thrall
Beneath a virtuous prince. Wished liberty
Ne'er lovelier looks, than under such a crown.
But, when his grace is merely but lip-good,
And that, no longer than he airs himself
Aroad in public, there, to seem to shun

The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which within
Are lechery unto him, and so feed
His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,
As, dead to viture, he permits himself
Be carried like a pitcher by the ears,
To every act of vice : this is a case
Deserves our fear, and doth presage the nigh
And close approach of blood and tyranny.
Flattery is midwife unto prince's rage :
And nothing sooner doth help forth a tyrant,
Than that and whisperers' grace, who have the time,
The place, the power, to make all men offenders.

Arr. He should be told this ; and be bid dissemble
With fools and blind men : we that know the evil,
Should hunt the palace-rats, or give them bane ;
Fright hence these worse than ravens, that devour
The quick, where they but prey upon the dead :
He shall be told it.

Sab. Stay, Arruntius,
We must abide our opportunity ;
And practise what is fit, as what is needful.
It is not safe t' enforce a sovereign's ear :
Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.

Arr. Ha, say you so? well! In the mean time,
Jove,
(Say not but I do call upon thee now,)
Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant ;
And of all tame, a flatterer.

Sil. 'Tis well prayed.

Tib. [*having read the letters.*] Return the lords
this voice, We are their creature,
And it is fit a good and honest prince,
Whom they, out of their bounty, have instructed
With so dilate and absolute a power,

Should owe the office of it to their service,
And good of all and every citizen.
Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wished
The senate just, and favouring lords unto us,
Since their free loves do yield no less defence
To a prince's state, than his own innocence.
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them ;
Our suffrage rather shall prevent, than stay
Behind their wills : 'tis empire to obey,
Where such, so great, so grave, so good determine.
Yet, for the suit of Spain, to erect a temple
In honour of our mother and our self,
We must, with pardon of the senate, not
Assent thereto. Their lordships may object
Our not denying the same late request
Unto the Asian cities : we desire
That our defence for suffering that be known
In these brief reasons, with our after purpose.
Since deified Augustus hindered not
A temple to be built at Pergamum,
In honour of himself and sacred Rome ;
We, that have all his deeds and words observed
Ever, in place of laws, the rather followed
That pleasing precedent, because with ours,
The senate's reverence, also, there was joined.
But as, t' have once received it, may deserve
The gain of pardon ; so, to be adored
With the continued style, and note of gods,
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,
And no less pride : yea, even Augustus' name
Would early vanish, should it be profaned
With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
We here protest it, and are covetous

Posterity should know it, we are mortal ;
And can but deeds of men : 'twere glory enough,
Could we be truly a prince. And, they shall add
Abounding grace unto our memory,
That shall report us worthy our forefathers,
Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private frown
For public good. These things shall be to us
Temples and statues, reared in your minds,
The fairest, and most during imagery :
For those of stone or brass, if they become
Odious in judgment of posterity,
Are more contemned as dying sepulchres,
Than ta'en for living monuments. We then
Make here our suit, alike to gods and men ;
The one, until the period of our race,
To inspire us with a free and quiet mind,
Discerning both divine and human laws ;
The other, to vouchsafe us after death,
An honourable mention, and fair praise,
To accompany our actions and our name :
The rest of greatness princes may command,
And, therefore, may neglect ; only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memory
They should, without being satisfied, pursue :
Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.

Nat. Rare !

Sat. Most divine !

Sej. The oracles are ceased,
That only Cæsar, with their tongue, might speak.

Arr. Let me be gone : most felt and open this !

Cor. Stay.

Arr. What ! to hear more cunning and fine words,
With their sound flattered ere their sense be meant ?

Tib. Their choice of Antium, there to place the gift

Vowed to the goddess for our mother's health,
We will the senate know, we fairly like ;
As also of their grant to Lepidus,
For his repairing the Æmilian place,
And restoration of those monuments :
Their grace too in confining of Silanus
To the other isle Cithera, at the suit
Of his religious sister, much commends
Their policy, so tempered with their mercy.
But for the honours which they have decreed
To our Sejanus, to advance his statue
In Pompey's theatre, (whose ruining fire
His vigilance and labour kept restrained
In that one loss,) they have therein outgone
Their own great wisdoms, by their skilful choice,
And placing of their bounties on a man,
Whose merit more adorns the dignity,
Than that can him ; and gives a benefit,
In taking, greater than it can receive.
Blush not, Sejanus, thou great aid of Rome,
Associate of our labours, our chief helper ;
Let us not force thy simple modesty
With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,
Since there's no voice can take it. No man here
Receive our speeches as hyperboles :
For we are far from flattering our friend,
Let envy know, as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them ask the causes of our praise :
Princes have still their grounds reared with them-
selves,
Above the poor low flats of common men ;
And who will search the reasons of their acts,

Must stand on equal bases. Lead, away :
Our loves unto the senate.

[*Exeunt* TIB., SEJAN., NATTA, HAT., LAT., *Officers, &c.*

Arr. Cæsar !

Sab. Peace.

Cor. Great Pompey's theatre was never ruined
Till now, that proud Sejanus hath a statue
Reared on his ashes.

Arr. Place the shame of soldiers
Above the best of generals ? crack the world,
And bruise the name of Romans into dust,
Ere we behold it !

Sil. Check your passion ;
Lord Drusus tarries.

Dru. Is my father mad,
Weary of life, and rule, lords ? thus to heave
An idol up with praise ! make him his mate,
His rival in the empire !

Arr. O, good prince.

Dru. Allow him statues, titles, honours, such
As he himself refuseth !

Arr. Brave, brave Drusus !

Dru. The first ascents to sovereignty are hard ;
But, entered once, there never wants or means,
Or ministers, to help the aspirer on.

Arr. True, gallant Drusus.

Dru. We must shortly pray
To Modesty, that he will rest contented—

Arr. Ay, where he is, and not write emperor.

Re-enter SEJANUS, SATRIUS, LATIARIS, Clients, &c.

Sej. There is your bill, and yours ; bring you your
man. [*To SATRIUS.*]

I have moved for you, too, Latiaris.

Dru. What !

Is your vast greatness grown so blindly bold,
That you will over us?

Sej. Why then give way.

Dru. Give way, Colossus! do you lift? advance
you?

Take that!

[*Strikes him.*]

Arr. Good! brave! excellent, brave prince!

Dru. Nay, come, approach. [*Draws his sword.*]

What, stand you off? at gaze?

It looks too full of death for thy cold spirits.

Avoid mine eye, dull camel, or my sword

Shall make thy bravery fitter for a grave,

Than for a triumph. I'll advance a statue

O' your own bulk; but 't shall be on the cross;

Where I will nail your pride at breadth and length,

And crack those sinews, which are yet but stretched

With your swoln fortune's rage.

Arr. A noble prince!

All. A Castor, a Castor, a Castor, a Castor.

[*Exeunt all but SEJANUS.*]

Sej. He that, with such wrong moved, can bear it
through

With patience, and an even mind, knows how

To turn it back. Wrath covered carries fate:

Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate.

What was my practice late, I'll now pursue,

As my fell justice: this hath styled it new. [*Exit.*]





ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of EUDEMUS.*

Enter SEJANUS, LIVIA, and EUDEMUS.



EJ. Physician, thou art worthy of a province,
For the great favours done unto our loves ;
And, but that greatest Livia bears a part

In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught, like means,
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Liv. Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit.—
But for this potion we intend to Drusus,
No more our husband now, whom shall we choose
As the most apt and abled instrument,
To minister it to him ?

Eud. I say, Lygdus.

Sej. Lygdus ? what's he ?

Liv. An eunuch Drusus loves.

Eud. Ay, and his cup-bearer.

Sej. Name not a second.

If Drusus love him, and he have that place,
We cannot think a fitter.

Eud. True, my lord.

For free access and trust are two main aids.

Sej. Skilful physician !

Liv. But he must be wrought
To the undertaking, with some laboured art.

Sej. Is he ambitious ?

Liv. No.

Sej. Or covetous ?

Liv. Neither.

Eud. Yet, gold is a good general charm.

Sej. What is he, then ?

Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.

Sej. How ! is he young and fair ?

Eud. A delicate youth.

Sej. Send him to me, I'll work him.—Royal lady,
Though I have loved you long, and with that height
Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
It mounts it trembles, thinking nought could add
Unto the fervour which your eye had kindled ;
Yet, now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,
Quickness, and will, to apprehend the means
To your own good and greatness, I protest
Myself through rarified, and turned all flame
In your affection : such a spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle second
To a poor flash, as Drusus ; but to shine
Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
And share the sov'reignty of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
When she and her Sejanus shall divide
The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
Be dimmed with glory of a brighter beam :
When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all

His little light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb. [*Knocking within.*]

Who's that? Eudemus,
Look. [*Exit EUDEMUS.*] 'Tis not Drusus, lady, do
not fear.

Liv. Not I, my lord : my fear and love of him
Left me at once.

Sej. Illustrious lady, stay——

Eud. [*within.*] I'll tell his lordship.

Re-enter EUDEMUS.

Sej. Who is it, Eudemus?

Eud. One of your lordship's servants brings you
word

The emperor hath sent for you.

Sej. O ! where is he?

With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
A question, and return. [*Exit.*]

Eud. Fortunate princess !

How are you blest in the fruition
Of this unequalled man, the soul of Rome,
The Empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's world !

Liv. So blessed, my Eudemus, as to know
The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look to-day ?

Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This same fucus
Was well laid on.

Liv. Methinks 'tis here not white.

Eud. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sun,
Hath giv'n some little taint unto the ceruse ;
You should have used of the white oil I gave you.
Sejanus, for your love ! his very name.
Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts——

[*Paints her cheek.*]

Liv. Nay, now you've made it worse.

Eud. I'll help it straight——

And but pronounced, is a sufficient charm
Against all rumour ; and of absolute power
To satisfy for any lady's honour.

Liv. What do you now, Eudemus ?

Eud. Make a light fucus,
To touch you o'er withal. Honoured Sejanus !
What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
But that addition will at least bear out,
If't do not expiate ?

Liv. Here, good physician.

Eud. I like this study to preserve the love
Of such a man, that comes not every hour
To greet the world.—'Tis now well, lady, you should
Use of the dentifrice I prescribed you too,
To clear your teeth, and the prepared pomatum,
To smooth the skin :—A lady cannot be
Too curious of her form, that still would hold
The heart of such a person, made her captive,
As you have his : who, to endear him more
In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
To your new pleasures.

Liv. Have not we returned
That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery
Of all his counsels ?

Eud. Yes, and wisely, lady.
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
And reckon it an act without your sex :
It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound,

Than mixed with Drusus ; but, when they shall hear
That, and the thunder of Sejanus meet,
Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
And rings about the concave ; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus :
They then will lose their thoughts, and be ashamed
To take acquaintance of them.

Re-enter SEJANUS.

Sej. I must make
A rude departure, lady ; Cæsar sends
With all his haste both of command and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot ; you have my soul,
As certain yours as it is my body's.
And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtile operation
Upon some natural disease of his :
Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
Glory of ladies, and commend my love
To your best faith and memory.

Liv. My lord,
I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet, this
Remember for your heed, he loves you not ;
You know what I have told you ; his designs
Are full of grudge and danger ; we must use
More than a common speed.

Sej. Excellent lady,
How you do fire my blood !

Liv. Well, you must go ?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show.

[*Exit SEJANUS.*

Eua. When will you take some physic, lady ?

Liv. When

I shall, Eudemus : but let Drusus' drug
Be first prepared.

Eud. Were Lygdus made, that's done ;
I have it ready. And, to-morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanse and clear the cutis ; against when
I'll have an excellent new fucus made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.
This change came timely, lady, for your health,
And the restoring of your complexion,
Which Drusus' choler had almost burnt up ;
Wherein your fortune hath prescribed you better
Than art could do.

Liv. Thanks, good physician,
I'll use my fortune, you shall see, with reverence.
Is my coach ready ?

Eud. It attends your highness.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter SEJANUS.

If this be not revenge, when I have done
And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaves,
Parthians, and barefoot Hebrews brand my face,
And print my body full of injuries.
Thou lost thyself, child Drusus, when thou thoughtst
Thou couldst outskip my vengeance, or outstand
The power I had to crush thee into air.

Thy follies now shall taste what kind of man
They have provoked, and this thy father's house
Crack in the flame of my incensed rage,
Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean.—
Adultery ! it is the lightest ill
I will commit. A race of wicked acts
Shall flow out of my anger, and o'erspread
The world's wide face, which no posterity
Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent : things
That for their cunning, close, and cruel mark,
Thy father would wish his, and shall, perhaps,
Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
On, then, my soul, and start not in thy course ;
Though heaven drop sulphur, and hell belch out fire,
Laugh at the idle terrors : tell proud Jove,
Between his power and thine there is no odds :
'Twas only fear first in the world made gods.

Enter TIBERIUS attended.

Tib. Is yet Sejanus come ?

Sej. He's here, dread Cæsar.

Tib. Let all depart that chamber, and the next.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Sit down, my comfort. When the master prince
Of all the world, Sejanus, saith he fears,
Is it not fatal ?

Sej. Yes, to those are feared.

Tib. And not to him ?

Sej. Not if he wisely turn

That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.

Tib. That nature, blood, and laws of kind forbid.

Sej. Do policy and state forbid it ?

Tib. No.

Sej. The rest of poor respects, then let go by ;

State is enough to make the act just, them guilty.

Tib. Long hate pursues such acts.

Sej. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of sovereignty.

Tib. Are rites
Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down,
Forgotten, and made vain?

Sej. All for a crown.

The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear,
Shall never dare do anything but fear ;
All the command of sceptres quite doth perish,
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish :
Whole empires fall, swayed by those nice respects ;
It is the licence of dark deeds protects
Even states most hated, when no laws resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.

Tib. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely.

Sej. Yes, and do them thoroughly.

Tib. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at ?

Sej. Ay,
Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err :
'Tis Agrippina.

Tib. She, and her proud race.

Sej. Proud ! dangerous, Cæsar : for in them apace
The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form, t' upbraid
us

With his close death, if not revenge the same.

Tib. The act's not known.

Sej. Not proved ; but whispering Fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,
Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe.
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,

That are provoked by a parent's death.

Tib. It is as dangerous to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.

Sej. Stay, till they strike at Cæsar ; then their
crime

Will be enough ; but late and out of time
For him to punish.

Tib. Do they purpose it ?

Sej. You know, sir, thunder speaks not till it hit.
Be not secure ; none swiftlier are oppress,
Than they whom confidence betrays to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such :
All power is to be feared, where 'tis too much.
The youths are of themselves hot, violent,
Full of great thought ; and that male-spirited dame,
Their mother, slacks no means to put them on,
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of train and state, suing for titles ;
Hath them commended with like prayers, like vows,
To the same gods, with Cæsar : days and nights
She spends in banquets and ambitious feasts
For the nobility ; where Caius Silius,
Titius Sabinus, old Arruntius,
Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus,
And others of that discontented list,
Are the prime guests. There, and to these, she tells
Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose
wife.

And then must they compare her with Augusta,
Ay, and prefer her too ; commend her form,
Extol her fruitfulness, at which a shower
Falls for the memory of Germanicus.

Which they blow over straight with windy praise
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons ;

Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so pleased,
And wantonly conceited of themselves,
As now they stick not to believe they're such
As these do give them out ; and would be thought
More than competitors, immediate heirs.
Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the rout
(That's still the friend of novelty), with hope
Of future freedom, which on every change
That greedily, though emptily expects.
Cæsar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keep old dignity
Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by ;
Not their own issue ; but so darkly set
As shadows are in picture, to give height
And lustre to themselves.

Tib. We will command
Their rank thoughts down, and with a stricter hand
Than we have yet put forth ; their trains must bate,
Their titles, feasts, and factions.

Sej. Or your state.
But how, sir, will you work ?

Tib. Confine them.

Sej. No.
They are too great, and that too faint a blow
To give them now ; it would have served at first,
When with the weakest touch their knot had burst.
But now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect ;
For such, who know the weight of princes' fear,
Will, when they find themselves discovered, rear
Their forces, like seen snakes, that else would lie
Rolled in their circles, close : nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, than offenders found ;
Where guilt is, rage and courage both abound.

The course must be, to let them still swell up,
Riot, and surfeit on blind fortune's cup ;
Give them more place, more dignities, more style,
Call them to court, to senate ; in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twain or more,
Of the main fautors (it will fright the store),
And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight
You shall disarm them first ; and they, in night
Of their ambition, not perceive the train,
Till in the engine they are caught and slain.

Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to save ;
Yet, than a throne, 'tis cheaper give a grave.
Is there no way to bind them by deserts ?

Sej. Sir, wolves do change their hair, but not their
hearts.

While thus your thought unto a mean is tied,
You neither dare enough, nor do provide.
All modesty is fond, and chiefly where
The subject is no less compelled to bear,
Than praise his sovereign's acts.

Tib. We can no longer
Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sejanus ;
Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but proved
Their voice, in our designs, which by assenting
Hath more confirmed us, than if heartening Jove
Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike,
And at the stroke clicked all his marble thumbs.
But who shall first be struck ?

Sej. First, Caius Silius ;
He is the most of mark, and most of danger :
In power and reputation equal strong,
Having commanded an imperial army
Seven years together, vanquished Sacrovir
In Germany, and thence obtained to wear

The ornaments triumphal. His steep fall,
By how much it doth give the weightier crack,
Will send more wounding terror to the rest,
Command them stand aloof, and give more way
To our surprising of the principal.

Tib. But what, Sabinus ?

Sej. Let him grow awhile,
His fate is not yet ripe : we must not pluck
At all together, lest we catch ourselves.
And there's Arruntius too, he only talks.
But Sosia, Silius' wife, would be wound in
Now, for she hath a fury in her breast,
More than hell ever knew ; and would be sent
Thither in time. Then is there one Cremutius
Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got
To gather notes of the precedent times,
And make them into Annals ; a most tart
And bitter spirit, I hear : who, under colour
Of praising those, doth tax the present state,
Censures the men, the actions, leaves no trick,
No practice unexamined, parallels
The times, the governments ; a profest champion
For the old liberty——

Tib. A perishing wretch !

As if there were that chaos bred in things,
That laws and liberty would not rather choose
To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,
Than have the stain to be preserved by such.
Have we the means to make these guilty first ?

Sej. Trust that to me : let Cæsar, by his power,
But cause a formal meeting of the senate,
I will have matter and accusers ready.

Tib. But how ? let us consult.

Sej. We shall misspend

The time of action. Counsels are unfit
In business, where all rest is more pernicious
Than rashness can be. Acts of this close kind
Thrive more by execution than advice.

There is no lingering in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through done.

Tib. Our edict shall forthwith command a court.
While I can live, I will prevent earth's fury :

Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μυχθήτω πυρί.

[*Exit.*

Enter JULIUS POSTHUMUS.

Pos. My lord Sejanus——

Sej. Julius Posthumus !

Come with my wish ! What news from Agrippina's ?

Pos. Faith, none. They all lock up themselves a'
late,

Or talk in character ; I have not seen
A company so changed. Except they had
Intelligence by augury of our practice.

Sej. When were you there ?

Pos. Last night.

Sej. And what guests found you ?

Pos. Sabinus, Silius, the old list, Arruntius,
Furnius, and Gallus.

Sej. Would not these talk ?

Pos. Little.

And yet we offered choice of argument.
Satrius was with me.

Sej. Well : 'tis guilt enough
Their often meeting. You forgot to extol
The hospitable lady ?

Pos. No ; that trick
Was well put home, and had succeeded too,
But that Sabinus coughed a caution out ;
For she began to swell.

Sej. And may she burst !

Julius, I would have you go instantly
Unto the palace of the great Augusta,
And, by your kindest friend, get swift access ;
Acquaint her with these meetings : tell the words
You brought me the other day, of Silius,
Add somewhat to them. Make her understand
The danger of Sabinus, and the times,
Out of his closeness. Give Arruntius' words
Of malice against Cæsar ; so, to Gallus :
But, above all, to Agrippina. Say,
As you may truly, that her infinite pride,
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful womb,
With popular studies gapes for sovereignty,
And threatens Cæsar. Pray Augusta then,
That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the public safety,
she be pleased to urge these dangers.
Cæsar is too secure, he must be told,
And best he'll take it from a mother's tongue.
Alas ! what is't for us to sound, to explore,
To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or prevent,
If he, for whom it is so strongly laboured,
Shall, out of greatness and free spirit, be
Supinely negligent ? our city's now
Divided as in time o' the civil war,
And men forbear not to declare themselves
Of Agrippina's party. Every day
The faction multiplies ; and will do more,
If not resisted : you can best enlarge it,
As you find audience. Noble Posthumus,
Commend me to your Prisca : and pray her,
She will solicit this great business,
To earnest and most present execution,
With all her utmost credit with Augusta.

Pbs. I shall not fail in my instructions. [Exit.

Sej. This second, from his mother, will well urge
Our late design, and spur on Cæsar's rage ;
Which else might grow remiss. The way to put
A prince in blood, is to present the shapes
Of dangers greater than they are, like late
Or early shadows : and, sometimes, to feign
Where there are none, only to make him fear ;
His fear will make him cruel : and once entered,
He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare
Where he may doubt. This have I made my rule,
To thrust Tiberius into tyranny,
And make him toil, to turn aside those blocks,
Which I alone could not remove with safety.
Drusus once gone, Germanicus' three sons
Would clog my way ; whose guards have too much
faith

To be corrupted : and their mother known
Of too too unproved a chastity,
To be attempted, as light Livia was.
Work then, my art, on Cæsar's fears, as they
On those they fear, till all my lets be cleared,
And he in ruins of his house, and hate
Of all his subjects, bury his own state ;
When with my peace, and safety, I will rise,
By making him the public sacrifice.

[Exit.



SCENE III.—*A Room in AGRIPPINA'S House.*

Enter SATRIUS and NATTA.

Sat. They're grown exceeding circumspect, and wary.

Nat. They have us in the wind : and yet Arruntius Cannot contain himself.

Sat. Tut, he's not yet
Looked after ; there are others more desired,
That are more silent.

Nat. Here he comes. Away. *[Exeunt.*

Enter SABINUS, ARRUNTIUS, and CORDUS.

Sab. How is it, that these beagles haunt the house
Of Agrippina?

Arr. O, they hunt, they hunt !
There is some game here lodged, which they must
rouse,
To make the great ones sport.

Cor. Did you observe
How they inveighed 'gainst Cæsar ?

Arr. Ay, baits, baits,
For us to bite at : would I have my flesh
Torn by the public hook, these qualified hangmen
Should be my company.

Cor. Here comes another.

[DOM. AFER passes over the stage.

Arr. Ay, there's a man, Afer the orator!
One that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowers,
To strew his rhetoric with, and doth make haste,
To get him note, or name by any offer
Where blood or gain be objects ; steeps his words
When he would kill, in artificial tears :
The crocodile of Tyber ! him I love,

That man is mine ; he hath my heart and voice
When I would curse ! he, he.

Sab. Contemn the slaves,
Their present lives will be their future graves.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter SILIUS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, and SOSIA.

Sil. May't please your highness not forget yourself ;
I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farther.

Agr. Farewell, noble Silius !

Sil. Most royal princess.

Agr. Sosia stays with us ?

Sil. She is your servant, and doth owe your grace
An honest, but unprofitable love.

Agr. How can that be, when there's no gain but
virtue's ?

Sil. You take the moral, not the politic sense.
I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech,
Earnest to utter what her zealous thought
Travails withal, in honour of your house ;
Which act, as it is simply born in her,
Partakes of love and honesty ; but may,
By the over-often, and unseasoned use,
Turn to your loss and danger : for your state
Is waited on by envies, as by eyes ;
And every second guest your tables take
Is a fee'd spy, to observe who goes, who comes ;
What conference you have, with whom, where, when,

Jon. II.

What the discourse is, what the looks, the thoughts
Of every person there, they do extract,
And make into a substance.

Agr Hear me, Silius.

Were all Tiberius' body stuck with eyes,
And every wall and hanging in my house
Transparent, as this lawn I wear, or air ;
Yea, had Sejanus both his ears as long
As to my inmost closet, I would hate
To whisper any thought, or change an act,
To be made Juno's rival. Virtue's forces
Show ever noblest in conspicuous courses.

Sil. 'Tis great, and bravely spoken, like the spirit
Of Agrippina : yet, your highness knows,
There is nor loss nor shame in providence ;
Few can, what all should do, beware enough.
You may perceive with what officious face,
Satrius, and Natta, Afer, and the rest
Visit your house, of late, to inquire the secrets ;
And with what bold and privileged art, they rail
Against Augusta, yea, and at Tiberius ;
Tell tricks of Livia, and Sejanus : all
To excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might hear it at more liberty.

Agr. You're too suspicious, Silius.

Sil. Pray the gods,

I be so, Agrippina ; but I fear
Some subtile practice. They that durst to strike
At so exemplar, and unblamed a life,
As that of the renowned Germanicus,
Will not sit down with that exploit alone :
He threatens many that hath injured one.

Nero. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues, sear out
their eyes,

When next they come.

Sos. A fit reward for spies.

Enter DRUSUS JUN.

Dru. jun. Hear you the rumour?

Agr. What?

Dru. jun. Drusus is dying.

Agr. Dying!

Nero. That's strange!

Agr. You were with him yesternight.

Dru. jun. One met Eudemus the physician,
Sent for, but now; who thinks he cannot live.

Sil. Thinks! if it be arrived at that, he knows,
Or none.

Agr. 'Tis quick! what should be his disease?

Sil. Poison, poison——

Agr. How, Silius!

Nero. What's that?

Sil. Nay, nothing. There was late a certain blow
Given o' the face.

Nero. Ay, to Sejanus.

Sil. True.

Dru. jun. And what of that?

Sil. I'm glad I gave it not.

Nero. But there is somewhat else?

Sil. Yes, private meetings,
With a great lady—at a physician's,
And a wife turned away.

Nero. Ha!

Sil. Toys, mere toys:
What wisdom's now in th' streets, in the common
mouth?

Dru. jun. Fears, whisperings, tumults, noise, I know
not what:

They say the Senate sit.

Sil. I'll thither straight ;
And see what's in the forge.

Agr. Good Silius, do ;
Sosia and I will in.

Sil. Haste you, my lords,
To visit the sick prince ; tender your loves,
And sorrows to the people. This Sejanus,
Trust my divining soul, hath plots on all :
No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*The Senate House.*

Enter Præcones, Lictores, SEJANUS, VARRO, LATIARIS, COTTA, and AFER.



EJ. 'Tis only you must urge against
him, Varro ;
Nor I, nor Cæsar may appear there-
in,
Except in your defence, who are
the consul ;

And, under colour of late enmity
Between your father and his, may better do it,
As free from all suspicion of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch at ; read :
Be cunning in them. Afer has them too.

Var. But is he summoned ?

Sej. No. It was debated
By Cæsar, and concluded as most fit
To take him unprepared.

Afer. And prosecute
All under name of treason.

Var. I conceive.

Enter SABINUS, GALLUS, LEPIDUS, and ARRUNTIVS.

Sab. Drusus being dead, Cæsar will not be here.

Gal. What should the business of this senate be ?

Arr. That can my subtle whisperers tell you : we
That are the good-dull-noble lookers-on.

Are only called to keep the marble warm.

What should we do with those deep mysteries,
Proper to these fine heads ? let them alone.

Our ignorance may, perchance, help us be saved
From whips and furies.

Gal. See, see, see their action !

Arr. Ay, now their heads do travail, now they
work ;

Their faces run like shittles ; they are weaving
Some curious cobweb to catch flies.

Sab. Observe,

They take their places.

Arr. What, so low !

Gal. O yes,

They must be seen to flatter Cæsar's grief,
Though but in sitting.

Var. Bid us silence.

Præ. Silence !

Var. "Fathers conscript, may this our present
meeting

Turn fair, and fortunate to the commonwealth ! "

Enter SILIUS and other Senators.

Sej. See, Silius enters.

Sil. Hail, grave fathers !

Lic. Stand.

Silius, forbear thy place.

Sen. How !

Præ. Silius, stand forth,

The consul hath to charge thee.

Lic. Room for Cæsar.

Arr. Is he come too ! nay then expect a trick.

Sab. Silius accused ! sure he will answer nobly.

Enter TIBERIUS attended.

Tib. We stand amazed, fathers, to behold
This general dejection. Wherefore sit
Rome's consuls thus dissolved, as they had lost
All the remembrance both of style and place ?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit weight,
To make the honour of the Empire stoop :
Though I, in my peculiar self may meet
Just reprehension, that so suddenly,
And, in so fresh a grief, would greet the senate,
When private tongues, of kinsmen and allies,
Inspired with comforts, lothly are endured,
The face of men not seen, and scarce the day,
To thousands that communicate our loss.
Nor can I argue these of weakness ; since
They take but natural ways ; yet I must seek
For stronger aids, and those fair helps draw out
From warm embraces of the commonwealth.
Our mother, great Augusta, 's struck with time,
Our self imprest with aged characters,
Drusus is gone, his children young and babes ;
Our aims must now reflect on those that may
Give timely succour to these present ills,
And are our only glad surviving hopes,
The noble issue of Germanicus,
Nero and Drusus : might it please the consul
Honour them in, they both attend without.
I would present them to the senate's care,
And raise those suns of joy that should drink up
These floods of sorrow in your drowned eyes.

Arr. By Jove, I am not Œdipus enough

To understand this Sphinx.

Sab. The princes come.

Enter NERO and DRUSUS JUNIOR.

Tib. Approach you, noble Nero, noble Drusus.
These princes, fathers, when their parent died,
I gave unto their uncle, with this prayer,
That though he had proper issue of his own,
He would no less bring up, and foster these,
Than that self-blood ; and by that act confirm
Their worths to him, and to posterity.
Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to you,
And 'fore our country and our gods, beseech
You take, and rule Augustus' nephew's sons,
Sprung of the noblest ancestors ; and so
Accomplish both my duty, and your own.
Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you
In place of parents, these your fathers, these ;
And not unfitly : for you are so born,
As all your good, or ill's the commonwealth's.
Receive them, you strong guardians ; and blest gods,
Make all their actions answer to their bloods :
Let their great titles find increase by them,
Not they by titles. Set them, as in place,
So in example, above all the Romans :
And may they know no rivals but themselves.
Let Fortune give them nothing ; but attend
Upon their virtue : and that still come forth
Greater than hope, and better than their fame.
Relieve me, fathers, with your general voice.

Senators. "May all the gods consent to Cæsar's
wish,
And add to any honours that may crown
The hopeful issue of Germanicus !"

Tib. We thank you, reverend fathers, in their right.

Arr. If this were true, now ! but the space, the
space

Between the breast and lips—Tiberius' heart
Lies a thought farther than another man's. [*Aside.*

Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my joys,
As, in them, all my streams of grief are lost,
No less than are land waters in the sea,
Or showers in rivers ; though their cause was such,
As might have sprinkled ev'n the gods with tears :
Yet, since the greater doth embrace the less,
We covetously obey.

Arr. Well acted, Cæsar. [*Aside.*

Tib. And now I am the happy witness made
Of your so much desired affections
To this great issue, I could wish, the Fates
Would here set peaceful period to my days ;
However to my labours, I entreat,
And beg it of this senate, some fit ease.

Arr. Laugh, fathers, laugh : have you no spleens
about you ? [*Aside.*

Tib. The burden is too heavy I sustain
On my unwilling shoulders ; and I pray
It may be taken off, and reconferr'd
Upon the consuls, or some other Roman,
More able, and more worthy.

Arr. Laugh on still. [*Aside.*

Sab. Why, this doth render all the rest suspected !

Gal. It poisons all.

Arr. O, do you taste it then ?

Sab. It takes away my faith to anything
He shall hereafter speak.

Arr. Ay, to pray that,
Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,

'Gainst which he wears that charm, should but the
court

Receive him at his word.

Gal. Hear!

Tib. For myself

I know my weakness, and so little covet,
Like some gone past, the weight that will oppress me,
As my ambition is the counter-point.

Arr. Finely maintained; good still!

Sej. But Rome, whose blood,
Whose nerves, whose life, whose very frame relies
On Cæsar's strength, no less than heaven on Atlas,
Cannot admit it but with general ruin.

Arr. Ah! are you there to bring him off? [*Aside.*

Sej. Let Cæsar

No more than urge a point so contrary
To Cæsar's greatness, the grieved senate's vows,
Or Rome's necessity.

Gal. He comes about——

Arr. More nimbly than Vertumnus.

Tib. For the public,

I may be drawn to show I can neglect
All private aims, though I affect my rest;
But if the senate still command me serve,
I must be glad to practise my obedience.

Arr. You must and will, sir. We do know it.

[*Aside.*

Senators. "Cæsar,
Live long and happy, great and royal Cæsar;
The gods preserve thee and thy modesty
Thy wisdom and thy innocence!"

Arr. Where is't?

The prayer is made before the subject.

[*Aside.*

Senators. "Guard

His meekness, Jove, his piety, his care,
His bounty——”

Arr. And his subtilty, I'll put in :
Yet he'll keep that himself, without the gods.
All prayers are vain for him. [*Aside.*

Tib. We will not hold
Your patience, fathers, with long answer ; but
Shall still contend to be what you desire,
And work to satisfy so great a hope.
Proceed to your affairs.

Arr. Now, Silius, guard thee ;
The curtain's drawing. Afer advanceth. [*Aside.*

Præ. Silence !

Afer. Cite Caius Silius.

Præ. Caius Silius !

Sil. Here.

Afer. The triumph that thou hadst in Germany
For thy late victory on Sacrovir,
Thou hast enjoyed so freely, Caius Silius,
As no man it envied thee ; nor would Cæsar,
Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any honours thy deserts could claim
In the fair service of the commonwealth ;
But now, if after all their loves and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courses being discovered)
It shall appear to Cæsar and this senate,
Thou hast defiled those glories with thy crimes——

Sil. Crimes !

Afer. Patience, Silius.

Sil. Tell thy mule of patience ;
I am a Roman. What are my crimes ? proclaim them.
Am I too rich, too honest for the times ?
Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses
That some informer gapes for ? is my strength

Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge?

These now are crimes.

Afer. Nay, Silius, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be searched?

Sil. I tell thee, Afer, with more scorn than fear :
Employ your mercenary tongue and art.
Where's my accuser?

Var. Here.

Arr. Varro, the consul !
Is he thrust in?

[*Aside.*

Var. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.
Against the majesty of Rome, and Cæsar,
I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,
First of beginning and occasioning,
Next, drawing out the war in Gallia,
For which thou late triúmph'st ; dissembling long
That Sacrovir to be an enemy,
Only to make thy entertainment more.
Whilst thou, and thy wife Sosia, polled the province :
Wherein, with sordid, base desire of gain,
Thou hast discredited thy actions' worth,
And been a traitor to the state.

Sil. Thou liest.

Arr. I thank thee, Silius, speak so still and often.

Var. If I not prove it, Cæsar, but unjustly
Have called him into trial ; here I bind
Myself to suffer, what I claim against him ;
And yield to have what I have spoke, confirmed
By judgment of the court, and all good men.

Sil. Cæsar, I crave to have my cause deferred,
Till this man's consulship be out.

Tib. We cannot,
Nor may we grant it.

Sil. Why? shall he design
My day of trial? Is he my accuser,
And must he be my judge?

Tib. It hath been usual,
And is a right that custom hath allowed
The magistrate, to call forth private men;
And to appoint their day: which privilege
We may not in the consul see infringed,
By whose deep watches, and industrious care
It is so laboured, as the commonwealth
Receive no loss, by any oblique course.

Sil. Cæsar, thy fraud is worse than violence.

Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use
The credit of the consul to thy wrong;
But only do preserve his place and power,
So far as it concerns the dignity
And honour of the state.

Arr. Believe him, Silius.

Cot. Why, so he may, Arruntius.

Arr. I say so.

And he may choose too.

Tib. By the Capitol,
And all our gods, but that the dear republic,
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are interested therein, I should be silent.

Afer. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his trial,
He shall have justice.

Sil. Nay, I shall have law;
Shall I not, Afer? speak.

Afer. Would you have more?

Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more;
Nor less: might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,

Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Afer. He raves, he raves.

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
Hadst thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see
Whose power condemns me.

Var. This betrays his spirit :
This doth enough declare him what he is.

Sil. What am I? speak.

Var. An enemy to the state.

Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratify it with thine own disgrace.

Sej. This, to the consul, is most insolent,
And impious !

Sil. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves,
Alas ! I scent not your confederacies,
Your plots, and combinations ! I not know
Minion Sejanus hates me ; and that all
This boast of law, and law, is but a form,
A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of justice,
Which you pursue in malice ! I want brain,
Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answer ! O, you equal gods,
Whose justice not a world of wolf-turned men
Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provoked ;
Have I for this so oft engaged myself ?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When Phœbus sooner hath forsook the day
Than I the field, against the blue-eyed Gauls,

And crisped Germans ? when our Roman eagles
Have fanned the fire with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it ?
When I have charged, alone, into the troops
Of curled Sicambrians, routed them, and came
Not off with backward ensigns of a slave ;
But forward marks wounds on my breast and face,
Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy Rome ?
And have I this return ! did I, for this,
Perform so noble, and so brave defeat,
On Sacrovir ! O Jove, let it become me
To boast my deeds, when he, whom they concern,
Shall thus forget them.

Afer. Silius, Silius,

These are the common customs of thy blood,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage :
This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt,
Thou lately mad'st at Agrippina's table,
That, when all other of the troops were prone
To fall into rebellion, only thine
Remained in their obedience. Thou wert he
That saved the Empire, which had then been lost
Had but thy legions there rebelled, or mutinied ;
Thy virtue met, and fronted every peril.
Thou gav'st to Cæsar, and to Rome their surety ;
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
Their being was a donative from thee.

Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.

Tib. Is this true, Silius ?

Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar,

Thy spy of famous credit hath affirmed it.

Arr. Excellent Roman !

Sab. He doth answer stoutly.

Sej. If this be so, there needs no farther cause

Of crime against him.

Var. What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,
Than to be urged with a benefit
He cannot pay.

Cot. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
Is made unequal to the courtesy.

Lat. His means are clean destroyed that should
requite.

Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.

Arr. Gallus on that side too ! *[Aside.]*

Sil. Come, do not hunt,
And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guilty, whom you have foredoomed :
Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, and more I now will say :
Since I have done thee that great service, Cæsar,
Thou still hast feared me ; and, in place of grace,
Returned me hatred : so soon all best turns,
With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries
In estimation, when they greater rise
Than can be answered. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure, than you can
With ease restore them ; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
It is your nature, to have all men slaves
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The means that make your greatness, must not come
In mention of it ; if it do, it takes
So much away, you think : and that which helped
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,
Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.

Cot. Suffer him speak no more.

Var. Note but his spirit.

Afer. This shows him in the rest.

Lat. Let him be censured.

Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him Cæsar's foe.

Cot. His thoughts look through his words.

Sej. A censure.

Sil. Stay,

Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
Delude thy fury. Silius hath not placed
His guards within him, against fortune's spite,
So weakly but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune : she herself,
When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in humanity,
The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanus' hatred,
Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying tongue,
The senate's servile flattery, and these
Mustered to kill, I'm fortified against ;
And can look down upon : they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamoured
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
The coward and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause, and manner how, discerns them :
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest.
Romans, if any here be in this senate,
Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
Look upon Silius, and so learn to die. [*Stabs himself*]

Var. O desperate act !

Arr. An honourable hand !

Tib. Look, is he dead ?

Sab. 'Twas nobly struck, and home.

Arr. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell,
Silius.

Be famous ever for thy great example.

Tib. We are not pleased in this sad accident,
That thus hath stalled, and abused our mercy,
Intended to preserve thee, noble Roman,
And to prevent thy hopes.

Arr. Excellent wolf!

Now he is full he howls.

[*Aside.*

Sej. Cæsar doth wrong
His dignity and safety thus to mourn
The deserved end of so profest a traitor
And doth, by this his lenity, instruct
Others as factious to the like offence.

Tib. The confiscation merely of his state
Had been enough.

Arr. O, that was gaped for then?

[*Aside.*

Var. Remove the body.

Sej. Let citation
Go out for Sosia.

Gal. Let her be proscribed:
And for the goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the treasure, half unto the children.

Lep. With leave of Cæsar, I would think that fourth,
The which the law doth cast on the informers,
Should be enough; the rest go to the children.
Wherein the prince shall show humanity,
And bounty; not to force them by their want,
Which in their parent's trespass they deserved,
To take ill courses.

Tib. It shall please us.

Arr. Ay.

Out of necessity. This Lepidus
Is grave and honest, and I have observed
A moderation still in all his censures.

Sab. And bending to the better——Stay, who's
this?

Enter SATRIUS and NATTA, with CREMUTIUS CORDUS, guarded.

Cremutius Cordus ! What ! is he brought in ?

Arr. More blood into the banquet ! Noble Cordus, I wish thee good ; be as thy writings, free And honest.

Tib. What is he ?

Sej. For the Annals, Cæsar.

Præ. Cremutius Cordus !

Cor. Here.

Præ. Satrius Secundus,

Pinnarius Natta, you are his accusers.

Arr. Two of Sejanus' blood-hounds, whom he breeds

With human flesh, to bay at citizens.

Afer. Stand forth before the Senate, and confront him.

Sat. I do accuse thee here, Cremutius Cordus, To be a man factious and dangerous.

A sower of sedition in the state,

A turbulent and discontented spirit,

Which I will prove from thine own writings, here,

The Annals thou hast published ; where thou bit'st

The present age, and with a viper's tooth,

Being a member of it, dar'st that ill

Which never yet degenerated bastard did

Upon his parent.

Nat. To this I subscribe ;

And, forth a world of more particulars,

Instance in only one : comparing men,

And times, thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st

That Cassius was the last of all the Romans.

Cot. How ! what are we then ?

Var. What is Cæsar ? nothing ?

Afer. My lords, this strikes at every Roman's private,
In whom reigns gentry, and estate of spirit,
To have a Brutus brought in parallel,
A parricide, an enemy of his country,
Ranked, and preferred to any real worth
That Rome now holds. This is most strangely invective,
Most full of spite, and insolent upbraiding.
Nor is 't the time alone is here disprised,
But the whole man of time, yea, Cæsar's self
Brought in disvalue ; and he aimed at most,
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
Cæsar, if Cassius were the last of Romans,
Thou hast no name.

Tib. Let's hear him answer. Silence !

Cor. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argued : yet those words
Not reaching either prince or prince's parent ;
The which your law of treason comprehends.
Brutus and Cassius I am charged to have praised ;
Whose deeds, when many more, besides myself,
Have writ, not one hath mentioned without honour.
Great Titus Livius, great for eloquence,
And faith amongst us, in his History,
With so great praises Pompey did extol,
As oft Augustus called him a Pompeian :
Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his book
He often names Scipio, Afranius,
Yea, the same Cassius, and this Brutus too,
As worthiest men ; not thieves and parricides,
Which notes upon their fames are now imposed.
Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout
Give them a noble memory ; so Messala
Renowned his general Cassius : yet both these

Lived with Augustus, full of wealth and honours.
To Cicero's book, where Cato was heaved up
Equal with heaven, what else did Cæsar answer,
Being then dictator, but with a penned oration,
As if before the judges? Do but see
Antonius' letters; read but Brutus' pleadings:
What vile reproach they hold against Augustus,
False, I confess, but with much bitterness.
The epigrams of Bibaculus and Catullus
Are read, full stuf't with spite of both the Cæsars;
Yet deified Julius, and no less Augustus,
Both bore them, and contemned them: I not know,
Promptly to speak it, whether done with more
Temper, or wisdom, for such obloquies
If they despised be, they die suppress;
But if with rage acknowledged, they are confest.
The Greeks I slip, whose licence not alone,
But also lust did scape unpunished:
Or where some one, by chance, exception took,
He words with words revenged. But, in my work,
What could be aimed more free, or farther off
From the time's scandal, than to write of those,
Whom death from grace or hatred had exempted?
Did I, with Brutus and with Cassius,
Armed, and possessed of the Philippi fields,
Incense the people in the civil cause,
With dangerous speeches? Or do they, being slain
Seventy years since, as by their images,
Which not the conqueror hath defaced, appears,
Retain that guilty memory with writers?
Posterity pays every man his honour:
Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
That will not only Cassius well approve,
And of great Brutus' honour mindful be,

But that will also mention make of me.

Arr. Freely and nobly spoken !

Sab. With good temper ;

I like him, that he is not moved with passion.

Arr. He puts them to their whisper.

Tib. Take him hence ;

We shall determine of him at next sitting.

[*Exeunt Officers with CORDUS.*]

Cot. Mean time, give order, that his books be burnt,
To the ædiles.

Sej. You have well advised.

Afer. It fits not such licentious things should live
T' upbraid the age.

Arr. If the age were good, they might.

Lat. Let them be burnt.

Gal. All sought, and burnt to-day.

Præ. The court is up ; lictors, resume the fasces.

[*Exeunt all but ARRUNTIUS, SABINUS,
and LEPIDUS.*]

Arr. Let them be burnt ! O, how ridiculous
Appear the senate's brainless diligence,
Who think they can, with present power, extinguish
The memory of all succeeding times !

Sab. 'Tis true ; when, contrary, the punishment
Of wit, doth make the authority increase.
Nor do they aught, that use this cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning,
But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,
And to the writers an eternal name.

Lep. It is an argument the times are sore,
When virtue cannot safely be advanced ;
Nor vice reprov'd.

Arr. Ay, noble Lepidus ;
Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer

Under Tiberius, when he did pronounce
The Roman race most wretched, that should live
Between so slow jaws, and so long a bruising.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter TIBERIUS and SEJANUS.

Tib. This business hath succeeded well, Sejanus ;
And quite removed all jealousy of practice
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephews. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our ingines
For th'other pair, Sabinus and Arruntius,
And Gallus too ; howe'er he flatter us,
His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Cæsar.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crown,
What we, with so good vultures have begun :
Sabinus shall be next.

Tib. Rather Arruntius.

Sej. By any means, preserve him. His frank tongue
Being lent the reins, would take away all thought
Of malice, in your course against the rest :
We must keep him to stalk with.

Tib. Dearest head,
To thy most fortunate design I yield it.

Sej. Sir, I have been so long trained up in grace,
First with your father, great Augustus ; since,
With your most happy bounties so familiar ;
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the gods, than to your ears.

Nor have I ever yet been covetous
Of over-bright and dazzling honours ; rather
To watch and travail in great Cæsar's safety,
With the most common soldier.

Tib. 'Tis confest.

Sej. The only gain, and which I count most fair
Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Cæsar
Has thought me worthy his alliance. Hence
Begin my hopes.

Tib. Umph !

Sej. I have heard, Augustus,
In the bestowing of his daughter, thought
But even of gentlemen of Rome : if so—
I know not how to hope so great a favour—
But if a husband should be sought for Livia,
And I be had in mind, as Cæsar's friend,
I would but use the glory of the kindred :
It should not make me slothful, or less caring
For Cæsar's state ; it were enough to me
It did confirm, and strengthen my weak house,
Against the now unequal opposition
Of Agrippina ; and for dear regard
Unto my children, this I wish : myself
Have no ambition farther than to end
My days in service of so dear a master.

Tib. We cannot but commend thy piety ;
Most loved Sejanus, in acknowledging
Those bounties ; which we, faintly, such remember—
But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men,
In all their drifts and counsels, pursue profit ;
Princes alone are of a different sort,
Directing their main actions still to fame :
We therefore will take time to think and answer.
For Livia she can best, herself, resolve

If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family ; besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandam yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide her by :
But I will simply deal. That enmity
Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn more,
If Livia's marriage should, as 'twere in parts,
Divide the imperial house ; an emulation
Between the women might break forth ; and discord
Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference ?
Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou prove it.
Canst thou believe, that Livia, first the wife
To Caius Cæsar, then my Drusus, now
Will be contented to grow old with thee,
Born but a private gentleman of Rome,
And raise thee with her loss, if not her shame ?
Or say that I should wish it, canst thou think
The senate, or the people (who have seen
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will endure it ?
The state thou hold'st already, is in talk ;
Men murmur at thy greatness ; and the nobles
Stick not, in public, to upbraid thy climbing
Above our father's favours, or thy scale :
And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide these things,
For friendship's dear respect : nor will we stand
Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments.
What we have purposed to thee, in our thought,
And with what near degrees of love to bind thee,
And make thee equal to us ; for the present,
We will forbear to speak. Only, thus much
Believe, our loved Sejanus, we not know

That height in blood or honour, which thy virtue
And mind to us, may not aspire with merit.
And this we'll publish, on all watched occasion
The senate or the people shall present.

Sej. I am restored, and to my sense again,
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
Cæsar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth Cæsar
T' embrace my late advice for leaving Rome?

Tib. We are resolved.

Sej. Here are some motives more,

[*Gives him a paper.*]

Which I have thought on since, may more confirm.

Tib. Careful Sejanus! we will straight peruse them :
Go forward in our main design, and prosper. [*Exit.*]

Sej. If those but take, I shall. Dull, heavy Cæsar !
Wouldst thou tell me, thy favours were made crimes,
And that my fortunes were esteemed thy faults,
That thou for me wert hated, and not think
I would with winged haste prevent that change,
When thou might'st win all to thyself again,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
This sparkling forge, created me an armour
T' encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
As thou hadst snuft up hemlock, or ta'en down
The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
To public cares ; awake but to thy lusts,
The strength of which makes thy libidinous soul
Itch to leave Rome ! and I have thrust in on ;
With blaming of the city business,

The multitude of suits, the confluence
Of suitors : then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer,
Besides ill-rumours, envies, and reproaches,
All which a quiet and retired life,
Larded with ease and pleasure, did avoid :
And yet for any weighty and great affair,
The fittest place to give the soundest counsels.
By this I shall remove him both from thought
And knowledge of his own most dear affairs ;
Draw all dispatches through my private hands ;
Know his designments, and pursue mine own ;
Make mine own strengths by giving suits and places,
Conferring dignities and offices ;
And these that hate me now, wanting access
To him, will make their envy none, or less :
For when they see me arbiter of all,
They must observe ; or else with Cæsar fall. [Exit.



SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter TIBERIUS.

Tib. To marry Livia ! will no less, Sejanus,
Content thy aims ? no lower object ? well !
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust ;
Woven in our design ; and think'st we must
Now use thee, whatsoe'er thy projects are :
'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care.
And, now we better think—who's there within ?

Enter an Officer.

Off. Cæsar !

Tib. To leave our journey off, were sin

'Gainst our decreed delights ; and would appear
Doubt ; or, what less becomes a prince, low fear.
Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their excuse,
Where princes' states plead necessary use ;
As ours doth now : more in Sejanus' pride,
Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside.
Those are the dreadful enemies, we raise
With favours, and make dangerous with praise ;
The injured by us may have will alike,
But 'tis the favourite hath the power to strike ;
And fury ever boils more high and strong,
Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.
'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much ; but hold a certain space
Between the ascender's rise and thine own flat,
Lest, when all rounds be reached, his aim be that.
'Tis thought [*Aside*]. Is Macro in the palace ? see :
If not, go seek him, to come to us. [*Exit Officer.*]

He

Must be the organ we must work by now ;
Though none less apt for trust : need doth allow
What choice would not. I have heard that aconite,
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Against the scorpion's stroke ; the proof we'll give :
That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live.
He hath a spirit too working to be used
But to the encounter of his like ; excused
Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill
Against another, and both safely kill :
The prince that feeds great natures, they will sway him ;
Who nourisheth a lion, must obey him.—

Re-enter Officer with MACRO.

Macro, we sent for you.

Mac. I heard so, Cæsar.

Tib. Leave us a while.

[*Exit Officer.*

When you shall know, good Macro,
The causes of our sending, and the ends,
You will then hearken nearer ; and be pleased
You stand so high both in our choice and trust.

Mac. The humblest place in Cæsar's choice or trust,
May make glad Macro proud ; without ambition,
Save to do Cæsar service.

Tib. Leave your courtings.

We are in purpose, Macro, to depart
The city for a time, and see Campania ;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
A pair of temples, one to Jupiter
At Capua ; th' other at Nola, to Augustus :
In which great work, perhaps our stay will be
Beyond our will produced. Now, since we are
Not ignorant what danger may be born
Out of our shortest absence in a state
So subject unto envy, and embroiled
With hate and faction ; we have thought on thee,
Amongst a field of Romans, worthiest Macro,
To be our eye and ear : to keep strict watch
On Agrippina, Nero, Drusus ; ay,
And on Sejanus : not that we distrust
His loyalty, or do repent one grace,
Of all that heap we have conferred on him ;
For that were to disparage our election,
And call that judgment now in doubt, which then
Seemed as unquestioned as an oracle—
But greatness hath his cankers. Worms and moths
Breed out of too much humour, in the things
Which after they consume, transferring quite
The substance of their makers into themselves.

Macro is sharp, and apprehends : besides,
I know him subtile, close, wise, and well read
In man, and his large nature ; he hath studied
Affections, passions, knows their springs, their ends,
Which way, and whether they will work : 'tis proof
Enough of his great merit that we trust him.
Then to a point, because our conference
Cannot be long without suspicion—
Here, Macro, we assign thee both to spy,
Inform, and chastise ; think, and use thy means,
Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt ;
Explore, plot, practise : all thou dost in this
Shall be, as if the senate or the laws
Had given it privilege, and thou thence styled
The saviour both of Cæsar and of Rome.
We will not take thy answer but in act :
Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to hear
By trusted messengers. If't be inquired
Wherefore we called you, say you have in charge
To see our chariots ready, and our horse.
Be still our loved and, shortly, honoured Macro.

[*Exit.*]

Mac. I will not ask why Cæsar bids do this ;
But joy, that he bids me. It is the bliss
Of courts to be employed, no matter how ;
A prince's power makes all his actions virtue.
We, whom he works by, are dumb instruments,
To do, but not inquire : his great intents
Are to be served, not searched. Yet, as that bow
Is most in hand whose owner best doth know
To affect his aims ; so let that statesman hope
Most use, most price, can hit his prince's scope.
Nor must he look at what or whom to strike,
But loose at all ; each mark must be alike.

Were it to plot against the fame, the life
Of one with whom I twinned ; remove a wife
From my warm side, as loved as is the air ;
Practise away each parent ; draw mine heir
In compass, though but one ; work all my kin
To swift perdition ; leave no untrained engin,
For friendship, or for innocence ; nay, make
The gods all guilty ; I would undertake
This, being imposed me, both with gain and ease :
The way to rise is to obey and please.
He that will thrive in state, he must neglect
The trodden paths that truth and right respect ;
And prove new, wilder ways : for virtue there
Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere ;
Men's fortune there is virtue ; reason their will ;
Their licence, law ; and their observance, skill.
Occasion is their foil ; conscience, their stain ;
Profit their lustre ; and what else is, vain.
If then it be the lust of Cæsar's power,
To have raised Sejanus up, and in an hour
O'erturn him, tumbling down, from height of all ;
We are his ready engine : and his fall
May be our rise. It is no uncouth thing
To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring. [Exit.





ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in AGRIPPINA'S House.*

Enter GALLUS and AGRIPPINA.



AL. You must have patience, royal Agrippina.

Agr. I must have vengeance first ;
and that were nectar

Unto my famished spirits. O, my
fortune,

Let it be sudden thou prepar'st
against me ;

Strike all my powers of understanding blind,

And ignorant of destiny to come !

Let me not fear, that cannot hope.

Gal. Dear princess,

These tyrannies on yourself are worse than Cæsar's.

Agr. Is this the happiness of being born great ?

Still to be aimed at ? still to be suspected ?

To live the subject of all jealousies ?

At least the colour made, if not the ground

To every painted danger ? who would not

Choose once to fall, than thus to hang for ever ?

Gal. You might be safe if you would——

Agr. What, my Gallus !

Be lewd Sejanus' strumpet, or the bawd

To Cæsar's lusts, he now is gone to practise ?
Not these are safe, where nothing is. Yourself,
While thus you stand but by me, are not safe,
Was Silius safe ? or the good Sosia safe ?
Or was my niece, dear Claudia Pulchra, safe,
Or innocent Furnius ? they that latest have
(By being made guilty) added reputation
To Afer's eloquence ? O, foolish friends,
Could not so fresh example warn your loves,
But you must buy my favours with that loss
Unto yourselves ; and when you might perceive
That Cæsar's cause of raging must forsake him,
Before his will ! Away, good Gallus, leave me.
Here to be seen, is danger ; to speak, treason :
To do me least observance, is called faction.
You are unhappy in me, and I in all.
Where are my sons Nero and Drusus ? We
Are they be shot at ; let us fall apart ;
Not in our ruins, sepulchre our friends.
Or shall we do some action like offence,
To mock their studies that would make us faulty,
And frustrate practice by preventing it ?
The danger's like : for what they can contrive,
They will make good. No innocence is safe,
When power contests : nor can they trespass more,
Whose only being was all crime before.

Enter NERO, DRUSUS, and CALIGULA.

Ner. You hear Sejanus is come back from Cæsar ?

Gal. No. How ? disgraced ?

Dru. More graced now than ever.

Gal. By what mischance ?

Cal. A fortune like enough

Once to be bad.

Dru. But turned too good to both.

Gal. What was't ?

Ner. Tiberius sitting at his meat,
In a farm-house they call Spelunca, sited
By the sea-side, among the Fundane hills,
Within a natural cave ; part of the grot,
About the entry, fell, and overwhelmed
Some of the waiters ; others ran away :
Only Sejanus with his knees, hands, face,
O'erhanging Cæsar, did oppose himself
To the remaining ruins, and was found
In that so labouring posture by the soldiers
That came to succour him. With which adventure,
He hath so fixed himself in Cæsar's trust,
As thunder cannot move him, and is come
With all the height of Cæsar's praise to Rome.

Agr. And power to turn those ruins all on us ;
And bury whole posterities beneath them.

Nero, and Drusus, and Caligula,
Your places are the next, and therefore most
In their offence. Think on your birth and blood,
Awake your spirits, meet their violence ;
'Tis princely when a tyrant doth oppose,
And is a fortune sent to exercise
Your virtue, as the wind doth try strong trees,
Who by vexation grow more sound and firm.
After your father's fall, and uncle's fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
That force or sleight can give ? then stand upright
And though you do not act, yet suffer nobly :
Be worthy of my womb, and take strong cheer ;
What we do know will come, we should not fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street.**Enter MACRO.*

Mac. Returned so soon! renewed in trust and grace!

Is Cæsar then so weak, or hath the place
But wrought this alteration with the air;
And he, on next remove, will all repair?
Macro, thou art engaged: and what before
Was public; now, must be thy private, more.
The weal of Cæsar, fitness did imply;
But thine own fate confers necessity
On thy employment; and the thoughts born nearest
Unto ourselves, more swiftest still, and dearest.
If he recover, thou art lost; yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall
Will turn on thee, and crush thee: therefore strike
Before he settle, to prevent the like
Upon thyself. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it home, and gives the foremost blow.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Upper Room of AGRIPPINA'S House.**Enter LATIARIS, RUFUS, and OPSIUS.*

Lat. It is a service Lord Sejanus will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.
Here place yourselves between the roof and ceiling;
And when I bring him to his words of danger,
Reveal yourselves, and take him.

Ruf. Is he come?

Lat. I'll now go fetch him.

[*Exit.*

Ops. With good speed.—I long
To merit from the state in such an action.

Ruf. I hope it will obtain the consulship
For one of us.

Ops. We cannot think of less,
To bring in one so dangerous as Sabinus.

Ruf. He was a follower of Germanicus,
And still is an observer of his wife
And children, though they be declined in grace ;
A daily visitant, keeps them company
In private and in public, and is noted
To be the only client of the house :
Pray Jove, he will be free to Latiaris.

Ops. He's allied to him, and doth trust him well.

Ruf. And he'll requite his trust !

Ops. To do an office
So grateful to the state, I know no man
But would strain nearer bands than kindred——

Ruf. List !
I hear them come.

Ops. Shift to our holes with silence. [*They retire.*

Re-enter LATIARIS with SABINUS.

Lat. It is a noble constancy you show
To this afflicted house ; that not like others,
The friends of season, you do follow fortune,
And, in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place whose glories warmed you. You are just,
And worthy such a princely patron's love,
As was the world's renowned Germanicus,
Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
And see his wife and issue, objects made
To so much envy, jealousy, and hate ;

It makes me ready to accuse the gods
Of negligence, as men of tyranny.

Sab. They must be patient, so must we.

Lat. O Jove,

What will become of us or of the times,
When, to be high or noble, are made crimes,
When land and treasure are most dangerous faults ?

Sab. Nay, when our table, yea our bed, assaults
Our peace and safety ? when our writings are
By any envious instruments, that dare
Apply them to the guilty, made to speak
What they will have to fit their tyrannous wreak ?
When ignorance is scarcely innocence ;
And knowledge made a capital offence ?
When not so much, but the bare empty shade
Of liberty is reft us ; and we made
The prey to greedy vultures and vile spies,
That first transfix us with their murdering eyes ?

Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of liberty might be revived again,
(Which no good man but with his life should lose)
And we not sit like spent and patient fools,
Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal,
Held on by hope till the last spark is out.
The cause is public, and the honour, name,
The immortality of every soul,
That is not bastard or a slave in Rome,
Therein concerned : whereto, if men would change
The wearied arm, and for the weighty shield
So long sustained, employ the facile sword,
We might have soon assurance of our vows.
This ass's fortitude doth tire us all :
It must be active valour must redeem

Our loss, or none. The rock and our hard steel
Should meet to enforce those glorious fires again,
Whose splendour cheered the world, and heat gave
life,

No less than doth the sun's.

Sab. 'Twere better stay
In lasting darkness, and despair of day.
No ill should force the subject undertake
Against the sovereign, more than hell should make
The gods do wrong. A good man should and must
Sit rather down with loss than rise unjust.
Though, when the Romans first did yield themselves
To one man's power, they did not mean their lives,
Their fortunes and their liberties should be
His absolute spoil, as purchased by the sword.

Lat. Why, we are worse, if to be slaves, and bond
To Cæsar's slave, be such, the proud Sejanus !
He that is all, does all, gives Cæsar leave
To hide his ulcerous and anointed face,
With his bald crown at Rhodes, while he here stalks
Upon the heads of Romans, and their princes,
Familiarly to empire.

Sab. Now you touch
A point indeed, wherein he shows his art,
As well as power.

Lat. And villainy in both.
Do you observe where Livia lodges ? how
Drusus came dead ? what men have been cut off ?

Sab. Yes, those are things removed. I nearer
looked
Into his later practice, where he stands
Declared a master in his mystery.
First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his fear
To think that Agrippina sought his death.

Then put those doubts in her ; send her oft word,
Under the show of friendship, to beware
Of Cæsar, for he laid to poison her :
Drive them to frowns, to mutual jealousies,
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hired instruments
To work on Nero, and to heave him up ;
To tell him Cæsar's old, that all the people,
Yea, all the army have their eyes on him ;
That both do long to have him undertake
Something of worth, to give the world a hope ;
Bids him to court their grace : the easy youth
Perhaps gives ear, which straight he writes to Cæsar ;
And with this comment : " See yon dangerous boy ;
Note but the practice of the mother, there ;
She's tying him for purposes at hand,
With men of sword." Here's Cæsar put in fright
'Gainst son and mother. Yet he leaves not thus.
The second brother, Drusus, a fierce nature,
And fitter for his snares, because ambitious
And full of envy, him he clasps and hugs,
Poisons with praise, tells him what hearts he wears,
How bright he stands in popular expectance ;
That Rome doth suffer with him in the wrong
His mother does him, by preferring Nero :
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
Projects the course that serves him to condemn,
Keeps in opinion of a friend to all,
And all drives on to ruin.

Lat. Cæsar sleeps,
And nods at this.

Sab. Would he might ever sleep,
Bogged in his filthy lusts !

[OPSIUS and RUFUS rush in.]

Ops. Treason to Cæsar !

Ruf. Lay hands upon the traitor, Latiaris,
Or take the name thyself.

Lat. I am for Cæsar.

Sab. Am I then caught ?

Ruf. How think you, sir ? you are.

Sab. Spies of this head, so white, so full of years !
Well, my most reverend monsters, you may live
To see yourselves thus snared.

Ops. Away with him !

Lat. Hale him away.

Ruf. To be a spy for traitors,
Is honourable vigilance.

Sab. You do well,
My most officious instruments of state ;
Men of all uses : drag me hence, away.
The year is well begun, and I fall fit
To be an offering to Sejanus. Go !

Ops. Cover him with his garments, hide his face.

Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude assault.
The fault's not shameful, villainy makes a fault.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV.—*The Street before AGRIPPINA'S House.*

Enter MACRO and CALIGULA.

Mac. Sir, but observe how thick your dangers meet
In his clear drifts ! your mother and your brothers,
Now cited to the senate ; their friend Gallus,
Feasted to-day by Cæsar, since committed !
Sabinus here we meet, hurried to fetters :

The senators all strook with fear and silence,
Save those whose hopes depend not on good means,
But force their private prey from public spoil.
And you must know, if here you stay, your state
Is sure to be the subject of his hate,
As now the object.

Cal. What would you advise me ?

Mac. To go for Capreæ presently ; and there
Give up yourself entirely to your uncle.
Tell Cæsar (since your mother is accused
To fly for succours to Augustus' statue,
And to the army, with your brethren) you
Have rather chose to place your aids in him,
Than live suspected ; or in hourly fear
To be thrust out, by bold Sejanus' plots :
Which you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of peril to the state, and Cæsar,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run with common safety.
All which, upon the second, I'll make plain,
So both shall love and trust with Cæsar gain.

Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our journey.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Street.*

Enter ARRUNTIVS.

Arr. Still dost thou suffer, heaven ! will no flame,
No heat of sin, make thy just wrath to boil
In thy distempered bosom, and o'erflow
The pitchy blazes of impiety,

Kindled beneath thy throne ! Still canst thou sleep,
Patient, while vice doth make an antick face
At thy dread power, and blow dust and smoke
Into thy nostrils ! Jove, will nothing wake thee ?
Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard,
Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,
And look him dead ? Well ! snore on, dreaming gods ;
And let this last of that proud giant-race
Heave mountain upon mountain 'gainst your state—
Be good unto me, Fortune and you powers,
Whom I, expostulating, have profaned ;
I see, what's equal with a prodigy,
A great, a noble Roman, and an honest,
Live an old man !—

Enter LEPIDUS.

O Marcus Lepidus,
When is our turn to bleed ? Thyself and I,
Without our boast, are almost all the few
Left to be honest in these impious times.

Lep. What we are left to be, we will be, Lucius ;
Though tyranny did stare as wide as death,
To fright us from it.

Arr. 'T hath so on Sabinus.

Lep. I saw him now drawn from the Gemonies,
And what increased the direness of the fact,
His faithful dog, upbraiding all us Romans,
Never forsook the corpse, but, seeing it thrown
Into the stream, leaped in, and drowned with it.

Arr. O act, to be envied him of us men !
We are the next the hook lays hold on, Marcus :
What are thy arts, good patriot, teach them me,
That have preserved thy hair to this white dye,
And kept so reverend and so dear a head

Safe on his comely shoulders ?

Lep. Arts, Arruntius !

None, but the plain and passive fortitude,
To suffer and be silent ; never stretch
These arms against the torrent ; live at home,
With my own thoughts and innocence about me,
Not temp'ring the wolves' jaws : these are my arts.

Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I thought
They would secure me. May I pray to Jove
In secret and be safe ? ay, or aloud,
With open wishes, so I do not mention
Tiberius or Sejanus ? yes I must,
If I speak out. 'Tis hard that. May I think,
And not be racked ? What danger is't to dream,
Talk in one's sleep, or cough ? Who knows the law ?
May I shake my head without a comment ? say
It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown
Upon the Gemonies ? These now are things,
Whereon men's fortune, yea, their fate depends.
Nothing hath privilege 'gainst the violent ear.
No place, no day, no hour, we see, is free,
Not our religious and most sacred times,
From some one kind of cruelty : all matter,
Nay, all occasion pleaseth. Madmen's rage,
The idleness of drunkards, women's nothing,
Jester's simplicity, all, all is good
That can be catcht at. Nor is now the event
Of any person, or for any crime,
To be expected ; for 'tis always one :
Death, with some little difference of place,
Or time——What's this ? Prince Nero, guarded !

Enter LACO and NERO with Guards.

Lac. On, lictors, keep your way. My lords, forbear.

On pain of Cæsar's wrath, no man attempt
Speech with the prisoner.

Ner. Noble friends, be safe ;
To lose yourselves for words, were as vain hazard,
As unto me small comfort : fare you well.
Would all Rome's sufferings in my fate did dwell !

Lac. Lictors, away.

Lep. Where goes he, Laco ?

Lac. Sir,
He's banished into Pontia by the senate.

Arr. Do I see, hear, and feel ? May I trust sense,
Or doth my phant'sie form it ?

Lep. Where's his brother ?

Lac. Drusus is prisoner in the palace.

Arr. Ha !

I smell it now : 'tis rank. Where's Agrippina ?

Lac. The princess is confined to Pandataria.

Arr. Bolts, Vulcan ; bolts for Jove ! Phœbus, thy
bow ;

Stern Mars, thy sword ; and, blue-eyed maid, thy spear ;
Thy club, Alcides : all the armoury
Of heaven is too little !—Ha ! to guard
The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch ! this same
Was swiftly born ! Confined, imprisoned, banished ?
Most tripartite ! the cause, sir ?

Lac. Treason.

Arr. O !

The complement of all accusings ! that
Will hit, when all else fails.

Lep. This turn is strange !
But yesterday the people would not hear,
Far less objected, but cried Cæsar's letters
Were false and forged ; that all these plots were malice
And that the ruin of the prince's house

Was practised 'gainst his knowlege. Where are now
Their voices, now that they behold his heirs
Locked up, disgraced, led into exile ?

Arr. Hushed,
Drowned in their bellies. Wild Sejanus' breath
Hath, like a whirlwind, scattered that poor dust,
With his rude blast.—We'll talk no treason, sir,
[*Turns to LACO and the rest.*
If that be it you stand for. Fare you well.
We have no need of horse-leeches. Good spy,
Now you are spied, be gone.

[*Exeunt LACO, NERO, and Guards.*

Lep. I fear you wrong him :
He has the voice to be an honest Roman.

Arr. And trusted to this office ! Lepidus,
I'd sooner trust Greek Sinon than a man
Our state employs. He's gone : and being gone,
I dare tell you, whom I dare better trust,
That our night-eyed Tiberius doth not see
His minion's drifts ; or, if he do, he's not
So arrant subtile, as we fools do take him ;
To breed a mongrel up, in his own house,
With his own blood, and, if the good gods please,
At his own throat flesh him to take a leap.
I do not beg it, heaven ; but if the fates
Grant it these eyes, they must not wink.

Lep. They must
Not see it, Lucius.

Arr. Who should let them ?

Lep. Zeal,
And duty ; with the thought he is our prince.

Arr. He is our monster : forfeited to vice
So far, as no racked virtue can redeem him.
His loathed person fouler than all crimes :

An emperor only in his lusts. Retired,
From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's,
Into an obscure island, where he lives
Acting his tragedies with a comic face,
Amidst his rout of Chaldees : spending hours,
Days, weeks, and months, in the unkind abuse
Of grave astrology, to the bane of men,
Casting the scope of men's nativities,
And having found aught worthy in their fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
And boast he can mock fate. Nay, muse not : these
Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees.
He hath his slaughter-house at Capreæ ;
Where he doth study murder as an art ;
And they are dearest in his grace, that can
Devise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boys, and beauteous girls ta'en up
Out of our noblest houses, the best formed,
Best nurtured, and most modest ; what's their good,
Serves to provoke his bad. Some are allured,
Some threatened ; others, by their friends detained,
Are ravished hence, like captives, and, in sight
Of their most grieved parents, dealt away
Unto his spintries, sellaries, and slaves,
Masters of strange and new commented lusts,
For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding Rome)
He is, with all his craft, become the ward
To his own vassal, a stale catamite :
Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,
Hath raised from excrement to side the gods,
And have his proper sacrifice in Rome :
Which Jove beholds, and yet will sooner rive
A senseless oak with thunder than his trunk !

Re-enter LACO, with POMPONIUS and MINUTIUS.

Lac. These letters make men doubtful what t' expect,

Whether his coming, or his death.

Pom. Troth, both :

And which comes soonest, thank the gods for.

Arr. List !

Their talk is Cæsar ; I would hear all voices.

[ARRUNT. and LEPIDUS stand aside.

Min. One day, he's well ; and will return to Rome ;

The next day, sick ; and knows not when to hope it.

Lac. True ; and to-day, one of Sejanus' friends
Honoured by special writ ; and on the morrow
Another punished——

Pom. By more special writ.

Min. This man receives his praises of Sejanus,
A second but slight mention, a third none,
A fourth rebukes : and thus he leaves the senate
Divided and suspended, all uncertain.

Lac. These forked tricks, I understand them not :
Would he would tell us whom he loves or hates,
That we might follow, without fear or doubt.

Arr. Good Heliotrope ! Is this your honest man ?
Let him be yours so still ; he is my knave.

Pom. I cannot tell, Sejanus still goes on,
And mounts, we see ; new statues are advanced,
Fresh leaves of titles, large inscriptions read,
His fortune sworn by, himself new gone out
Cæsar's colleague in the fifth consulship ;
More altars smoke to him than all the gods :
What would be more ?

Arr. That the dear smoke would choke him,
That would I more.

Lep. Peace, good Arruntius.

Lat. But there are letters come, they say, ev'n now,
Which do forbid that last.

Min. Do you hear so?

Lac. Yes.

Pom. By Castor that's the worst.

Arr. By Pollux, best.

Min. I did not like the sign, when Regulus,
Whom all we know no friend unto Sejanus,
Did, by Tiberius' so precise command,
Succeed a fellow in the consulship :
It boded somewhat.

Pom. Not a mote. His partner,
Fulcinus Trio, is his own, and sure.—
Here comes Terentius.

Enter TERENCE.

He can give us more.

[*They whisper with* TERENCE.]

Lep. I'll ne'er believe but Cæsar hath some scent
Of bold Sejanus' footing. These cross points
Of varying letters, and opposing consuls,
Mingling his honours and his punishments,
Feigning now ill, now well, raising Sejanus,
And then depressing him, as now of late
In all reports we have it, cannot be
Empty of practise : 'tis Tiberius' art.
For having found his favourite grown too great,
And with his greatness strong ; that all the soldiers
Are, with their leaders, made at his devotion ;
That almost all the senate are his creatures,
Or hold on him their main dependencies,
Either for benefit, or hope, or fear ;
And that himself hath lost much of his own,
By parting unto him ; and, by th' increase

Of his rank lusts and rages, quite disarmed
Himself of love, or other public means,
To dare an open contestation ;
His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
To hold him even in : not so to fear him,
As wholly put him out, and yet give check
Unto his farther boldness. In mean time,
By his employments, makes him odious
Unto the staggering rout, whose aid in fine
He hopes to use, as sure, who, when they sway,
Bear down, o'erturn all objects in their way.

Arr. You may be a Lynceus, Lepidus : yet I
See no such cause, but that a politic tyrant,
Who can so well disguise it, should have ta'en
A nearer way : feigned honest, and come home
To cut his throat, by law.

Lep. Ay, but his fear
Would ne'er be masked, allbe his vices were.

Pom. His lordship then is still in grace ?

Ter. Assure you,
Never in more, either of grace or power.

Pom. The gods are wise and just.

Arr. The fiends they are,
To suffer thee belie 'em.

Ter. I have here
His last and present letters, where he writes him,
"The partner of his cares," and "his Sejanus."—

Lac. But is that true, it is prohibited
To sacrifice unto him ?

Ter. Some such thing
Cæsar makes scruple of, but forbids it not ;
No more than to himself : says he could wish
It were forborn to all.

Lac. Is it no other ?

Ter. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,
Here is that letter too.

Arr. How easily
Do wretched men believe what they would have !
Looks this like plot ?

Lep. Noble Arruntius, stay.

Lac. He names him here without his titles.

Lep. Note !

Arr. Yes, and come off your notable fool. I will.

Lac. No other than Sejanus.

Pom. That's but haste
In him that writes : here he gives large amends.

Mar. And with his own hand written ?

Pom. Yes.

Lac. Indeed ?

Ter. Believe it, gentlemen, Sejanus' breast
Never received more full contentments in,
Than at this present.

Pom. Takes he well the escape
Of young Caligula, with Macro ?

Ter. Faith,
At the first air it somewhat troubled him.

Lep. Observe you ?

Arr. Nothing ; riddles. Till I see
Sejanus struck, no sound thereof strikes me.

[*Exeunt ARRUNTIUS and LEPIDUS.*

Pom. I like it not. I muse he would not attempt
Somewhat against him in the consulship,
Seeing the people 'gin to favour him.

Ter. He doth repent it now ; but he has employed
Pagonianus after him : and he holds
That correspondence there, with all that are
Near about Cæsar, as no thought can pass
Without his knowledge, thence in act to front him.

Pom. I gratulate the news.

Lac. But how comes Macro
So in trust and favour with Caligula?

Pom. O, sir, he has a wife ; and the young prince
An appetite : he can look up and spy
Flies in the roof, when there are fleas i' the bed ;
And hath a learned nose to assure his sleeps.
Who to be favoured of the rising sun,
Would not lend little of his waning moon ?
It is the saf'st ambition. Noble Terentius !

Ter. The night grows fast upon us. At your service.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in SEJANUS's House.*

Enter SEJANUS.



EJ. Swell, swell, my joys ; and faint
not to declare
Yourselves as ample as your causes
are.

I did not live till now : this my first
hour ;

Wherein I see my thoughts reached
by my power.

But this, and gripe my wishes. Great and high,
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.
My roof receives me not ; 'tis air I tread ;
And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star in heaven ! reared to this height,
All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight,
That did before sound impudent : 'tis place,
Not blood, discerns the noble and the base.
Is there not something more than to be Cæsar ?
Must we rest there ? it irks t' have come so far,
To be so near a stay. Caligula,
Would thou stood'st stiff, and many in our way !
Winds lose their strength, when they do empty fly,

Unmet of woods or buildings ; great fires die,
That want their matter to withstand them : so,
It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know
Our power shall want opposites ; unless
The gods, by mixing in the cause, would bless
Our fortune with their conquest. That were worth
Sejanus' strife ; durst fates but bring it forth.

Enter TERENTIUS.

Ter. Safety to great Sejanus !

Sej. Now, Terentius ?

Ter. Hears not my lord the wonder ?

Sej. Speak it ; no.

Ter. I meet it violent in the people's mouth,
Who run in routs to Pompey's theatre,
To view your statue, which, they say, sends forth
A smoke, as from a furnace, black and dreadful.

Sej. Some traitor hath put fire in : you, go see,
And let the head be taken off, to look
What 'tis. [*Exit* TERENTIUS.] Some slave hath prac-
tised an imposture
To stir the people.—How now ! why return you ?

Re-enter TERENTIUS, *with* SATRIUS *and* NATTA.

Sat. The head, my lord, already is ta'en off,
I saw it ; and, at opening, there leapt out
A great and monstrous serpent.

Sej. Monstrous ! why ?

Had it a beard, and horns ? no heart ? a tongue
Forked as flattery ? looked it of the hue,
To such as live in great men's bosoms ? was
The spirit of it Macro's ?

Nat. May it please
The most divine Sejanus, in my days,

(And by his sacred fortune, I affirm it,) I have not seen a more extended, grown, Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly——

Sej. O, the fates !

What a wild muster's here of attributes, T' express a worm, a snake !

Ter. But how that should Come there, my lord !

Sej. What, and you too, Terentius ! I think you mean to make 't a prodigy In your reporting.

Ter. Can the wise Sejanus Think heaven hath meant it less ?

Sej. O, superstition !

Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake This morning, burdened with the populous weight Of our expecting clients, to salute us ; Or running of the cat betwixt our legs, As we set forth unto the Capitol, Were prodigies.

Ter. I think them ominous :

And would they had not happened ! As, to-day, The fate of some your servants : who declining¹ Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow, Slipt down the Gemonies, and brake their necks ! Besides, in taking your last augury, No prosperous bird appeared ; but croaking ravens Flagged up and down, and from the sacrifice Flew to the prison, where they sat all night, Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks ! I dare not counsel, but I could entreat, That great Sejanus would attempt the gods Once more with sacrifice.

¹ Turning out of the way.

Sej. What excellent fools
Religion makes of men ! Believes Terentius,
If these were dangers, as I shame to think them,
The gods could change the certain course of fate ?
Or, if they could they would, now in a moment,
For a beeve's fat, or less, be bribed to invert
These long decrees ? Then think the gods, like flies,
Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
Or blood, diffused about their altars : think
Their power as cheap as I esteem it small.
Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian hall,
And, without pity, lade poor Atlas' back,
I know not that one deity, but Fortune,
To whom I would throw up, in begging smoke,
One grain of incense ; or whose ear I'd buy
With thus much oil. Her I indeed adore ;
And keep her grateful image in my house,
Sometime belonging to a Roman king,
But now called mine, as by the better style :
To her I care not, if, for satisfying
Your scrupulous phant'sies, I go offer. Bid
Our priest prepare us honey, milk, and poppy,
His masculine odours, and night-vestments : say
Our rites are instant ; which performed, you'll see
How vain, and worthy laughter, your fears be.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter COTTA and POMPONIUS.

Cot. Pomponius, whither in such speed ?

Pom. I go

To give my lord Sejanus notice——

Cot. What?

Pom. Of Macro.

Cot. Is he come?

Pom. Entered but now

The house of Regulus.

Cot. The opposite consul!

Pom. Some half hour since.

Cot. And by night too! Stay, sir;

I'll bear you company.

Pom. Along then.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.—*A Room in REGULUS's House.*

Enter MACRO, REGULUS, *and* Attendant.

Mac. 'Tis Cæsar's will to have a frequent senate;
And therefore must your edict lay deep mulct
On such as shall be absent.

Reg. So it doth.

Bear it my fellow consul to adscribe.

Mac. And tell him it must early be proclaimed:

The place Apollo's temple. [*Exit* Attendant.]

Reg. That's remembered.

Mac. And at what hour?

Reg. Yes.

Mac. You do forget

To send one for the provost of the watch.

Reg. I have not: here he comes.

Enter LACO.

Mac. Gracinus Laco,

You are a friend most welcome : by and by,
I'll speak with you. You must procure this list
Of the prætorian cohorts, with the names
Of the centurions, and their tribunes.

Reg. Ay.

Mac. I bring you letters, and a health from Cæsar.

Lac. Sir, both come well.

Mac. And hear you ? with your note,
Which are the eminent men, and most of action.

Reg. That shall be done you too.

Mac. Most worthy Laco,
Cæsar salutes you. [*Exit* REGULUS.] Consul ! death
and furies !

Gone now ! The argument will please you, sir,
Ho ! Regulus ! The anger of the gods
Follow your diligent legs, and overtake 'em,
In likeness of the gout !

Re-enter REGULUS.

O, my good lord,
We lacked you present ; I would pray you send
Another to Fulcinus Trio, straight,
To tell him you will come, and speak with him :
The matter we'll devise, to stay him there,
While I with Laco do survey the watch.

[*Exit* REGULUS.]

What are your strengths, Gracinus ?

Lac. Seven cohorts.

Mac. You see what Cæsar writes ; and—Gone
again !

H' has sure a vein of mercury in his feet.

Know you what store of the prætorian soldiers
Sejanus holds about him, for his guard ?

Lac. I cannot the just number ; but I think

Three centuries.

Mac. Three ! good.

Lac. At most not four.

Mac. And who be those centurions ?

Lac. That the consul

Can best deliver you.

Mac. When he's away !

Spite on his nimble industry—Gracinus,
You find what place you hold, there, in the trust
Of royal Cæsar ?

Lac. Ay, and I am——

Mac. Sir,

The honours there proposed are but beginnings
Of his great favours.

Lac. They are more——

Mac. I heard him

When he did study what to add.

Lac. My life,

And all I hold——

Mac. You were his own first choice !

Which doth confirm as much as you can speak ;
And will, if we succeed, make more——Your guards
Are seven cohorts, you say ?

Lac. Yes.

Mac. Those we must

Hold still in readiness and undischarged.

Lac. I understand so much. But how it can——

Mac. Be done without suspicion, you'll object ?

Re-enter REGULUS.

Reg. What's that ?

Lac. The keeping of the watch in arms,
When morning comes.

Mac. The senate shall be met, and set

So early in the temple, as all mark
Of that shall be avoided.

Reg. If we need,
We have commission to possess the palace,
Enlarge Prince Drusus, and make him our chief.

Mac. That secret would have burnt his reverend
mouth,
Had he not spit it out now : by the gods,
You carry things too——Let me borrow a man
Or two, to bear these——That of freeing Drusus,
Cæsar projected as the last and utmost ;
Not else to be remembered.

Enter Servants.

Reg. Here are servants.

Mac. These to Arruntius, these to Lepidus.
This bear to Cotta, this to Latiaris.
If they demand you of me, say I have ta'en
Fresh horse and am departed. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

You, my lord,
To your colleague, and be you sure to hold him
With long narration of the new fresh favours,
Meant to Sejanus, his great patron ; I,
With trusted Laco, here, are for the guards :
Then to divide. For night hath many eyes,
Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are spies.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV.—*A Sacellum (or Chapel) in SEJANUS'S House.*

*Enter Præcones, Flamen, Tubicines, Tibicines,
Ministri, SEJANUS, TERENTIUS, NATTA, &c.*

Præ. "Be all profane far hence ; fly, fly far off :
Be absent far ; far hence be all profane !"

[*Tubicines and Tibicines sound while the Flamen washeth.*]

Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us now.
And bring pure hands, pure vestments, and pure
minds.

1 *Min.* Pure vessels.

2 *Min.* And pure offerings.

3 *Min.* Garlands pure.

Fla. Bestow your garlands : and, with reverence,
place

The vervin on the altar.

Præ. Favour your tongues.

[*While they sound again, the Flamen takes of the honey with his finger, and tastes, then ministers to all the rest : so of the milk in an earthen vessel, he deals about ; which done, he sprinkleth upon the altar, milk ; then imposeth the honey, and kindleth his gums, and after censuring about the altar, placeth his censer thereon, into which they put several branches of poppy, and the music ceasing, proceeds.*]

Fla. "Great mother Fortune, queen of human
state,

Rectress of action, arbitress of fate,
To whom all sway, all power, all empire bows,
Be present, and propitious to our vows !"

Præ. Favour it with your tongues.

Min. Be present, and propitious to our vows !

Omnes. Accept our offering, and be pleased, great
goddess.

Ter. See, see, the image stirs !

Sat. And turns away !

Nat. Fortune averts her face !

Fla. Avert, you gods,
The prodigy. Still ! still ! some pious rite
We have neglected. Yet, heaven be appeased,
And be all tokens false and void, that speak
Thy present wrath !

Sej. Be thou dumb, scrupulous priest :
And gather up thyself, with these thy wares,
Which I, in spite of thy blind mistress, or
Thy juggling mystery, religion, throw
Thus scorned on the earth.

[*Overturns the statue and the altar.*

Nay, hold thy look

Averted till I woo thee turn again ;
And thou shalt stand to all posterity,
The eternal game and laughter, with thy neck
Writhed to thy tail, like a ridiculous cat.
Avoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,
And all these cosening ceremonies ; you,
Your pure and spiced conscience !

[*Exeunt all but SEJANUS, TERENTIUS, SATRIUS, and NATTA.*

I, the slave

And mock of fools, scorn on my worthy head !
That have been titled and adored a god,
Yea sacrificed unto, myself, in Rome,
No less than Jove : and I be brought to do
A peevish giglot¹ rites ! perhaps the thought
And shame of that, made Fortune turn her face,
Knowing herself the lesser deity,
And but my servant.—Bashful queen, if so,
Sejanus thanks thy modesty. Who's that ?

¹ A wanton girl.

Enter POMPONIUS and MINUTIUS.

Pom. His fortune suffers, till he hears my news :
I have waited here too long. Macro, my lord——

Sej. Speak lower and withdraw. [*Takes him aside.*]

Ter. Are these things true ?

Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.

Sej. What's that ?

Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord,
That a new head being set upon your statue,
A rope is since found wreathed about it ! and,
But now a fiery meteor in the form
Of a great ball was seen to roll along
The troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
The amazing wonder of the multitude !

Sej. No more. That Macro's come, is more than
all !

Ter. Is Macro come ?

Pom. I saw him.

Ter. Where ? with whom ?

Pom. With Regulus.

Sej. Terentius !

Ter. My lord.

Sej. Send for the tribunes, we will straight have up
More of the soldiers for our guard. [*Exit TER.*]

Minutius,

We pray you go for Cotta, Latiaris,

Trio the consul, or what senators

You know are sure, and ours. [*Exit MIN.*] You, my
good Natta,

For Laco, provost of the watch. [*Exit NAT.*] Now,
Satrius,

The time of proof comes on ; arm all our servants,
And without tumult. [*Exit SAT.*] You, Pomponius,
Hold some good correspondence with the consul :

Attempt him, noble friend. [*Exit POMP.*] These things begin

To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates.

Fortune, I see thy worst : let doubtful states,

And things uncertain hang upon thy will ;

Me surest death shall render certain still.

Yet, why is now my thought turned toward death,

Whom fates have let go on, so far in breath,

Unchecked or unproved ? I, that did help

To fell the lofty cedar of the world

Germanicus ; that at one stroke cut down

Drusus, that upright elm ; withered his vine ;

Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks,

Flat on the earth ; besides those other shrubs,

Cordus and Sosia, Claudia Pulchra,

Fernius and Gallus, which I have grubbed up ;

And since, have set my axe so strong and deep

Into the root of spreading Agrippine ;

Lopt off and scattered her proud branches, Nero,

Drusus ; and Caius too, although replanted.

If you will, Destinies, that after all,

I faint now ere I touch my period,

You are but cruel ; and I already have done

Things great enough. All Rome hath been my slave ;

The senate sate an idle looker-on,

And witness of my power ; when I have blushed

More to command than it to suffer : all

The fathers have sat ready and prepared,

To give me empire, temples, or their throats,

When I would ask 'em ; and, what crowns the top,

Rome, senate, people, all the world have seen

Jove but my equal ; Cæsar but my second.

'Tis then your malice, Fates, who, but your own,

Envy and fear to have any power long known. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter TERENTIUS *and* Tribunes.

Ter. Stay here : I'll give his lordship you are come.

Enter MINUTIUS, *with* COTTA *and* LATIARIS.

Min. Marcus Terentius, pray you tell my lord
Here's Cotta, and Latiaris.

Ter. Sir, I shall.

[*Exit.*

Cot. My letter is the very same with yours ;
Only requires me to be present there,
And give my voice to strengthen his design.

Lat. Names he not what it is ?

Cot. No, nor to you.

Lat. 'Tis strange and singular doubtful !

Cot. So it is.

It may be all is left to lord Sejanus.

Enter NATTA *and* GRACINUS LACO.

Nat. Gentlemen, where's my lord ?

Tri. We wait him here.

Cot. The provost Laco ! what's the news ?

Lat. My lord——

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. Now, my right dear, noble, and trusted friends,
How much I am a captive to your kindness !
Most worthy Cotta, Latiaris, Laco,
Your valiant hand ; and, gentlemen, your loves.
I wish I could divide myself unto you ;
Or that it lay within our narrow powers,
To satisfy for so enlarged bounty.

Gracinus, we must pray you, hold your guards
Unquit when morning comes. Saw you the consul ?

Min. Trio will presently be here, my lord.

Cot. They are but giving order for the edict,

To warn the senate?

Sej. How! the senate?

Lac. Yes.

This morning in Apollo's temple——

Cot. We

Are charged by letter to be there, my lord.

Sej. By letter! pray you let's see.

Lat. Knows not his lordship?

Cot. It seems so!

Sej. A senate warned! without my knowledge!

And on this sudden! Senators by letters

Required to be there! who brought these?

Cot. Macro.

Sej. Mine enemy! and when?

Cot. This midnight.

Sej. Time,

With every other circumstance, doth give

It hath some strain of engine in 't!—How now?

Enter SATURIUS.

Sat. My lord, Sertorius Macro is without,
Alone, and prays t' have private conference
In business of high nature with your lordship,
He says to me, and which regards you much.

Sej. Let him come here.

Sat. Better, my lord, withdraw:

You will betray what store and strength of friends
Are now about you; which he comes to spy.

Sej. Is he not armed?

Sat. We'll search him.

Sej. No; but take,

And lead him to some room, where you concealed
May keep a guard upon us. [*Exit SAT.*] Noble

Laco,

You are our trust ; and till our own cohorts
Can be brought up, your strengths must be our guard.
Now, good Minutius, honoured Latiaris,

[*He salutes them humbly.*]

Most worthy and my most unwearied friends ;

I return instantly.

[*Exit.*]

Lat. Most worthy lord !

Cot. His lordship is turned instant kind, methinks ;
I have not observed it in him heretofore.

1 *Tri.* 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly.

Min. I

Am wrapt withal.

2. *Tri.* By Mars, he has my lives,
Were they a million, for this only grace.

Lac. Ay, and to name a man !

Lat. As he did me !

Min. And me !

Lat. Who would not spend his life and fortunes
To purchase but the look of such a lord ?

Lac. He that would nor be lord's fool, nor the
world's. [*Aside.*]



SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter SEJANUS, MACRO, and SATRIUS.

Sej. Macro ! most welcome, a most coveted friend !
Let me enjoy my longings. When arrived you ?

Mac. About the noon of night.

Sej. Satrius, give leave.

[*Exit* SATRIUS.]

Mac. I have been, since I came, with both the consuls,
On a particular design from Cæsar.

Sej. How fares it with our great and royal master ?

Mac. Right plentifully well ; as with a prince
That still holds out the great proportion
Of his large favours, where his judgment hath
Made once divine election : like the god
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth
In you, already the most happy, and ere
The sun shall climb the south, most high Sejanus.
Let not my lord be amused.¹ For to this end
Was I by Cæsar sent for to the isle,
With special caution to conceal my journey ;
And thence had my despatch as privately
Again to Rome ; charged to come here by night ;
And only to the consuls make narration
Of his great purpose : that the benefit
Might come more full, and striking, by how much
It was less worked for, or aspired by you,
Or least informed to the common thought.

Sej. What may this be ? part of myself, dear Macro,
If good, speak out ; and share with your Sejanus.

Mac. If bad, I should for ever loathe myself
To be the messenger to so good a lord.
I do exceed my instructions to acquaint
Your lordship with thus much ; but 'tis my venture
On your retentive wisdom : and because
I would no jealous scruple should molest
Or rack your peace of thought. For I assure
My noble lord, no senator yet knows
The business meant : though all by several letters
Are warned to be there, and give their voices,
Only to add unto the state and grace
Of what is purposed.

¹ Amazed.

Sej. You take pleasure, Macro,
Like a coy wench, in torturing your lover.
What can be worth this suffering?

Mac. That which follows,
The tribunitial dignity and power :
Both which Sejanus is to have this day
Conferred upon him, and by public senate.

Sej. Fortune be mine again ! thou hast satisfied
For thy suspected loyalty. [*Aside.*

Mac. My lord,
I have no longer time, the day approacheth,
And I must back to Cæsar.

Sej. Where's Caligula ?

Mac. That I forgot to tell your lordship. Why,
He lingers yonder about Capreæ,
Disgraced ; Tiberius hath not seen him yet :
He needs would thrust himself to go with me,
Against my wish or will ; but I have quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardy note
As my neglect or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me aught,
Because I take no knowledge that I saw you ;
But I shall boast to live to serve your lordship :
And so take leave.

Sej. Honest and worthy Macro ;
Your love and friendship. [*Exit MACRO.*] Who's
there ? Satrius,
Attend my honourable friend forth.—O !
How vain and vile a passion is this fear,
What base uncomely things it makes men do !
Suspect their noblest friends, as I did this,
Flatter poor enemies, entreat their servants,
Stoop, court, and catch at the benevolence
Of creatures unto whom, within this hour,

I would not have vouchsafed a quarter-look,
Or piece of face ! By you that fools call gods,
Hang all the sky with your prodigious signs,
Fill earth with monsters, drop the scorpion down,
Out of the zodiac, or the fiercer lion,
Shake off the loosened globe from her long hinge,
Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
The enraged winds to turn up groves and towns !
When I do fear again, let me be struck
With forked fire, and unpitied die :
Who fears, is worthy of calamity. [Exit.



SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter TERENTIUS, MINUTIUS, LACO, COTTA, LATIARIS,
and POMPONIUS ; REGULUS, TRIO, and others, on
different sides.

Pom. Is not my lord here ?

Ter. Sir, he will be straight.

Cot. What news, Fulcinius Trio ?

Tri. Good, good tidings ;

But keep it to yourself. My lord Sejanus
Is to receive this day in open senate
The tribunitial dignity.

Cot. Is't true ?

Tri. No words, not to your thought : but, sir,
believe it.

Lat. What says the consul ?

Cot. Speak it not again :

He tells me that to-day my lord Sejanus——

Tri. I must entreat you, Cotta, on your honour

Not to reveal it.

Cot. On my life, sir

Lat. Say.

Cot. Is to receive the tribunitial power.

But, as you are an honourable man,

Let me conjure you not to utter it ;

For it is trusted to me with that bond.

Lat. I am Harpocrates.

Ter. Can you assure it ?

Pom. The consul told it me ; but keep it close.

Min. Lord Latiaris, what's the news ?

Lat. I'll tell you ;

But you must swear to keep it secret.

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. I knew the Fates had on their distaff left
More of our thread, than so.

Reg. Hail, great Sejanus !

Tri. Hail, the most honoured !

Cot. Happy !

Lat. High Sejanus !

Sej. Do you bring prodigies too ?

Tri. May all presage

Turn to those fair effects, whereof we bring
Your lordship news.

Reg. May't please my lord withdraw.

Sej. Yes :—I will speak with you anon.

[*To some that stand by.*]

Ter. My lord,

What is your pleasure for the tribunes ?

Sej. Why,

Let them be thanked and sent away.

Min. My lord——

Lac. Will't please my lordship to command me——

Sej. No :

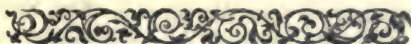
You are troublesome.

Min. The mood is changed.

Tri. Not speak,

Nor look !

Lac. Ay, he is wise, will make him friends
Of such who never love but for their ends. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE VIII.—*A Space before the Temple of Apollo.*

Enter ARRUNTIUS and LEPIDUS, *divers* Senators
passing by them.

Arr. Ay, go, make haste ; take heed you be not
last

To tender your All Hail in the wide hall
Of huge Sejanus : run a lictor's pace :
Stay not to put your robes on ; but away
With the pale troubled ensigns of great friendship
Stamped in your face ! Now, Marcus Lepidus,
You still believe your former augury !
Sejanus must go downward ! You perceive
His wane approaching fast !

Lep. Believe me, Lucius,
I wonder at this rising.

Arr. Ay, and that we
Must give our suffrage to it. You will say,
It is to make his fall more steep and grievous :
It may be so. But think it, they that can
With idle wishes 'say to bring back time :
In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
See, see ! what troops of his officious friends

Flock to salute my lord, and start before
 My great proud lord ! to get a lord-like nod !
 Attend my lord unto the senate-house !
 Bring back my lord ! like servile ushers, make
 Way for my lord ! proclaim his idol lordship,
 More than ten criers, or six noise of trumpets !
 Make legs, kiss hands, and take a scattered hair
 From my lord's eminent shoulder ! [SANQUINIUS and
 HATERIUS *pass over the stage.*] See, Sanquinius,
 With his slow belly, and his dropsy ! look,
 What toiling haste he makes ! yet here's another
 Retarded with the gout, will be afore him.
 Get thee Liburnian porters, thou gross fool,
 To bear thy obsequious fatness, like thy peers.
 They are met ! the gout returns, and his great
 carriage.

[Lictors, REGULUS, TRIO, SEJANUS, SATRIUS and
 many other Senators pass over the stage.

Lict. Give way, make place, room for the consul !
San. Hail,

Hail, great Sejanus !

Hat. Hail, my honoured lord !

Arr. We shall be marked anon, for our not Hail.

Lep. That is already done.

Arr. It is a note.

Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch
 For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
 Neglects and scorns.

Lep. Ay, and they think themselves
 Deeply dishonoured where they are omitted,
 As if they were necessities that helped
 To the perfection of their dignities ;
 And hate the men that but refrain them.

Arr. O!

There is a farther cause of hate. Their breasts
Are guilty that we know their obscure springs,
And base beginnings ; thence the anger grows.

On. Follow.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the same.*

Enter MACRO *and* LACO.

Mac. When all are entered, shut the temple doors ;
And bring your guards up to the gate.

Lac. I will.

Mac. If you shall hear commotion in the senate,
Present yourself : and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth.

Lac. I am instructed.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE X.—*The Temple of Apollo.*

Enter HATERIUS, TRIO, SANQUINIUS, COTTA, REGULUS,
SEJANUS, POMPONIUS, LATIARIS, LEPIDUS, ARRUN-
TIUS, *and divers other* Senators ; Præcones *and*
Lictores.

Hat. How well his lordship looks to-day !

Tri. As if

He had been born, or made for this hour's state.

Cot. Your fellow consul's come about, methinks ?

Tri. Ay, he is wise.

San. Sejanus trusts him well.

Tri. Sejanus is a noble, bounteous lord.

Hat. He is so, and most valiant.

Lat. And most wise.

1 *Sen.* He's everything.

Lat. Worthy of all, and more
Than bounty can bestow.

Tri. This dignity
Will make him worthy.

Pom. Above Cæsar.

San. Tut,
Cæsar is but the rector of an isle,
He of the Empire.

Tri. Now he will have power
More to reward than ever.

Cot. Let us look
We be not slack in giving him our voices.

Lat. Not I.

San. Nor I.

Cot. The readier we seem
To propagate his honours, will more bind
His thoughts to ours.

Hat. I think right with your lordship ;
It is the way to have us hold our places.

San. Ay, and get more.

Lat. More office and more titles.

Pom. I will not lose the part I hope to share
In these his fortunes, for my patrimony.

Lat. See how Arruntius sits, and Lepidus !

Tri. Let them alone, they will be marked anon.

1 *Sen.* I'll do with others.

2 *Sen.* So will I.

3 *Sen.* And I.

Men grow not in the state but as they are planted
Warm in his favours.

Cot. Noble Sejanus !

Hat. Honoured Sejanus !

Lat. Worthy and great Sejanus !

Arr. Gods ! how the sponges open and take in,
And shut again ! look, look ! is not he blest
That gets a seat in eye-reach of him ? more
That comes in ear, or tongue-reach ? O but most
Can claw his subtile elbow, or with a buz
Fly-bow his ears ?

Præt. Proclaim the senate's peace
And give last summons by the edict

Præ. Silence !

In the name of Cæsar, and the senate, silence !

"Memmius Regulus, and Fulcinius Trio, consuls,
these present kalends of June, with the first light,
shall hold a senate, in the temple of Apollo Palatine :
all that are fathers, and are registered fathers, that
have right of entering the senate, we warn or com-
mand you be frequently present, take knowledge the
business is the commonwealth's : whosoever is absent,
his fine or mulct will be taken, his excuse will not be
taken."

Tri. Note who are absent, and record their names.

Reg. Fathers conscript, may what I am to utter
Turn good and happy for the commonwealth !
And thou, Apollo, in whose holy house
We here are met, inspire us all with truth,
And liberty of censure to our thought !
The majesty of great Tiberius Cæsar
Propounds to this grave senate, the bestowing
Upon the man he loves, honoured Sejanus,

The tribunitial dignity and power :
Here are his letters, signed with his signet.
What pleaseth now the fathers to be done ?

Sen. Read, read them, open, publicly read them.

Cot. Cæsar hath honoured his own greatness much
In thinking of this act.

Tri. It was a thought
Happy, and worthy Cæsar.

Lat. And the lord
As worthy it, on whom it is directed !

Hat. Most worthy !

San. Rome did never boast the virtue
That could give envy bounds, but his : Sejanus——

1 *Sen.* Honoured and noble !

2 *Sen.* Good and great Sejanus !

Arr. O, most tame slavery, and fierce flattery !

Præ. Silence !

“Tiberius Cæsar to the Senate greeting.

If you, conscript fathers, with your children, be in health, it is abundantly well : we with our friends here are so. The care of the commonwealth, howsoever we are removed in person, cannot be absent to our thought : although, oftentimes, even to princes most present, the truth of their own affairs is hid ; than which nothing falls out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of governing more difficult. But since it hath been our easeful happiness to enjoy both the aids and industry of so vigilant a senate, we profess to have been the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being careless of our office, but rather secure of the necessity. Neither do these common rumours of many, and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict us ; being

born more out of men's ignorance than their malice : and will, neglected, find their own grave quickly ; whereas, too sensibly acknowledged, it would make their obloquy ours. Nor do we desire their authors, though found, be censured, since in a free state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds and tongues free."

Arr. The lapwing, the lapwing !

"Yet in things which shall worthily and more near concern the majesty of a prince, we shall fear to be so unnaturally cruel to our own fame, as to neglect them. True it is, conscript fathers, that we have raised Sejanus from obscure, and almost unknown gentry,"

Sen. How, how !

"to the highest and most conspicuous point of greatness, and, we hope, deservingly ; yet not without danger : it being a most bold hazard in that sovereign who, by his particular love to one, dares adventure the hatred of all his other subjects."

Arr. This touches ; the blood turns.

"But we affy in your loves and understandings, and do no way suspect the merit of our Sejanus, to make our favours offensive to any."

Sen. O ! good, good.

"Though we could have wished his zeal had run a calmer course against Agrippina and our nephews, howsoever the openness of their actions declared them delinquents ; and that he would have remembered no innocence is so safe, but it rejoiceth to stand in the sight of mercy : the use of which in us he hath so

quite taken away toward them, by his loyal fury, as now our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty, if we should offer to exercise it."

Arr. I thank him ; there I looked for 't.
A good fox !

"Some there be that would interpret this his public severity to be particular ambition ; and that, under a pretext of service to us, he doth but remove his own lets : alleging the strengths he hath made to himself, by the prætorian soldiers, by his faction in court and senate, by the offices he holds himself, and confers on others, his popularity and dependents, his urging and almost driving us to this our unwilling retirement, and, lastly, his aspiring to be our son-in-law."

Sen. This is strange !

Arr. I shall anon believe your vultures,¹ Marcus.

"Your wisdoms, conscript fathers, are able to examine, and censure these suggestions. But were they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most malicious."

Sen. O, he has restored all ; list !

"Yet are they offered to be averred, and on the lives of the informers. What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know ! Only we must think, we have placed our benefits ill ; and conclude, that in our choice, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to us."

[*The Senators shift their places.*]

Arr. The place grows hot ; they shift.

¹ Augury, vultures were one of the best known omens.

"We have not been covetous, honourable fathers, to change ; neither is it now any new lust that alters our affection, or old loathing : but those needful jealousies of state, that warn wiser princes hourly to provide their safety ; and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy ; much more of those great ones, whom their own employed favours have made fit for their fears."

1 *Sen.* Away.

2 *Sen.* Sit farther.

Col. Let's remove——

Arr. Gods ! how the leaves drop off, this little wind !

"We therefore desire, that the office he holds be first seized by the senate ; and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power——"

Sen. How !

San. [*thrusting by.*] By your leave.

Arr. Come, porpoise ; where's Haterius ?

His gout keeps him most miserably constant !

Your dancing shows a tempest.

Sej. Read no more.

Reg. Lords of the senate, hold your seats : read on.

Sej. These letters they are forged.

Reg. A guard ! sit still.

Enter LACO, with the Guards.

Arr. Here's change !

Reg. Bid silence, and read forward.

Præ. Silence—"and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power, but till due and mature trial be made of his innocency, which yet we can

faintly apprehend the necessity to doubt. If, conscript fathers, to your more searching wisdoms, there shall appear farther cause—or of farther proceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more—it is not our power that shall limit your authority, or our favour that must corrupt your justice : either were dishonourable in you, and both uncharitable to ourself. We would willingly be present with your counsels in this business ; but the danger of so potent a faction, if it should prove so, forbids our attempting it : except one of the consuls would be entreated for our safety, to undertake the guard of us home ; then we should most readily adventure. In the meantime, it shall not be fit for us to importune so judicious a senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the guilty ; and how grateful a sacrifice to the gods is the life of an ingrateful person. We reflect not in this on Sejanus, (notwithstanding, if you keep an eye upon him—and there is Latiaris, a senator, and Pinnarius Natta, two of his most trusted ministers ; and so professed, whom we desire not to have apprehended,) but as the necessity of the cause exacts it.”

Reg. A guard on Latiaris !

Arr. O, the spy,

The reverend spy is caught ! who pities him !

Reward, sir, for your service : now, you have done

Your property, you see what use is made !

[*Exeunt LATIARIS and NATTA guarded.*]

Hang up the instrument.

Sej. Give leave.

Lac. Stand, stand !

He comes upon his death, that doth advance

An inch toward my point.

Sej. Have we no friends here ?

Arr. Hushed !

Where now are all the hails and acclamations ?

Enter MACRO.

Mac. Hail to the consuls, and this noble senate !

Sej. Is Macro here ? O, thou art lost, Sejanus !

[*Aside.*

Mac. Sit still, and unaffrighted, reverend fathers ;
Macro, by Cæsar's grace, the new-made provost,
And now possest of the prætorian bands,
An honour late belonged to that proud man,
Bids you be safe : and to your constant doom
Of his deservings, offers you the surety
Of all the soldiers, tribunes, and centurions,
Received in our command.

Reg. Sejanus, Sejanus,
Stand forth, Sejanus !

Sej. Am I called !

Mac. Ay, thou,
Thou insolent monster, art bid stand.

Sej. Why, Macro,
It hath been otherwise between you and I ;
This court, that knows us both, hath seen a difference,
And can, if it be pleased to speak, confirm
Whose insolence is most.

Mac. Come down, Typhæus.
If mine be most, lo ! thus I make it more ;
Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe,
Play with thy beard and nostrils. Thus 'tis fit
(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To use th' ingrateful viper, tread his brains
Into the earth.

Reg. Forbear.

Mac. If I could lose
All my humanity now, 'twere well to torture
So meriting a traitor.—Wherefore, fathers,
Sit you amazed and silent ; and not censure
This wretch, who, in the hour he first rebelled
'Gainst Cæsar's bounty, did condemn himself ?
Phlegra, the field where all the sons of earth
Mustered against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge
So proud and huge a monster.

Reg. Take him hence ;
And all the gods guard Cæsar

Tri. Take him hence.

Hat. Hence.

Cot. To the dungeon with him.

San. He deserves it.

Sen. Crown all our doors with bays.

San. And let an ox,
With gilded horns and garlands, straight be led
Unto the Capitol.

Hat. And sacrificed
To Jove, for Cæsar's safety.

Tri. All our gods
Be present still to Cæsar !

Cot. Phœbus.

San. Mars.

Hat. Diana.

San. Pallas.

Sen. Juno, Mercury.

All guard him !

Mac. Forth, thou prodigy of men.

[*Exit SEJANUS, guarded.*]

Cot. Let all the traitor's titles be defaced.

Tri. His images and statues be pulled down.

Hat. His chariot-wheels be broken.

Arr. And the legs
Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too !

[*Exeunt* Lictors, Præcones, MACRO, REGULUS,
TRIO, HATERIUS, and SANQUINIUS : *manent*
LEPIDUS, ARRUNTIUS, and a few Senators.

Lep. O violent change,
And whirl of men's affections !

Arr. Like, as both
Their bulks and souls were bound on Fortune's
wheel,
And must act only with her motion.

Lep. Who would depend upon the popular air,
Or voice of men, that have to day beheld
That which, if all the gods had fore-declared,
Would not have been believed, Sejanus' fall ?
He that this morn rose proudly as the sun,
And, breaking through a mist of clients' breath,
Came on, as gazed at and admired as he,
When superstitious Moors salute his light !
That had our servile nobles waiting him
As common grooms ; and hanging on his look
No less than human life on destiny !
That had men's knees as frequent as the gods :
And sacrifices more than Rome had altars :
And this man fall ! fall ? ay, without a look
That durst appear his friend, or lend so much
Of vain relief, to his changed state, as pity !

Arr. They that before, like gnats, played in his
beams,
And thronged to circumscribe him, now not seen,
Nor deign to hold a common seat with him !
Others, that waited him unto the senate,
Now inhumanely ravish him to prison.

Whom but this morn they followed as their lord !
Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitive,
Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for stoops :
Blind shames for honours, and black taunts for titles !
Who would trust slippery chance ?

Lep. They that would make
Themselves her spoil ; and foolishly forget,
When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men
Had wisdom : we have placed thee so high,
By fond belief in thy felicity.

[*Shout within.*] The gods guard Cæsar ! All the
gods guard Cæsar !

Re-enter MACRO, REGULUS, and *divers* Senators.

Mac. Now, great Sejanus, you that awed the state,
And sought to bring the nobles to your whip ;
That would be Cæsar's tutor, and dispose
Of dignities and offices ! that had
The public head still bare to your designs,
And made the general voice to echo yours !
That looked for salutations twelve score off,
And would have pyramids, yea, temples, reared
To your huge greatness ; now you lie as flat
As was your pride advanced !

Reg. Thanks to the gods !

Sen. And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome !
Liberty, liberty, liberty ! Lead on,
And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome !

[*Exeunt all but* ARRUNTIUS *and* LEPIDUS.]

Arr. I prophesy, out of the senate's flattery,
That this new fellow, Macro, will become
A greater prodigy in Rome than he
That now is fallen.

Enter TERENTIUS.

Ter. O you, whose minds are good,
And have not forced all mankind from your breasts ;
That yet have so much stock of virtue left,
To pity guilty states, when they are wretched :
Lend your soft ears to hear, and eyes to weep,
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of furies.
The eager multitude (who never yet
Knew why to love or hate, but only pleased
T' express their rage of power) no sooner heard
The murmur of Sejanus in decline,
But with that speed and heat of appetite,
With which they greedily devour the way
To some great sports, or a new theatre,
They filled the Capitol, and Pompey's Cirque
Where, like so many mastiffs, biting stones,
As if his statues now were sensitive
Of their wild fury ; first, they tear them down ;
Then fastening ropes, drag them along the streets,
Crying in scorn, This, this was that rich head
Was crowned with garlands, and with odours, this
That was in Rome so revered ! Now
The furnace and the bellows shall to work,
The great Sejanus crack, and piece by piece
Drop in the founder's pit.

Lep. O popular rage !

Ter. The whilst the senate at the temple of Concord

Make haste to meet again, and thronging cry,
Let us condemn him, tread him down in water,
While he doth lie upon the bank ; away !
While some more tardy, cry unto their bearers,
He will be censured ere we come ; run, knaves,
And use that furious diligence, for fear

Their bondmen should inform against their slackness,
And bring their quaking flesh unto the hook ;
The rout they follow with confused voice,
Crying they're glad, say they could ne'er abide him ;
Inquire what man he was, what kind of face,
What beard he had, what nose, what lips ? Protest
They ever did presage he'd come to this ;
They never thought him wise, nor valiant ; ask
After his garments, when he dies, what death ;
And not a beast of all the herd demands
What was his crime, or who were his accusers,
Under what proof or testimony he fell ?
There came, says one, a huge long-worded letter
From Capreæ against him. Did there so ?
O, they are satisfied ; no more.

Lep. Alas !

They follow Fortune, and hate men condemned,
Guilty or not.

Arr. But had Sejanus thrived
In his design, and prosperously opprest
The old Tiberius ; then, in that same minute,
These very rascals, that now rage like furies,
Would have proclaimed Sejanus emperor.

Lep. But what hath followed ?

Ter. Sentence by the senate,
To lose his head ; which was no sooner off,
But that and the unfortunate trunk were seized
By the rude multitude ; who not content
With what the forward justice of the state
Officiously had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb. A thousand heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues and voices,
Employed at once in several acts of malice !
Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,

Late wives with loss of husbands, mothers of children,
Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall,
Run quite transported with their cruelty !
These mounting at his head, these at his face,
These digging out his eyes, those with his brains
Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their friends ;
Others are met, have ravished thence an arm,
And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours ;
These with a thigh, this hath cut off his hands,
And this his feet ; these fingers, and these toes ;
That hath his liver, he his heart : there wants
Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred !
What cannot oft be done, is now o'erdone.
The whole, and all of what was great Sejanus,
And, next to Cæsar, did possess the world,
Now torn and scattered, as he needs no grave
Each little dust covers a little part :
So lies he nowhere, and yet often buried !

Enter NUNTIUS.

Arr. More of Sejanus ?

Nun. Yes.

Lep. What can be added ?

We know him dead.

Nun. Then there begin your pity.

There is enough behind to melt ev'n Rome,
And Cæsar into tears ; since never slave
Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny,
In tormenting him, would make worth lamenting.
A son and daughter to the dead Sejanus,
(Of whom there is not now so much remaining
As would give fastening to the hangman's hook,)
Have they drawn forth for further sacrifice ;
Whose tenderness of knowledge, unripe years,

And childish silly innocence was such,
As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger :
The girl so simple, as she often asked

“ Where they would lead her ? for what cause they
dragged her ? ”

Cried, “ She would do no more : ” that she could
take

“ Warning with beating.” And because our laws
Admit no virgin immature to die,
The wittily and strangely cruel Macro,
Delivered her to be deflowered and spoiled,
By the rude lust of the licentious hangman,
Then to be strangled with her harmless brother.

Lep. O, act most worthy hell, and lasting night,
To hide it from the world !

Nun. Their bodies thrown
Into the Gemonies (I know not how,
Or by what accident returned), the mother,
The expelled Apicata, finds them there ;
Whom when she saw lie spread on the degrees,
After a world of fury on herself,
Tearing her hair, defacing of her face,
Beating her breasts and womb, kneeling amazed,
Crying to heaven, then to them ; at last,
Her drowned voice gat up above her woes,
And with such black and bitter execrations
As might affright the gods, and force the sun
Run backward to the east ; nay, make the old
Deformed chaos rise again, to o’erwhelm
Them, us, and all the world, she fills the air,
Upbraids the heavens with their partial dooms,
Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands,
What she, and those poor innocents have trans-
gressed,

That they must suffer such a share in vengeance,
Whilst Livia, Lygdus, and Eudemus live,
Who, as she says, and firmly vows to prove it
To Cæsar and the senate, poisoned Drusus?

Lep. Confederates with her husband!

Nun. Ay.

Lep. Strange act!

Arr. And strangely opened: what says now my
monster,

The multitude? they reel now, do they not?

Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weep
The mischief they have done.

Arr. I thank 'em, rogues.

Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible,
As they believe him innocent; all grieve:
And some, whose hands yet reek with his warm
blood,

And grip the part which they did tear of him,
Wish him collected and created new.

Lep. How Fortune piles her sports, when she begins
To practise them! pursues, continues, adds,
Confounds with varying her impassioned moods!

Arr. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to redeem thy
crimes,
To make amend for thy ill placed favours,
With these strange punishments! Forbear, you
things

That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you do fall,
You pash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise;
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

Ter. Let this example move the insolent man,
Not to grow proud and careless of the gods.
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,

Jon. II.

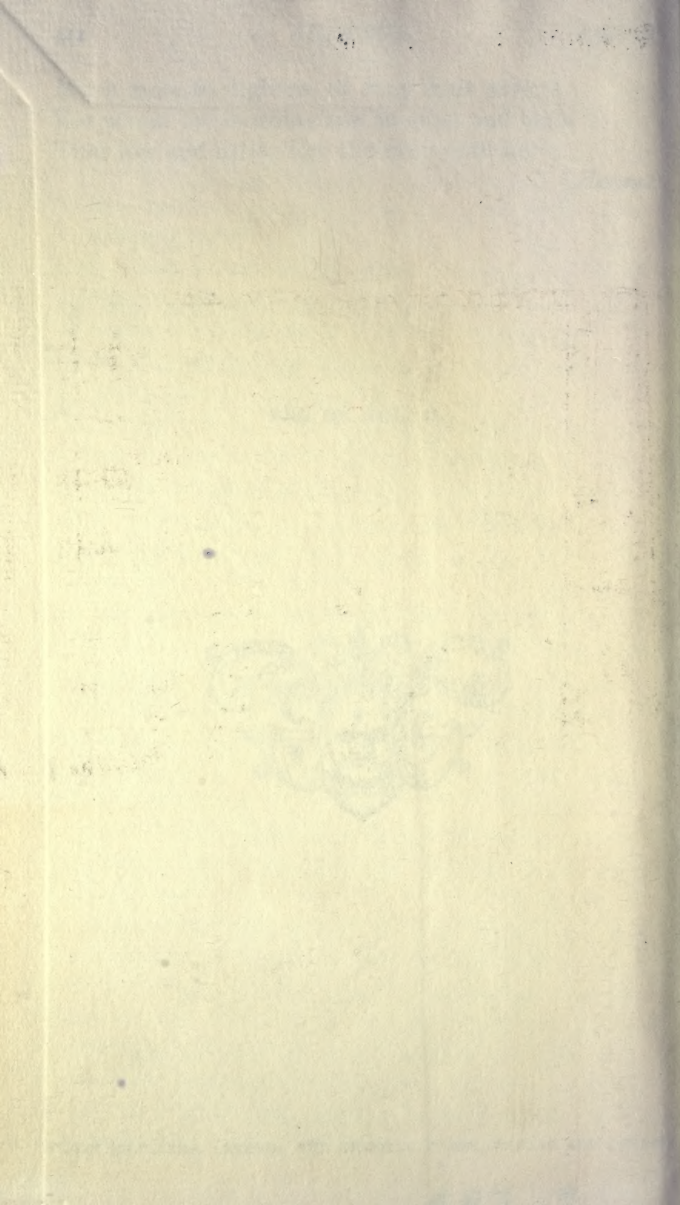
Much more to slighten, or deny their powers :
 For whom the morning saw so great and high,
 Thus low and little, 'fore the even doth lie.

[Exe

END OF VOL. II.







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